Tuck’s American Roadtrip! The Return.

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Tuck is shocked at the surprises he encounters upon his return to Tallahassee.

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PART SIX LAX (Los Angeles International Airport) Tuck was standing several feet from the airline ticket counter arguing over who is the best quarterback in the NFL with Chuck, while Reggie Tharpe wearing his embarrassingly tacky bright Hawaiian shirt, negotiated with the ticket agent lady. It was obvious Reggie was having a hard time understanding the lady’s foreign accent. Finally, they noticed the ticket lady pass Reggie their three boarding passes. “That Reggie has no patience with foreigners,” proclaimed Chuck, and they both laughed. Reggie walked up to them in a hurry. “Look guys,” Reggie exclaimed in his thick Bronx accent, “we got to hurry, this flight leaves in less than 10 minutes!” At that Reggie took off toward the concourse at a really fast walk. “We gotta make a stop over in New Orleans to take on some more passengers,” shouted Reggie, “they just don’t have any direct flights into Tallahassee.” As the guys arrived at the gate they saw that the flight crew was just wrapping things up and about to close the gate. “Hey wait, we’re on this flight!” shouted Reggie, as they all broke into an all out jog for the gate.” One flight attendant rolled her eyes and said, “Let’s see those passes.” Reggie handed them to her. She took a quick glance over the three boarding passes and motioned without saying a word somewhat impatiently for them to board. “Gee! great customer service,” mumbled Chuck in a facetious tone. They boarded the plane anxiously looking for their seats until they arrived at the very back of the plane by the restrooms. They were all three disappointed in their seating arrangements, but still they all squeezed into their seats. Tuck looked out the window and let out a low groan when he saw the jet engine just outside the window. Then he grumbled, “Fuck! A DC-9 and we’re sitting right by the engine.” Tuck realized that he was sitting in the back of this noisy DC-9 with the nephew of Uncle Gino, who ran a security and private investigation service known to do much work for organized crime and with Reggie Tharpe, the investigator for Miami’s best mob attorney. It was going to be a long, uneasy, and very loud flight to New Orleans. ********** Louis Armstrong New Orleans International Airport. Tuck was hoping they could get off the plane after landing at New Orleans. However, the pilot announced over the intercom for everyone to stay on board as they were taking on new passengers and would be taking off within thirty minutes. Tuck decided to step back into the

restroom and relieve himself before the new passengers came on. Just as he finished in the washroom and was taking his seat he saw the wave of new passengers making their way to their seats. It was then that a familiar head of blonde hair caught Tuck's eye. He froze in shock! Tuck focused his eyes sharply and realized that it was Trixie, the blonde diner waitress he had encountered the first evening after Prissy dumped him at the church before their scheduled wedding. Tuck slumped heavily into his seat. He did not know what his next move should be. He was returning to Tallahassee to possibly save his engagement and relationship with Prissy, whom he realized that he still loved. He thought that this sure would be an awkward time to have a conversation with the girl he had spent the night having great wild sex with on what would have been his wedding night. Tuck decided it would be best to avoid Trixie, so he slumped even further down into his seat and grabbed an airline catalog to hide his face behind. He was very curious though as to why Trixie was on her way to Tallahassee. It was another very loud flight made worse by extreme turbulence. But at least it was much shorter in time. ********** Tallahassee Regional Airport (Tallahassee, Florida) Tuck was very relieved to be at the end of the line as the passengers were exiting the plane because that would give Trixie plenty of time to be well ahead of him so she would not see him. He did plan on being very discreet because the Tallahassee airport is not very big. Finally, Tuck, Reggie and Chuck exited the plane, the last passengers to get off. As they walked into the main concourse lobby Tuck's stress level shot up immensely. Not too far away was his ex-fiance, Prissy, with her father, J. Howard Barrington, III, Florida's most prominent political lobbyist and possibly the most powerful man in the state. To Tuck's further horror, Prissy was embraced in a tearful hug with Trixie, the diner