

# Tuck's American Roadtrip! Pecos Laid

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*Tuck gets picked up again on the second evening of his journey west across the USA.*

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Tuck gets fucked senseless in Pecos country! Part Two — Tuck didn't have much of a plan as he headed west on Interstate 10 toward Baton Rouge. He was struggling to push the hurt of being dumped by Prissy on their wedding day out of his mind. Certainly the events of the night before with Trixie had helped but he was finding that deep feelings of love do not go away quickly no matter how deep the pain and humiliation. Soon Tuck found himself cruising by Baton Rouge until he got to the Mississippi River. He was impressed and admired the raw power of that huge river as he crossed over the bridge. Tuck thought to himself that his hurt could fill that huge river. Meanwhile back in Tallahassee, Florida, Prissy was sitting in her night robe on the bed in the guest bedroom at her parents still crying as she had done all night without sleeping. Her mother opened the door and peeked in, "Prissy please let me bring you some breakfast!" "No I can't eat anything," Prissy sobbed, "Leave me alone!" Her mother closed the door. Prissy picked up her cell phone again as she had done over and over all evening before and dialed Tuck's phone number and just as it had been doing ever since the day before the phone went straight to voice mail. Prissy just pressed the hang up button. She had already left more than a dozen messages. "I'm so stupid! I've ruined everything!" Prissy yelled to herself banging herself in the forehead with her own hand. Still motoring west on Interstate 10 Tuck saw the Texas shaped sign off to the right of the interstate that stated, "Welcome to Texas!" Tuck was pleased to be in the Lonestar State and thought he might stop later and have a big steak lunch. Meanwhile he was mesmerized by the endless row of Oleander trees that separated the divided interstate highway and eventually discovered this row of endless Oleander trees went on for miles and miles. The terrain was completely flat and the further Tuck progressed west into Texas on Interstate 10 the trees and forest became thinner and fewer. Finally Tuck did stop at a typical Texas roadside diner close to Houston and had that steak he had thought about all morning. He couldn't quite eat the entire Texas size meal that the big haired waitress lady hauled to his table and Tuck was quite stuffed when he finally drug himself back into his car and started west again along Interstate 10. Tuck watched as all the trees became smaller and scrubbier and fewer as he drove further into the enormous state of Texas. He eventually passed San Antonio, a much prettier city than

