

loveyoudivine  FemErotica

The background of the book cover is a composite image. The top half features a close-up of a woman's face, showing her eyes and nose, with her hand resting on her chin. The bottom half shows a white semi-trailer truck parked on a grassy field under a cloudy sky. The title 'TRUCKING' is written in large, blue-outlined, serif capital letters across the middle of the image.

TRUCKING

Cheri Crystal

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Trucking

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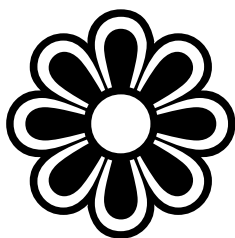
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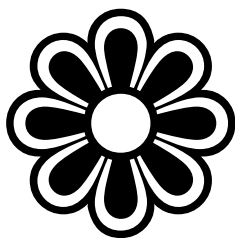
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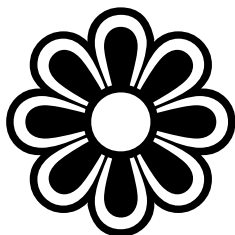
BY

CHERI CRYSTAL



DEDICATION

To Ronald L. Donaghe, author of *Common Sons*, for infecting me with the writing bug; to Elizabeth Conley for being my best first editor; to Len Barot, President of Bold Strokes Books, who took a chance on an unknown and published my first story, *Debut*; to Toni Amato, WriteHereWriteNow.org, whose expert tutorials continue to fine tune my skills; and to all my friends on my many literary lists who make my world complete. To my loving family for sticking by me no matter what. It's been an awesome ride. Thank you doesn't seem enough to express my gratitude.



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Rule number one: Keep the femme happy and life is good.

“No way. You just got home. Let someone else go.”

Gwen was taking my news a lot worse than I expected. Lately she seemed edgy, going off at the slightest provocation. But even when she was angry, I couldn’t resist her in a skimpy black waitress uniform pulled tight across her well-formed breasts. The little white apron hugged her narrow waist and the short skirt showed off her impossibly long legs. It took all my strength not to take her right then and there, but I knew from experience when to back off.

“It’s good money, babe. Just one more week and I promise I’ll be home longer.”

I worked like a dog, which meant I was hardly ever home, but I

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was a woman on a mission. I needed to get through the means even if it meant tons of overtime to make it to the end for enough funds to surprise my best girl with a gift she'd never forget.

"Tomorrow's our anniversary."

Gwen's pout had the power to bring me to my knees even though I'd known her for most of my life. I pulled her womanly hips close and licked the cherry gloss right off her sensuous lips. "Hmm. You taste so good. Her body relaxed in my arms.

"Stay, then. Please, baby."

I loved when she begged, but I had socked away almost enough for our dream vacation to Australia and New Zealand. We were in dire need of a second honeymoon and I was going all out, taking a month off and sparing no expense. I hoped it'd put the light back in Gwen's eyes.

"I'd love to, but you know I gotta work." I deepened my kiss and started unbuttoning the top of her uniform. My hormones perked up at the first glimpse of sheer black lace barely covering her porcelain skin. Her nipples hardened as I brushed her bra with the backs of my fingers.

"I can't now. I have to leave for my shift." Gwen took a step back.

"A few minutes." I eased her bra up over her breasts. She held me off with her hands then pushed me away. It was my turn to pout.

"Can't. You're not the only one with a job, you know." Gwen straightened her dress and smoothed out the imaginary wrinkles. "The diner's a zoo now that Sylvia's gone and Mary's out on sick leave."

"Aw, shit. I'll be gone a week." I didn't start out as a trucker, but the pay and benefits were better than my last job as an auto mechanic. Trucking did have its perks, though. I enjoyed the scenery, the freedom, and, at times, the solitude, but the traveling wreaked havoc on my marriage.

I fetched my bomber jacket from the closet, pulled the printout of my route from a pocket, and handed it to her. "Here's where I'll be, give or take, depending on traffic and the size of the cargo we have to load."

"Be careful."

"I love you. Miss you, mucho."

"I know. Me too." Gwen kissed my cheek and called out,

“Happy anniversary,” as she turned to leave.

I watched her pull the Jeep out of the driveway, shook off the ache in my heart, and headed to the dock. Once there, I rigged my truck, helped load her up, and in less than fifteen minutes, I completed the pre-trip inspection. As soon as I was on my way with nearly forty thousand pounds in my sixty-foot rig, the adrenaline rush kicked in. Religiously, I kissed my fingers and placed them on the picture of Gwen that I had plastered on the dash. I listened to the weather report and then turned up the volume on the local station to tune out the other truckers on the CB. Obviously, they were just as sex-crazed as I was, and I really didn’t need any reminders. It had been a while since Gwen and I did the nasty, and I was about to die from sexual frustration.

Not fifteen minutes into the trip the heavens opened up on the desolate highway. My windshield wipers were flapping, Shania Twain sang *Forever and for Always* in the background, and I thought of Gwen because she had a thing for the bodilicious country singer. Shit, I wanted Gwen in my arms.

We used to go at it like horn dogs most every night and even in the morning, but now I was hardly ever home. Her love was like medicine and when I skipped doses the side-effects sucked. I felt sick when I left. Every nerve in my body was shriveled up. My clit ached from neglect. How could I concentrate on driving when my thoughts were on my crotch?