waitress from New Orleans. Tuck could not believe his eyes. "We have to go the other way!" exclaimed Tuck as he stopped suddenly and turned his back. "Well, your fiancé is just over there," answered a bewildered Reggie Tharpe, "don't you want to go talk with her?" "Not right now!" answered Tuck. "Bradley!" Tuck's name being shouted in a loud distinctive shrill by Prissy sent a surge of adrenaline through Tuck's body. He had been discovered. Tuck slowly turned. He saw the very bewildered expressions on both Reggie and Chuck's faces. Just then Prissy slammed into him wrapping her arms around him in an embrace that almost flung them both to the ground. "Bradley!" Prissy screamed, "oh forgive me! forgive me!" She was crying, teas pouring from her eyes. "I was such a fool, such an idiot!" Prissy exclaimed. "Bradley you really must forgive me, I love you!" Tuck felt like he was in the middle of a weird dream. All eyes in the terminal were on them and he was engulfed in paranoia. He finally used his arms to push Prissy back just far enough where he could look into her face. "It's okay Prissy," Tuck said reassuringly, "we are going to talk about it, okay?" "Okay," she said as she nodded her head affirmatively. By this time Barrington and Trixie had arrived just next to them. Barrington took a handkerchief out of his suit pocket and handed it to Prissy, who immediately began to dry her eyes. As soon as she had regained her composure, Prissy gestured to Trixie. "You remember I told you about my sister that you've never met," said Prissy. "This is Trish." Tuck had avoided looking at Trish up to this point but now he had no choice. Tuck looked at Trish and saw the expression on her face was probably as horrific as the one on his. Trixie's eyes looked like they could pop out of her head. Her mouth was drawn tight and she

seemed stiff as a board. “Hi I am Bradley,” said Tuck as he extended his hand and forced a fake smile on his face. “My friends call me Tuck,” he added before he could stop himself. He thought to himself that she already knew that and it probably exasperated the situation further. Trixie forcing a fake smile of her own answered, “I’m Trish and my friends call me Trixie.” Barrington rolled his eyes and tossed his head back in obvious disapproval of his rebellious daughter Trish’s nickname. Tuck turned to Prissy and said, “We really must talk — alone!” “Okay,” answered Prissy. “Umm but I rode over here with daddy.” “We’ll take a cab back to my place,” answered Tuck. “Charles,” said Barrington to his limousine driver, who had been standing back taking in all the conversations, “would you get Trish’s bags and meet us at the limo?” “Of course sir,” answered Charles, the limo driver. ********** Tuck’s apartment. As Tuck and Prissy walked in the door, Prissy grabbed Tuck and started kissing him all over the face and professed her love for him, “I love you Bradley! I love you more than anything in the world!” Tuck took her by the shoulders and sat her on his sofa as he sat next to her. “First of all, if we’re going to get back together and make this work,” said Tuck authoritatively, “you must quit calling me Bradley, from now on call me Tuck, like all of my other friends.” “Okay,” answered Prissy in almost a little girl voice, “I promise to start calling you Tuck.” Then before Tuck could get another word out Prissy was kissing him again. She wrapped her arms around his neck and started kissing him very passionately, much more so than she usually had. Tuck felt Prissy’s wet warm tongue slide into his mouth. Tuck also felt his cock stir. As Prissy was kissing on Tuck’s neck she noticed the rise in his trousers. Prissy began to rub Tuck’s stiffening cock and whispered in his ear, “Poor Mr. Penis hasn’t got to visit Prissy’s Pussy Pie all week, I bet Mr. Penis is ready for some fun and attention.” Tuck swallowed hard, remembering all of the sex action he had encountered the last few days on the road. Finally he was able to say, “Yes Mr. Penis needs to visit Miss Pussy Pie.” Prissy snickered and said in a little girl style voice, “Miss Pussy Pie has missed Mr. Penis.” She then roughly unbuckled Tuck’s belt and unzipped his pants, then Prissy pushed Tuck down on the sofa and pulled at his shirt hard, ripping the buttons off and sending them flying across the room. She then began growling like a tiger as she began to kiss and nibble at Tuck’s chest. Tuck was surprised at Prissy’s sexual aggressiveness, which was much more enthusiastic than usual. Prissy grabbed Tuck’s trousers and undershorts, jerking them down his legs and throwing them across the room. She looked at him as if she would devour every inch of him. Tuck had never seen Prissy