

# Not What She Expected

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*Leah Gets a Surprise From a Former Crew Member*

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Leah was drowning the last few gulps of her third Coors Lite when she saw Travis walk into the bar. He worked at the firehouse with her, and she couldn't stand him. He was cocky and arrogant; with a huge ego. He drove a fancy Cadillac and had a speedboat, that in the summer time, he used to pick up brainless, blonde, big-titted women. The kind of women that made Leah laugh. Yeah, they used to work at the same firehouse, but luckily were on different shifts. Even as a Lieutenant, he was the kind of guy Leah wanted to slap, and was glad he wasn't on her shift. There is no denying that Travis was a great medic, but his people skills needed work. Overtime, the two of them had worked a few shifts together, and Leah eventually was able to say she disliked him less after each shift. Secretly, Leah found Travis extremely attractive. He was 5'9, 180 lbs, with chocolate-brown eyes, and brown hair that was so dark it was almost black. His body was sturdy and muscular, with thick arms and strong legs. He had a bare chest, and a Star of Life tattoo on his left bicep. Leah loved how he looked in his uniform from the private ambulance company he worked with outside of their Firehouse. The shirt always hugged his torso, and showed off his broad, muscular shoulders. But Leah was irritated when she saw him walk into the establishment, and take a seat almost directly across from her at the oval-shaped bar. She wondered what he was doing out in her direction, after all, it was nowhere near any of Travis' usual hangouts or his home. Leah looked his way, knowing he hadn't seen her sitting across from him yet, and watched him. Not to mention, she hadn't seen him since he left the firehouse. Leah was at the bar that night trying to run into Bryan, the last guy she took home, and she wasn't thrilled to have a coworker, current or former, invade her favorite drinking hole. Travis was wearing a Hollister sweater and jeans that was out-of-place among the Wranglers and plaid button-ups plastered on the chests of the other men in the bar. She watched him look around at his unfamiliar surroundings, and uneasily take his seat on the stool at the bar and ask for a drink. She giggled to herself, grabbed her beer and walked to the back room to play a few rounds of pool with some of the other regulars. Leah stood at the end of the table, leaned over, trying to concentrate on a good break. She gripped the small Cue firmly in her hands, and attempted her shot. As the tip of the Cue made contact with the Cue-ball, she was thrown off by a familiar laugh that made her cringe. She looked to see the set of pool balls barely moved from the opposite end of the table. Leah looked up to see where the annoying sound was coming from. Leah scanned her eyes across the bar, and sure

enough she spotted Maryanne... sitting next to Travis laughing like a hyena and rubbing his knee. Leah shook her head, un-surprised at the fact that the two of them ended up talking to each other. Then again, Travis was out of his element, so maybe he was here for a reason... Leah noticed her beer was empty, and decided to go top off. She walked up to the bar and asked Ralph for a new bottle. She looked over at Travis, and he noticed Leah for the first time. "Oh hey, Lieutenant. How's it going?" "It's going Travis." she replied slowly. "I see you have met Maryanne" The old saying "If looks could kill" was nothing compared to the look in Maryanne's eyes. Maryanne knew Leah hated her, and the hatred was mutual and went all the way back to High School. Maryanne knew she was always prettier than Leah, and more popular. She was the usual 5'8, long blonde hair, blue eyes, big breasted beauty that the guys chased after. She was a cheerleader, and considered the highmaintenance-type. Back in High School, Leah was just one of the guys. She played sports, worked the farm with her family when she got home, rode her horse to work, and started volunteering at the town fire department when she was only 16. She dressed in tight boot cut jeans, white wife-beater tank tops, and wore cowboy boots on her feet, and usually wore braids in her hair along with a bandanna or cowboy hat covering the top of her shoulder length hair. But Maryanne never understood how Leah tended to get all the things that Maryanne wanted. Men in particular. "Uh yeah, we just met" Travis spit out. "I'm sure." Leah saw the uncertainty in Travis' eyes as she spoke to him. "Don't worry Trav... I know your type. You like 'em dumb, and easy. Maryanne is perfect for that." Leah grabbed her beer from Ralph and walked back to the pool tables laughing. She heard Maryanne start to protest, and get upset that her honor wasn't defended by the guy she had just met. Leah was racking up the balls for the next game, and looked over to see Maryanne yelling at Travis, and stomp off. She walked by Leah and called her a "Trampy, jealous bitch" before walking out the back door of the hole-in-the-wall bar. "Love you too" Leah shouted after her, continuing to laugh. A few minutes later, Travis approached Leah and asked her for a word. Leah rolled her eyes and followed him out the back door. Standing outside, she pulled her Camel Lights from her pocket, and lit one, waiting for whatever bullshit was going to flow from Travis' mouth. "Thanks for getting rid of her." Leah was taken aback by the comment and stood there. "I came here tonight because I heard this is where you like to come to unwind." "Yeah. But why? Is there something that you needed? That can't wait till the firehouse?" she asked. "Not really... I just... I don't know..." He trailed off. Leah knew what he wanted. One night during a shift they worked together, Leah had fallen asleep in the day room watching TV late one night while sitting in the Lay-Z-Boy. She woke up to Travis in the chair next to her, pretending to be asleep, and rubbing her arm before he finally fell asleep holding her hand. The next time they worked together, he had fallen asleep next to her in the chairs, and she found herself playing Footsie with him while he slept. Leah looked at Travis, and saw the struggle in his eyes as he tried to find his words. Leah took a hit from her cigarette, and flicked it away. "Come with me" she said to him. Leah turned towards his Cadillac, and told him to get in. He listened, and she slid into the passenger seat. She felt the engine start and rumble through the seat and move into her legs, and directed him on where to go. Ten minutes later, they pulled up the dirt road driveway to Leah's place, and she got out, walking towards the barn. Travis turned off the engine, and got out of the car. He paused, looking