Houston. Then Tuck found himself driving deep into authentic ranch country. Tuck had reached West Texas, Pecos country, and he only saw cactus, tumble weeds, scrubby shrubs, an occasional scrubby tree and in the distance treeless sandy brown mountains before the sun finally set. He had not seen any sign of civilization in quite awhile, his tank was low on gas and he was actually getting hungry again. Tuck was enormously grateful when he saw the flickering lights of a neon sign up ahead. Tuck could make out the neon glow of the words Burt's Pecos Motor Lodge. He happily pulled off the interstate and onto the two lane highway where the motel was, grateful to see a gas station nearby and a building across the street with a lit up neon sign that said Burt's Saloon & Grill. Tuck figured this Burt must own everything at this place. Tuck found an old man asleep at the motel front desk and rang the little bell to wake him up. After signing in and paying he asked the old man about the food at the saloon and grill across the street. "They got steaks and taters and they're real good but they don't serve any salads or fru fru city food," answered the old man. "Sounds good to me," said Tuck as we walked out the door. Tuck put one bag of essentials in his motel room then hurried across the street. As he entered the saloon doors cigarette and cigar smoke choked the air and country music was being played by a small band of what looked like cowboy musicians in one corner of the saloon. There were precious few patrons and Tuck easily found a vacant table and took a seat. Right away a big haired Texas lady that looked to be around fifty years old made her way to his table. "You ain't from around here are you?" "No ma'am," Tuck replied, "And I'm real hungry." "We can fix ya right up mister," answered the big haired lady. "How about a medium rare ribeye and some fried potatoes?" asked Tuck and then added, "And a beer, a real cold beer!" "We got just what you want, I'll go put your order in and bring you that beer," said the lady. Tuck sat back and started watching the band playing when he heard a soft feminine voice with a distinct Mexican-Texas sounding accent behind him say, "Here is that cold beer you ordered." Tuck sat up in his seat as he saw standing there before him handing him his cold beer was a true vision of beauty, a dark haired goddess. "I thought I'd help Norine out and deliver your beer," said the beautiful young Latino lady. "I'm Paula and I haven't seen a stranger in here in at least a year," she said. Tuck was finding it difficult to find the right words but finally said, "Please have a seat Paula." Then Tuck stood up like a gentleman and slid a chair out for Paula. Paula sat down facing Tuck and crossed her long legs that were clad in a pair of tight jeans that look like they had been spray painted on. Paula was wearing a pair of colorful cowboy boots and a tight black t-shirt that read "Cowboys Do It With Their Boots On" in glittery cursive letters. Beneath that tight t-shirt Tuck noticed was a gorgeous shaped pair of breasts, nipples giving away the fact that Paula was not wearing a bra. "What in the world are you doing way out here?" Paula asked Tuck with her sexy West Texas Mexican accent. "Tuck," said a mesmerized Tuck, "What?" asked Paula emphatically. "My name is Tuck," said Tuck, "You can call me Tuck, Paula." "Well Tuck! What are you doing way out here?" Paula asked again. "Just driving, thought I would keep driving west until I feel like stopping," said Tuck. Soon Tuck and Paula were deep in conversation. He discovered that Paula was very easy to talk to and that she loved to laugh. And Tuck opened up enough to tell Paula that he and his fiance had broken up the day before on what was supposed to be their wedding day. Finally, Noreen, the big haired lady that was the only waitress in Burt's Saloon & Grill made her way

to Tuck's table with his steak and potatoes. "Damn!" exclaimed Tuck when he saw that platter with the biggest ribeye he had ever been served and piled high next to and on top of it was a big serving of cube shaped fried potatoes. Paula sat with Tuck talking to him while he munched down as much of his food as he could and they drank several cold beers. As Tuck was eating the most delicious ribeye he had ever tasted he heard Paula's life story and realized that she had lived there in the Pecos of West Texas her entire life, had lots of relatives on both sides of the border and that Paula worked for the local sheriff's department. Tuck assumed that Paula was a dispatcher or something but never asked further. They sat and talked for about another hour before Paula talked Tuck into doing the Texas Two-Step with her to the country music the band was playing. The two of them had the entire little dance floor to themselves until an older couple in their seventies started to dance next to them. Tuck was mesmerized by Paula's beauty and tight but voluptuous figure. She had long black hair, a gorgeous face with sexy thick lips and totally black seductive eyes along wither delicious olive-brown complexion. Finally Paula asked, "Well Tuck, can I give you a ride to wherever you are staying?" Tuck laughed and answered, "I am just across the street at Burt's Pecos Motor Lodge." Paula laughed and said, "That was Burt that cooked your steak," and she pointed at the big burly bearded middle aged man standing at the bar and grill serving as both cook and bartender while smoking a cigar. "He is my cousin," Paula added and laughed. Then Paula laughingly said, "Well I can still drive you across the street, ya know, so you don't get run over or trip over an armadillo." "I'll take you up on that offer because I would sure hate to trip over an armadillo," laughed Tuck. At that Paula locked arms with Tuck and led him outside and to a Jeep in the parking lot. "Get in," she said. The Jeep was extra high on lifts with extra large tires and Tuck had to pull himself up to get into it. "This is a Texas Jeep," said Paula laughing. She cranked the engine and drove the short distance across the street as Tuck pointed to Paula where his car was parked. Paula pulled next to it and turned the engine off. "Mr. Tuck?" Paula asked, "Do you feel like having a night cap with a Texas lady? At that she pulled a bottle of Jim Beam Bourbon out from under the driver's seat of the Jeep. "Why not?" answered Tuck. Then he said, "Come on in." Tuck and Paula exited the Jeep and Tuck opened the door to his motel room. They had barely entered the room and Paula grabbed Tuck and pushed him against the door as it closed, reminiscent of the night before in New Orleans. Paula then planted a big juicy wet french kiss on Tuck that took his breath away. She tossed the bottle of Jim Beam over on the bed and said, "We can get to that later, cause right now I want to taste this handsome stranger that made his way into my territory!" Paula began kissing down Tuck's chest as she ripped his shirt open sending buttons flying across the motel room. Her tongue made its way down his belly as she was unbuckling Tuck's belt and unzipping his pants. Paula dropped to her knees and then took Tuck's erect penis into her mouth. Tuck still leaned back against the door could do nothing more than moan as Paula licked and sucked his cock, slurping and slobbering all over it. Paula's hands gently stroked his testicles as her mouth and head bobbed back and forth on his throbbing member. But before he could have an orgasm Paula stopped and stood up taking his cock in her hand she led him to the bed and pushed him into a seated position at the edge of the bed and pulled his pants and shorts off. She stood in front of Tuck and slowly pulled her t-shirt over her head and tossed it to the floor exposing her large