sexually aggressive like this before. She pounced upon him, grabbing his cock and began licking it. Her tongue ran from the tip to the bottom in long warm wet stroke as she began giving Tuck the wettest, juiciest blow job he had ever received from her. Prissy had Tuck moaning and groaning as never before. He felt his body go limp from the pleasure but his dick stayed firmly erect. His cock throbbed with pleasurable tingling sensations plummeting throughout, spreading the sensation deep into his scrotum. Tuck felt the onset of climax and exclaimed, “Prissy I am going to cum!” “Give it to me!” Prissy answered, and swallowed his cock nearly whole. Her fingers tickled his scrotum and nuts. Tuck couldn’t take anymore and his cock exploded into orgasm. Prissy who had never swallowed his cum before, certainly did this time. She engulfed Tuck’s semen and then licked his cock slowly as his penis slowly deflated. But Prissy was

not finished dealing out surprises to Tuck. She mounted Tuck’s face and demanded, “I want you to taste Miss Pussy Pie and make her cum!” Tuck could not get a word out as Prissy’s wet juicy cunt had enveloped his mouth. He began to lick and finger her, discovering her pussy to be much wetter than usual. He licked and sucked her pussy, sucking her clit and sliding his fingers inside her as best he could with her torso mounted upon his face. Prissy’s body swerved back and forth on him and he continued to give her the best fellatio he could deliver. Just as Tuck’s tongue felt like it could not move anymore Prissy exploded into orgasm. Tuck felt her thighs clench tightly around his head, her fingernails dug into his forehead and she screamed out, “Oh god! I’m cumming!” After her nearly violent orgasm, Prissy dismounted Tuck’s face and sat next to him on the sofa. She saw that Tuck’s cock was again at full mast. “Give me one minute and I’ll take care of that,” Prissy said as she smiled and looked at Tuck. She caught her breath and then grabbed Tuck’s legs back onto the sofa. Prissy then mounted Tuck again, this time squatting above his torso and slowly sliding down onto him taking his erect prick into her sloshy wet pussy. Prissy began to ride him sliding back and forth. She screamed, “I’m going to ride you like a race horse!” Tuck could not believe his eyes. It usually took much cajoling to get her to fuck him cowgirl style and now she was doing it without his asking and with overwhelming enthusiasm. For a few minutes Tuck thought Prissy might break the springs in his sofa as she was so wild and physical. The sofa did seem to withstand the rough sex and Tuck finally achieved another orgasm, filling Prissy’s pussy with his cum. After they caught their breath Prissy said that they should go over to her parent’s house so they could make the new wedding arrangements. Prissy asked, “Is the day after tomorrow good?” “Sure,” answered Tuck without really even formulating a real thought. He was still in shock over Prissy’s sexual aggression. Then Tuck found his cell phone and called his best friend Bimbo Bryson and asked him to swing by and pick them up in his car. ********** The Barrington Mansion (on a large horse farm estate just outside Tallahassee) Tuck sat sipping Barrington's cognac with his buddy Bimbo in one of the spacious dens, while Prissy, her sister Trixie, her mother and her father, Barrington, planned a very quick wedding to be held in the huge live oak filled backyard in the gazebo by the pond. Tuck thought he kept noticing Prissy’s sister Trixie glancing over at his buddy Bimbo. But in a few minutes she stepped over and whispered to Tuck to meet her in the kitchen and she discreetly left the room. Tuck waited a couple of minutes before he got up and made his way into the kitchen. “Tuck!” exclaimed Trixie. She then looked to see that he was alone. She walked up close to him and whispered, “We can never ever let Prissy or anyone know what happened in New Orleans.” “It would kill her and be an overall disaster,” she said. “I totally agree,” answered Tuck. “It must never come out.” “Promise,” said Trixie. “I promise!” answered Tuck. “And you Trish?” “Oh yes, me too!” said Trixie. “And uh, make it Trixie, please just call me Trixie, I’m not into all this snobbery bullshit.” “You got it Trixie,” answered Tuck. Just then Bimbo walked into the kitchen and startled them. “Hey, what’s up you two?” Bimbo asked. “Just what do you do for a living Bimbo?” asked Trixie boldly. “Me,” said Bimbo, “why I’m the property maintenance manager at the dog track.” “Fuck! I love dog racing!” exclaimed Trixie. “I better get back,” interrupted Tuck and he went back into the den to check on the wedding plans. Meanwhile, Mr. Barrington stood up and called for his butler, “Thurston!” Almost as if