over his car after driving down Leah's quarter-mile long driveway. She laughed, and when he turned and looked at her, she beckoned him to follow her direction. His eyes scanned the moonlight setting, and was shocked. He saw a quaint, two-floor farm-house with a barn, surrounded by nothing but crops and fields. He could hear the sounds of animals sleeping and breathing, the snorts from a few horses bedded in the stables. Nothing he expected. Leah walked into the barn, and towards the back of the wooden building, and headed into a horse stall. Travis followed her through the barn door and watched as she lit an old kerosene lamp. In the glowing light of the lantern, Travis could count at least 4 horses in the barn. Leah turned towards him, and saw him still standing 15 feet away. She beckoned for him to come closer, and as he entered the old horse stall, he saw a few bales of hay stacked and lined on the floor, with a few blankets and some old beat up pillows strewn in a messy pile. "It's okay, it's clean. You won't step in anything" she said, laughing lightly at his awkwardness of being on a farm. She turned and flicked on an old radio hanging from a nail in the weather-worn wood beam. Travis stepped into the stall, and stared at Leah. He had always secretly thought she was cute. But she intimidated him. She had never took his shit, always stood up to him, and wasn't afraid to reprimand him when he was wrong. Something that few people ever did to him. That made him like her even more. Yet he never said anything. Now Travis found himself standing in her barn, and in the dim light mixed from the old lamp and the moonlight peeking through the cracks on the barn wall, he thought the Lieutenant never looked more beautiful. Leah flopped down on the blanket on the hay and pulled her boots off, throwing them to the hay on the floor. "You can sit down, I'm not gonna bite." she said. Travis took a few steps and sat down on the hay bales next to Leah. He never took his eyes off her. She pulled an old, over-sized flask out from under one of the pillows, took a swig and handed it to him. Travis took a pull, and handed it back. "So, what did you want to talk about?" Leah asked. She knew what was going through his head, cause it was running through hers too. Travis looked at her and gulped hard. Leah could see the rise and fall of his Adam's Apple as he swallowed his nerves down and slowly leaned in. He reached one of his rough, working-man's hands to her cheek, and softly guided her face to his. She felt his lips touch hers, and was surprised to feel softness and sensitivity behind them. She imagined him to be more aggressive, more of a "Taker". She slipped her tongue to her lips, and brushed it against his bottom lip. Travis opened his mouth, and snuck his tongue into Leah's. She reached out and wrapped her arms around Travis' neck and felt his strong muscles under her Irish skin. She felt him moving under her arms, and soon felt him maneuvering his body to face her. He pulled her onto his lap and wrapped his arms around her waist. She felt his hard cock pressing against his pants and into her crotch as he pulled her into him even tighter. Leah had always wondered what kissing Travis would be like. She always wondered if he was as good as he said, and made himself out to be. He was. She felt like she couldn't breathe as he moved his lips and tongue into hers. She felt her breath return when he pulled away and moved his tender lips to her neck. His gentle lips caressed her neck, and moved slowly upwards to her ear. Travis took the 14 G Moon-shaped earring pinned in her earlobe between his teeth, and tugged gently. Leah moaned softly into his ear and brushed her cheek to his. She kissed the top of his ear softly, and ran the very tip of her tongue along the ridge at the tip before softly blowing on the moist skin. She felt him