perfect natural breasts and big puffy silver dollar nipples. Then Paula kicked her fancy cowboy boots off and slid her tight blue jeans down her sexy legs. Tuck's eyes looked at her with overwhelming desire as Paula removed her tiny red thong revealing a thin strip of black pubes decoratively sitting above a set of large plump dark pinkish brown wet pussy lips that would make any man melt with desire. Next Paula pushed Tuck back onto the bed and she straddled his face with her sexy muscular thighs and eased her pussy down on him telling him with authority, "Lick my cunt until I tell you that you can stop!" Tuck was ever so happy to lick Paula's delicious tasty twat. Her torso ground back and forth as Tuck licked her and tasted her delicious juices. His fingers massaged around her clit as he licked and Paula moaned loudly in sexual bliss. Tuck was enjoying licking Paula's tasty cunt as her hand pushed his forehead back and her thighs tightened. Paula then let out one massive moan and yelled, "Oh my God!" She hovered over him with her hand still pressed firmly against his forehead. Tuck was well aware that Paula was having a massive orgasm. Then she fell quickly to his side on the bed and looked at him smiling as her sparkling black eyes lit up Paula said, "ummmm I am going to fuck you senseless Mr. Tuck man!" Paula climbed on top of Tuck and with her hand leading the way she slid down onto his swollen dick until he was all inside her tight wet cunt. Paula stared into Tuck's eyes as she began to slide back and forth on him tightening her vaginal muscles around his hard cock. Paula leaned onto his chest letting her big bouncy breasts touch Tuck's chest. Then in one wild maneuver Paula slung her head, her back arching backwards as her hand waved high in the air and then came down behind her, all in a move reminiscent of a cowboy riding a bucking horse. Paula's hand then reaching behind her found Tuck's balls and she began to softly stroke them as she continued to fuck him. Tuck's hands grabbed Paula by the waist tightly as if he needed to hang on for the wild ride. Paula was shouting, moaning and panting very loudly. Tuck was sure she would wake up anyone spending the night in Burt's Pecos Motor Lodge that night. And another thing Tuck was sure of and that was the fact that he was thrilled with every second of it. Just when Tuck thought he was going to orgasm Paula grabbed his cock at the base and squeezed tightly until the urge died away, but Paula did not let Tuck's erection die away. She jumped off him and then took his wet penis into her mouth tasting her own love juices Paula then deepthroated Tuck's cock and then slowly lifted her mouth off of him sliding her tongue around his penis as she came up. Tuck's cock was still throbbing with a full erection and he wanted to cum badly. Paula spun her tight sexy ass around with it poked in Tuck's face. "Tuck," Paula said, "I want you to fuck me from behind and pull my fucking hair!" Tuck immediately sprang into action, onto his knees he crawled and grabbed Paula by the hips as he pushed his throbbing member into Paula's wet juicy cunt from behind. At that point Tuck obligingly grabbed Paula's long shiny black silky hair tight with both hands and yanked backwards like a horse by the reins. "Oh weeeee yes! Tuck yes!" screamed Paula, "Fuck me you raging animal!" Tuck began humping away and pushing himself into Paula hard and fast while never letting go of his firm grip on her long hair. Paula screamed with immense delight taking pleasure in every push into her horny wet pussy. Tuck could feel every muscle in his body moving as one as he fucked and fucked. Tuck screamed out to Paula, "I am going to cum!" This time Paula did not stop him and instead said, "C'mon baby! Give me that cum!" Tuck then had a very intense orgasm shooting his