by magic, Thurston appeared in the doorway. “Sir!” answered Thurston. “Go to my study and get Wilson Chambers on the phone and I’ll be right there,” ordered Barrington. Tuck perked up to see what was going on, since Wilson Chambers was the president and CEO for the bank both he and Prissy worked for. But just then Barrington excused himself and left the room. “Thank you Thurston,” said Barrington upon entering his study and took the telephone from Thurston's hand. “Wilson how are you?” Barrington said into the phone. “I’m doing very well, Howard,” answered Wilson Chambers, “and you?” “Great!” said Barrington, “Well I’ve got more good news for you.” “That regional vice president position you need to fill,” said Barrington. “I have your man, my almost son-in-law Bradley Grayson.” “Tuck?” asked a startled Wilson Chambers, “But I thought...” “I couldn’t get rid of him,” answered Barrington, “so I might as well have him in a position more befitting my family.” “Well Howard, if you say so,” answered Wilson Chambers. “Wilson you can tell him about his promotion yourself as a wedding present to him day after tomorrow here at my house,” said Barrington. “I’ll bring my wife,” said Chambers. Barrington hung up the phone and strolled back down the hall toward the den where Prissy and her mother were ironing out wedding details. As he passed the guest bedroom where his daughter Trixie was staying he heard noises. He stopped to listen at the door and realized that he heard sex noises. Barrington shook his head and rolled his eyes and muttered under his breath, “Where did I go wrong with these girls?” At that he walked on to the den. Bimbo and Trixie were naked on her bed. Bimbo on his knees behind her humping back and forth quickly as he pushed his cock in and out of her pussy from behind. Trixie’s ass was poked up high in order to receive Bimbo’s rather enormous prick. Her head was buried into her pillow as she tried to muffle her own screams of ecstasy. Trixie had never received a cock this big in her life. She could barely think as Bimbo plowed her wet dripping cunt from behind. But she did think to herself that she had rarely seen a cock that huge and thick even in porno movies. Bimbo had his hands planted firmly on Trixie’s waist as he continued to thrust his hard cock into her. He thought to himself that Trixie reminded him of his high school English teacher that used to have him come over to her house for extra study, only he never learned any English, just spent all of the time satisfying her sexual needs. Then he thought to himself that maybe it was his Sunday School teacher from church that Trixie reminded him of. He remembered being convinced that she was a nymphomaniac. Bimbo wondered how many women he had fucked since he lost his virginity to the lady next door when he was just sixteen. He had once tried to remember but always lost count at around 90 to 100. Bimbo did think that Trixie was one very sexy blonde. As he continued pushing in and out of her very wet but tight pussy, he even thought she might actually make a great girlfriend. Then he reached down and grabbed a handful of her thick blonde hair and jerked her head back. Trixie let out a very low gratifying moan, almost a growl. He could feel how amazingly wet her cunt was. Juices were gushing all over his torso and down the front of his thighs. He could feel the wetness as it cooled on his low hanging testicles. Trixie had already had two orgasms and knew she was about to have another. She had never before reached an orgasm this fast from just being fucked. Earlier she had been most impressed by Bimbo’s oral skills when he had licked her to an orgasm to begin with. Trixie thought that it sure would be great to hook a guy that was this awesome in bed. She then felt her next orgasm hit her like a ton of bricks. Her

thighs muscles tightened and she let out a scream. “OH FUCK!” screamed Trixie. Bimbo realized that Trixie was having another orgasm and thought that it was time for him to allow himself to cum also. He closed his eyes and concentrated. As he continued to pump Trixie’s wet cunt he soon felt he was on the verge of cumming. Sure enough within seconds he felt the orgasm rattle his insides. His cum shot deep into Trixie’s vaginal cavern and he let out a loud sigh. Bimbo pumped just a few more strokes until his pecker was completely drained before he pulled out. Bimbo rolled over onto his back drained of energy. Trixie rolled over laying her chin on his chest. “Wow!” she said, “that was quite an experience.” “You felt great,” said Bimbo. “It was you that felt great,” Trixie responded. She did realize though