shudder, and his fingers grip into her back. Travis pulled his body away from Leah's. He stood up taking his shirt off, and bending over to straighten the blanket, and laid Leah across it. He placed his tough hands against her collar-bone and trailed his fingers to the bottom of her child-sized T-shirt depicting the logo of a old-school 60's version of the Batman logo, and pulled the shirt over her head. He reached around to un-snap her black cotton bra, all the while kissing her collarbone and neck. Travis released the cage-like bra and dropped it to the barn floor while her full, round, perky, Snow White toned B-cup breasts presented themselves to his eyes. Travis leaned down and took her right nipple into his mouth. He teased the stiff, pink skin with his wet tongue. He licked from her right tit to the left, and did the same to the left side. He played with the jewelry in each nipple, and seemed to be turned on by the piercings. Travis felt Leah's nipple harden under his tongue, and he pulled away, blowing on her supple skin, causing the pert nipple to stiffen more, and goosebumps spread over the roundness of her breast. Leah felt the goosebumps hit her and spread over her breasts, and down her torso. She reached up and stroked her fingers through Travis' hair. She gently pulled her fingertips over his scalp before grabbing a chunk of hair, and suggestively pulling his face lower down her stomach. Travis kissed the length of her abdomen, stopping and teasing her bellybutton. He reached the top of her Daisy-Duke style cut off jean-shorts, and pulled at the denim with his teeth. He popped the button open with skill, and Leah couldn't help but be impressed. She felt the denim slip down her legs and Travis' fingers reach up to slip under her panties, and slide them off to join the growing pile of her clothes on the hay covered stall-floor. Leah laid in the soft glow of the light staring in Travis' eyes as he looked up at her while kissing her thighs. He seemed like such an asshole, and this definitely wasn't how she ever fantasized the sex with him to be like. She closed her eyes and let him gently take over her. Travis thought her skin was amazingly soft. Her thighs felt like silk, and looked like snow. He put his rough hands on her legs, and spread them apart, revealing her pink pussy. He stared at her small, swollen clit. Travis trailed his tongue from Leah's inner knee and dragged it up to her slit. He pushed her legs up towards her chest and guided her calves to rest on his shoulders, and stuck his tongue gently between her pussy lips and finally tasted her juices. Leah moaned in delight as she finally felt Travis on her pussy. She felt him part her lips with his tongue, and she jumped when she felt him swipe his tongue over her swollen clitty. Leah felt her juices started building when she sat in Travis's Caddy and felt the engine start, so she knew he had her taste in his mouth right away. Travis poked his tongue between her pussy lips and he mouth was suddenly filled with the taste of apples. The taste of Leah's snatch was more intoxicating than any other woman he had tasted, and he dove his face in as deep as he could. He smelled apple, and thought that must be what she used in the shower. He loved that scent. He felt his cock harden at the simple smell. Travis moved his tongue around the outer lips and her swollen cherry. The scent of apples and the taste of Leah's snatch was too much for Travis to tolerate. His mouth and cheeks were covered her Leah's juices as he buried his face inside her. Her clit was so swollen, that each time he rubbed his tongue against it, she pulled away from him, leaving a trail of her juices wasted on the hay instead of in his mouth. Travis moved one arm from Leah's thigh, and wrapped it around her waist to prevent her from wasting her cum to the hay instead of in his mouth. It had been a few

