

Sexhitching: An Introduction

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Hitching a ride and catching a Peek

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Sexhitching may not be a word but if not, it should be. It is what this series of stories will be all about. I came to adulthood in the 1970s. I hitchhiked because otherwise I was going nowhere. I lived in a small, isolated town in an isolated state. There was no public transportation. If you didn't have a car you were pretty much stuck. Fortunately you did have an alternative so hitchhikers were a common site on the roads in those days. We never heard about any killers or anything. However, you never knew who was going to stop (if anyone at all) and I was soon to discover that every once in a while you'd get picked up by someone with sex on their mind. Nevertheless, hitchhiking was never a recommended means of transport. You also never quite knew when you would reach your destination; you were exposed to the elements, and you were somewhat vulnerable. Much of my hitching was done while I was a hippie; some was done as a soldier, some done as a cowboy. All three had their constituencies on the highway, though they weren't always the same people. Except of course the sexers, they found all three genres attractive. When I was a hippie I had beautiful long shoulder length blonde hair with a slim body, nice legs and nice ass. From afar I was told I looked quite a bit like a girl. I could flare my hips and project my crotch in a feminine way, which made me even more appealing to an oncoming driver. I think at times guys stopped because they weren't sure of my gender initially, and when they saw I was a guy, said "Oh what the Hell, I'll pick him up anyway." Despite my good looks and skill at creating good first impressions hitching was not always enough to get me where I was going. I spent more than one night having to walk all the way to my destination. I have been so cold that I didn't care whether I lived or died. I have been soaked to the point where my entire body was par-boiled. I have been hit by flying rocks the size of a bullet—going almost as fast. I have been yelled at, teased, and yes I have been fucked and sucked-- and returned the favor. I even pimped myself out or traded sexual favors for a ride at times. That is what my next several stories will be about. Years later, it is the good hitches I remember. The thought of them still gives me an erection and kicks up my heart rate. The few stories I have shared with others have evoked amazement in my listeners, and sometimes aroused them sexually. I have now decided that I will share all of them with the world—at least the ones that involved sex—and have chosen Lush as

my platform. MY FIRST SEX EXPERIENCE I really hadn't been hitchhiking for long before I had my first sexual experience while thumbing. I was on a back road hoping to catch a ride to the next town about ten miles away. I'd been out there maybe 15 minutes (but as always it seemed like an hour). A guy in an old pick-up slowed down and with breaks squealing stopped right in the middle of the road. The window came down: "Where ya' goin', sonny?" the old man asked. I told him the next town. "Yep, that's where we're goin'... Hop in the back." We're goin' ? He looked like he was all alone. He nodded toward the pickup bed behind him. As I was coming around to the tailgate a girl giggled and then immediately popped up her head. Before I could finish thinking, Ooh this has potential, I see there is boy back there with her, and they 're lying down belly-to-belly. I hop in the back and grab a seat on a bale of hay real close to the tailgate. They were tight up to the truck cab, obviously to make it hard for grandpa to see what they were doing. And they were obviously doing something . I immediately noticed that his fly was unbuttoned. I shyly stammered "hello" as they both looked me over, but within just a few seconds they went back to kissing and smooching. I tried to be polite and appear disinterested, gazing off at the passing countryside. The wind blew through my hair and around my head creating the same sound you get if you put your ear up to a big conch shell from the beach. The very next time I looked down I saw that the girl's hand had gone inside his open fly. Holy Shit! I thought. Then right before my eyes, not more than five seconds later, she pulls out his penis and immediately gives me a look that I had never seen before, but would soon come to know as that of a woman being bad...but being very good at being bad. Her eyes were cut in my direction and her face was flush with all the outward appearances of great arousal. I wanted to believe she was saying that she wished it were my cock she was stroking. The dude was just lying there motionless with his eyes closed, though I think I detected a grind or two of his hips. She didn't really smile; she just looked very intent on what she was doing. It was obvious, though, that she wanted me to see and was interested in my reaction to it all. My reaction was an erection. The next thing I knew my own cock was hard, straining against my jeans. But I was trying to keep looking distant and disinterested. The kind of look you see from people on a subway train—that vacant stare at nothing; despite the fact that in this case a comely girl is giving a guy a hand job five feet from me. She had to have seen my hard-on protruding, though what was poking at my pants nothing compared to the piece of meat that kid had. It had a large bulbous head on it and looked like it was more than a fist full for her. Before long I had given up the indifference routine and just locked on her staring as her hand kept pumping harder and faster, all the while that cock of his looked like it was getting bigger still. This went on for maybe three minutes and I happened to notice we were getting close to our destination. How will it end? Will I see it end? All of a sudden, above the road noise, I hear him groan and then he let loose a stream of gooey white that flew at least one foot and landed on the side of the hay bale next to them. Then there came another spurt, shorter and less powerful, and then maybe a couple of seconds of goo cascading onto her fist. It looked like hers was an experienced hand because she appeared to have known when he was about to shoot and stopped stroking at the last instance, and then picked up the pace after the ejaculations to make sure that she completely drained that monster. My blissful voyeuristic trance was shattered by the sudden sound of his brakes and a rapid deceleration. With a

knock on the window the old man signaled that we were at the end of this ride. My first concern was what if he'd see my boner as I walked past, so I thought the best strategy was to not walk all the way up to the cab. "We're going left here...take care," he shouted. And we both waved goodbye. "Thanks," I shouted and stood there in a fog watching as a dream drove away . Did I really witness what I thought I witnessed? I needed at least 5 minutes to gather myself before I started shuffling down the road toward my final destination. It was after a few steps that I noticed my underwear were wet. Pre-cum ! Though my aunt's house was only about a quarter-mile down there was sufficient time for a lot of thoughts to race through my mind as I walked. I wondered how often stuff like this went on in cars—or trucks. I thought about the expressions on their faces—hers especially. They remain burnished in my brain all these years hence. Above all and over and again the thought that kept recurring was that I liked what I saw. I really liked it, and wanted something like that to happen to me again. That day changed my entire attitude about hitchhiking.