that she was going to have a sore cervix for the next few days. “Are you hungry?” asked Bimbo, who had worked up quite an appetite. “Yes I am,” answered Trixie. “I know a great 24-hour diner that has the best bacon cheeseburgers and hashbrowns in north Florida,” said Bimbo. “That sound s perfect,“ answered Trixie, “Can we get some cold beers afterward and go for a ride?” “Sure we can,” answered Bimbo, “Do you like to throw the empty beer bottles at road signs?” “Oh God, I love to do that!” Trixie answered enthusiastically. Then she thought to herself that she really did like this guy. Tuck had fallen asleep in one of the big easy chairs in the den while Prissy and her mother finalized their wedding plans and wrote them down. Barrington assured them that the next morning all of the arrangements would be made. At that they all woke up Tuck and Prissy escorted him to his guest bedroom before she retired to her own bedroom. Mrs. Barrington made her way to the master bedroom to get ready for bed. Barrington called out for Thurston as he strolled down the hallway toward his study. “Sir.” Thurston answered as he appeared immediately. “Thurston, I will be in my study for awhile and do not want to be disturbed. “Of course sir,” answered Thurston. Barrington entered his study and poured himself a cognac at his wet bar, picked a Cuban cigar out of the humidor and sat in his favorite chair. He kicked off his shoes and put his feet upon the ottoman as he took a sip of cognac. Upstairs in the master bedroom Mrs. Barrington sat at on the edge of her bed slipping into her night gown. She heard a soft knock at the bedroom door and she went to the door and opened it. “Madame,” said Thurston, “Mr. Barrington will be in his study for awhile and asked not to be disturbed.” Mrs. Barrington’s hand then felt of Thurston’s cock which she discovered was already hard within his trousers. She lowered the top of her nightie exposing her rather large firm perfect breasts for Thurston to see. He looked hungrily at them, a fine example of the work done by Miami’s best and most expensive cosmetic surgeon. ”Let’s not waste any time Thurston,” said Mrs. Barrington, “Let’s hurry to your room for your nightly spanking.” “Of course Madame,” answered Thurston. Meanwhile in his study Barrington pulled his very special cell phone out of his smoking jacket. Barrington always used to getting whatever he wanted was feeling quite depressed. His mind wondered over the events of the last few days as favorite daughter was still going to marry that former orange picker and he had been forced to help arrange that. His rebellious daughter had returned home and had hooked up with that orange picker’s redneck friend. This had all happened despite his best efforts and he knew he would have to just live with it. Barrington needed to fill that special void in his life that could only be filled when he was able to manipulate and control people. He held the phone up to where he could see the numbers on it and pressed one number on the speed

dial. In Miami, John Grabo, the city’s most up and coming young mob attorney, is sitting at his office desk working late into the night ironing out the details that gave legitimacy to his client, Carlo Perez’s vast criminal empire. As always he had two cell phones with him. He heard the special ring on the red cell phone and picked it up immediately. “Hello Mr. Barrington,” Grabo answered, “What can I do for you this evening?” “Grabo,” said Barrington, “I want to schedule a meeting for Wednesday in Miami.” “Of course.” answered John Grabo. “Call Carlo Perez and Uncle Gino,” ordered Barrington, “Book us all a suite at the Hilton Bentley and have Uncle Gino bring all of that video and audio surveillance we’ve been working on the past year.” “The state government will be in session next month and I have a few projects to take care of,” said Barrington thinking of all the great fun he would have extorting the state’s most important politicians. “Oh, one more thing Grabo,” said Barrington. “What’s that Mr. Barrington?” inquired Grabo. “That really hot brunette with the big tits that stars in that new spy show that's filmed in Miami,” said Barrington, “you know the one that is up for an Emmy.” “Yes I do,” answered Grabo. “Perez owns her contract does he not?” asked Barrington. “Absolutely!” answered John Grabo, “I wrote it.” “Great!” said Barrington, “After our meeting I’d like to have her for the evening — you can arrange that can’t you?” After a slight pause Grabo answered, “Yes, yes I can Mr. Barrington.” “Great!” replied Barrington and he switched off the phone. Barrington took a sip of cognac and lit his cigar. He felt like a complete man again.