months since Leah had gotten fucked. Her tight, little pussy was begging to be fucked at this point. All the batteries she had burnt out, and vibes she bought didn't give her the feeling that Travis was giving her at that moment. Travis wrapped his second arm Leah's waist, and shoved his tongue deeper inside her opening. She gasped when she felt his long tongue push inside her. Her hands gripped his hair again, and pushed his face into her wet snatch. Travis moved his fingers up her right inner thigh, tickling her as he moved closer to the small aches of her lower pussy lips and swept up some of the drippings from her cunt and introduced his finger to her pussy. Leah moaned feeling him push his finger inside her. Leah missed the feeling of being penetrated and pushed her hips downwards toward his hand. She felt him pull his finger from her as she tried to fuck it. She was enjoying the softness of his touch, but her desire to be fucked was driving her crazy. His fingers swirled around in Leah's juices, and this time he slid two fingers into her. This time instead of a low moan, she received a sharp gasp of breath and felt fingernails dig into his shoulder blades. Travis moved his fingers in and out slowly, feeling her inner walls and continuing to move his semi-stiff tongue over her outer pussy lips, sucking them into his mouth causing her to push her pussy into his face every time he did it. Leah was in heaven. Every touch of Travis' tongue against her sensitive skin was perfect and her hands moved to his hair, gripping both sides of his head. She moaned as she felt his fingers pushing into her as his tongue circled her pussy and cleaned up all her dripping nectar. Her fingers released his hair and moved to cup the back of his head, gently suggesting him to move his face upwards. Leah guided Travis' face back up to hers. His arms lifted his body upwards, and he felt her hands unbuckle his belt and pop open the button to his pants. Leah used both hands to pull his pants and boxers over his ass, and she looked up and met his eyes. Travis moved in swiftly and Leah tasted her cum in his kiss. She reached her hands to his waist and pushed him up as she slid down. She took his cock in her hand, and jerked the muscle a few times. He felt to be at least 8 inches, and he was nice and wide. Her fingers just began to overlap when she wrapped them around the shaft. She pushed herself lower underneath his body and put her lips to the head of his cock. Leah opened her small mouth and wrapped her rose-colored lips around the head. She tasted a few drops of pre-cum dripping from the tip, and swirled her tongue to clean them up. She jerked his shaft as she massaged the first few inches with her tongue and lips. She felt the blood filling his muscle and he was hard as steel. Leah bobbed her head up and down, pushing her mouth further down his shaft with each thrust of her head. She felt him start to tickle the back of her throat and pushed herself to try to deep throat him. Travis moaned as he felt the head of his dick start to push down Leah's throat. He gasped and grabbed her shoulders, pushing her away from him. He felt her mouth slip off his cock and he lowered himself down on her. Leah felt his body press against hers, his cock resting in between her legs. "I want to feel you so bad Leah" Travis moaned in her ear. Travis got on his knees between Leah's legs and put his hand to her snatch, massaging her clit with his thumb as he pushed his cock into her slit. His dick felt like it was being squeezed tight as he entered Leah. He watched her face wince in pleased pain as he pushed into her, inch by inch. Travis stopped when he felt his pelvis pressing against hers. Leah let out a sound mixed between a moan and a gasp. She wrapped her arms around Travis' neck as he pulled himself out, and pushed his cock back into her dripping cunt. Travis began a slow rhythm,

sliding in and out of her soaked pussy, watching her face in the dim glow of the kerosene lantern; contort and twist in between pleasure and small bouts of pain. He thought she looked gorgeous. He never had never seen her look so feminine, so vulnerable... Travis fucked her slow and steady for a while before he picked up his speed a little. Not too much; just enough to hit her g-spot just a bit harder and make her moan just a little louder... Leah's moans had turned into panting and she was breathing hard. Her pussy was tensing and squeezing his cock and he loved it. Travis pushed Leah's left leg up onto his shoulder and anchored her weight to him as he reached down and squeezed her right breast. He massaged the mound, and moved to the nipple, pinching and rolling it between his fingers. "Oh God" slipped from Leah's lips as she felt herself suddenly tense, and her entire body start to tingle. Travis felt her snatch get even tighter, and it felt like it was getting wetter. He continued to fuck her, looking down at her face he saw her eyes shut tight, and her mouth open trying to gasp, but nothing coming out... her mouth just making shapes. She finally let out a quiet moan and tighten her arms around his neck and held herself to him. He felt her orgasm rush through her body, and over his cock. He picked up his pace, and fucked her faster, pushing her orgasm to the limit. Leah moaned hard and loud as her orgasm peaked, and her arms weakened, falling from Travis' shoulders. He watched her catch her breath as he stood on his knees stroking himself. He still hadn't cum, and wasn't in a hurry too. He had great control, and was enjoying pleasing Leah. Leah's breath returned and she finally opened her eyes and looked up at Travis smiling at her. She couldn't help but let a smile sneak across her lips and she could tell she was blushing. Travis reached his hands to her nipples and traced the fingers tips gently across the sensitive skin. He bent down and kissed each nipple, causing them to stiffen up again. Travis laid down on his side next to Leah and pushed her onto hers. He traced lines up and down her body before reaching down and lifting her right leg into the air, and pushing his cock back into her pussy. He let go of her leg and wrapped one arm around her stomach, and the other under her neck. He pushed his hips back and forth, fucking her sensitive hole. He trailed his hand to her cunt as he fucked her, and nibbled on her ear. His fingers felt amazing rubbing her clit while his cock head pushed against her g-spot. She was so turned on by the gentle nature Travis was using on her. She was so used to rough, fast, hard sex that she forgot how good it could feel to be intimate and romantic. She was whimpering with each thrust of his cock and she grabbed the arm he had draped over her torso. Travis was fucking her faster this time. His thrusts were still gentle, but he was using more force and he was moving deeper inside her. He buried his face into her neck and was gently kissing and biting her. He rocked himself into her until he felt like she was getting ready to orgasm again. He felt her pussy tighten again, and she got quiet as the orgasm built. Suddenly she started gasping as he felt her pussy start gushing once again. For the second time, Travis felt Leah orgasm, and held her tightly to him as her body shook. He fucked her as she leaked juices over his cock once again, and slowed down when he felt Leah start to breathe normally again and her pussy loosen its grip on him. "Fucking. Wow." she uttered between breaths. Leah rolled over and looked at Travis. "You still haven't cum yet. Is something wrong?" Travis looked at her and laughed. "No, nothing's wrong. I just wanted to make sure you enjoyed yourself first. Did you?" he asked. "I think it's safe to say I'm thoroughly satisfied, and impressed." Leah admitted with a