load deep into Paula's pussy. "Ooooooh baby!" she yelled, "Cum hard in me baby!" Tuck continued until he felt it all drained from him before he fell back onto the bed. Paula snuggled up to him and said, "That was fun." "It most certainly was," answered Tuck. At that he flipped off the lamp and he and Paula fell fast asleep. Tuck woke up the next morning and Paula was gone. He thought he barely remembered her getting up and saying she had to go but he had been sleeping so sound he was not sure. So Tuck took a shower, dressed and collected his things. Tuck left a note for Paula at the motel's front desk then he got into his car to resume his journey. He did stop and pick up some donuts and coffee and gassed up his auto at a store at the far edge of that little town, then off he went westward on Interstate 10. Tuck had driven about fifteen minutes when he saw a sheriff's cruiser pull up fast behind him. Tuck did not think much about that because he was not speeding but then the blue lights came on and the siren blared. Tuck being a good citizen immediately signaled and slowed down pulling off to the right of the highway. He wondered why he was being pulled over. As he looked in his rearview mirror Tuck saw what looked like a deputy putting on one of those typical dimpled broad rimmed deputies hats. Then the figure in the typical dark brown pants and light brown shirt and gun holster that typifies sheriff's employees got out of the police cruiser. As the figure started toward his car Tuck could tell that it was a female deputy. By then Tuck had his drivers license, insurance card and registration ready and rolled his window down extending his hand out with his documents. But instead of taking the documents the deputy's head poked in the window and to Tuck's surprise it was Paula. Paula was sporting a great big smile and laughed. "You are not getting out of the county without a proper goodbye." At that Paula kissed Tuck on the lips. Then she handed him her sheriff's department business card. Tuck glanced at it and saw that it read "Paula Herrera, Chief Deputy." "Chief Deputy?" Tuck asked surprised. "Yes Chief Deputy!" insisted Paula sounding slightly insulted, "You do not think a woman can be Chief Deputy?" "No not that at all, just that you are so young and beautiful," answered Tuck. Paula laughed loudly and then answered, "Well it does help if your daddy is the Sheriff." And she pointed in front of Tuck's car toward a billboard sign facing them. Tuck saw the picture of an authoritative Hispanic-American man with a thick mustache wearing a Sheriff's uniform with the words, "Please come back and visit!" And the name Sheriff Herrera underneath. He looked up at Paula and they both laughed. Paula then asked, "Please keep my card, who knows, you may come back this way again." Paula then put her hand on the handcuffs attached to her belt and said, "Maybe you will let me use these on you next time." And she smiled and winked. "Maybe I will," answered Tuck. Paula then stepped back as if she instinctively knew it was time to let Tuck go. "I hope you do," she said. They both waved goodbye and Tuck pulled out onto the interstate passing that billboard with the picture of Paula's daddy on it. Tuck wondered to himself if he would come back. Stay tuned for more Tuck's American Roadtrip to come...