small giggle. "Good, cause now I want to really make you cum" Travis said. Travis turned onto his back, and pulled Leah on top of him. She felt him guide his cock back inside her pussy as she slid onto him. Leah put her hands on his pectorals and held herself in place as she felt his hips start to rise. Travis placed his hands on her small frame and held her firmly in place on top of his hard cock. He had made her cum twice, and he still hadn't allowed himself to blow his load. At this point, he could let himself go at moment, but he still wanted to give her more. Leah couldn't keep quiet as his cock slid back into her over-fucked pussy. She whimpered as his meat pushed her puffy, swollen pussy lips apart and slid into her cunt once more. She tilted her head back, moaning in submissive, pleased tones. Travis lifted her hips, and held her a few inches above his groin, and started to ram his hips into her, fucking her pussy harder than he had before. Travis was ready to cum, whether she came again or not. He hoped for one more orgasm, but at this point it was getting difficult to hold it in much longer. Without really realizing it, Travis was fucking her hard and grunting with effort, and Leah was bouncing around wildly and screaming loudly, causing some of the farm animals to awaken and begin making noise. Travis felt his cock tighten and feel like it swelling. He dug his fingers into the skin on Leah's hips and attempted to hold her down on him. That was when he noticed that the wild bouncing wasn't just from him, but that Leah had been using her legs to help bounce herself onto his cock, causing her to stream more cum from her pussy than she had with either of the first two orgasms. Leah was screaming wildly, telling Travis that she was cumming. Travis began grunting as he rapidly fucked her cunt. He felt the cum flowing through his shaft as Leah's pussy started to grip around his cock tighter than it had before any of her other orgasms. He opened his eyes and looked up as she let out a spine-chilling moan, and he felt a huge gush of liquid start to spray his chest. He couldn't believe the amount of cum gushing from her, and realized she was squirting. Travis couldn't hold himself back anymore. He thought 2 orgasms and one squirt session was more than enough to have earned him the right to cum. He felt his seed burst through his cock and out the tip... Leah felt her juices spray from her and felt waves of electricity flow through her body. She went limp as her juices flowed, and Travis grabbed her and held her up. It wasn't easy with worn muscles and trying to unload himself at the same time. When her warm honey quit spurting, he lowered Leah onto his chest and let the last few pumps of his cum drain into her warm snatch. They laid on the blanket covered hay bales in each others arms trying to catch their breaths. They each felt the heartbeat of the other pounding through the skin, the sweat, warmth, and moisture of hard-worked bodies intertwined. Leah had her head over Travis's heart, and the beat was putting her to sleep, her eyes suddenly heavy. She felt the rough, but warmth touch of wool being pulled over her skin. Travis pulled the blanket over Leah as he struggled to get his breathing to return to normal. He had too much to drink during the night, his muscles were worn out, and... he had the weird urge to hold her instead of leave... Travis woke up a few hours later. He looked around confused as to where he was. It looked like a barn, and he thought that was odd. He looked down and saw Leah laying in his arms, and the night came flooding back into his mind. Travis looked at her and smiled. The lamp had burnt out and the sunlight was peeking through the wooden planks of the barn wall. Travis felt content and laid his head back down, sighing.. Leah opened her eyes and smiled.