I thought about going down on her. The cab grew hot even with the air on. I opened the window and my face sizzled when raindrops blew in. It felt better, but I still wanted my girl and pretending she was beside me was hardly a suitable substitute. I was well aware that all the fantasizing in the world didn’t take away the torment of this distance growing between us; I let myself daydream about touching her, kissing her, loving every inch. If only she were here. I’d rub my hands lightly over her breasts, tweak her nipples, and tease my way along her slightly rounded abdomen to her belly tattoo of the phoenix rising from the ashes. From there I’d take a quick trip down to the familiar folds that parted for my tongue as I lapped at her creamy center. A shot of electricity went straight through my pelvis at the thought of her screaming my name as she came.

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“Damn it to hell! I missed the freaking exit.” I slammed my hands on the steering wheel and cursed when the next exit was twenty miles away for a turnaround. *What would be the big deal if I bought the plane tickets and the other surprises next year?* It was too late to head home, so I tried to grin and bear it.

Twenty more miles became forty to my first stop because of my wandering thoughts. I spotted the exit relieved because I needed a break. I pulled off the highway, weighed in, and took care of business at the rest stop. I reached for my cell phone to ring Gwen at the diner, but then figured she might be busy with the after-movie midnight rush. It was time I took a break, so I plopped down on the bed in the back, not even bothering to get under the blanket Gwen had neatly tucked into the corners. Still horny and thinking of her, I unzipped my jeans, jerked off hard, and exploded within seconds. Instead of feeling satisfied, though, I was more strung out.

I must have had a perpetual hard-on, because I found my hands in my pants when another orgasm woke me up in a sweat. Too restless to sleep, I figured I might as well drive. I popped a piece of spearmint gum into my mouth, hopped out of the cab, and headed into my favorite roadside diner. I nodded a greeting to the heavily made up platinum blonde at the counter.

“Sam, what the hell you doing back here so soon, honey?” Sylvia, my favorite waitress, asked. She acted surprised as she righted the cup and saucer in front of me.

“Hi, Syl. Just doing another run.” She poured my coffee before I sat down. “What’ve you got that’s good?”

“Today’s special. Go on back and shower first. Use the employee washroom. It’s cleaner than the public one”

“Yeah?”

“Why not? You’re a regular. The boss won’t mind, and besides, he ain’t here.” Syl winked. She’d known me for years from when she’d worked at the diner with Gwen.

“Okay then. Wouldn’t mind a private shower.”

It felt great to step out of my boots and jeans and decompress under the hot spray. I hadn’t realized just how tightly wound up I’d become. I wasn’t under water five minutes when I heard the door open. “Syl? Is that you?”

“The next thing I knew, I wasn’t alone, and some naked redhead slicked her hands all over the front of my body.

“Who are you?”

“Ginger Snap.” She flicked her wet fingers and a droplet flew in my eye. I blinked and almost expected her to be gone, but when I opened them, she was still there.

“You can call me Gwen, if you want.”

“No, I’m...I can’t.” I pushed her away and accidentally brushed her large pale pink nipples. Ginger’s sizable breasts made her waist look even tinier. A thin strip of red hair peeked out from between her thighs.

“Why don’t I help you wash so we can go have breakfast in your truck?” she purred while teasing me with her trimmed, brightly painted fingernails. She was tempting, but I had to be good for my girl.

“No thanks. I already ate,” I lied.

Ginger Snap went for my tits and I pushed her away harder than I intended.

“You like it rough?” She licked her lips and threw her head back, exposing her neck. “Gwen told me you were an animal.”

“What?”

“Gwen sent me to surprise you.”

Shock and arousal threatened to land me on the floor. “How do I know you’re telling the truth?”

“She said to call you Beaufort and tell you that Lucretia Belle loves you mucho. Now, do you want your anniversary present or what?”

I was so confused that this time when Ginger pulled me closer, I was too slow to fight her. She went to work soaping me up between my legs, and Jesus, I was so turned on. Gwen – *Ginger* separated my folds with her fingers and rinsed off the lather with the handheld nozzle.

I couldn’t help myself; my clit jumped. “Don’t stop.”

She bit my nipple, and I sucked in my breath. Her fingers were soon swallowed up deep inside, with only her thumb left to fondle my need. Ginger’s fingers fucked me, but I imagined it was Gwen taking me all the way. Goose bumps traveled the length of my body, starting with my puckered nipples, and I came like a bandit.

“Oh, God. What did I just do?” The guilt punched me in the gut and I leapt out of the shower.

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“You came.”

“Yeah, and now I have to go. See ya.” I grabbed a towel that barely covered my body.

“Let me help you get dressed.”

“No! I got it.”

I don’t remember the last time I dressed that quickly, but I was out of there and running past Sylvia without so much as a good-bye. I got to my truck all cold, lonely, and miserable.

“My keys? Where the fuck are they?” I dumped the contents of my backpack onto the pavement. Grabbing the key ring, I shoved my stuff back into my bag and hopped into the cab. I rested my head on the steering wheel, unable to move and certainly not thinking about my delivery schedule.

“What’s the matter, Beaufort?”

I turned toward the voice and Gwen’s lovely head poked through the partition.

“Happy anniversary, Sweetie.”

“Oh, Gwen, babe, I...”

“Didn’t you like Ginger?”

“Yes. No. What are you doing here?”

“I have the second part of your surprise. Ginger was just to get you warmed up. Was she as good as the dream you described to me? I wanted her to be.”

“I cheated on you.”

“Shhh, your fantasy is about to come true.” Gwen pulled me closer and bit my lower lip, drawing me to her for a mind-blowing kiss.

I couldn’t imagine anything better than having her there in my cab until she revealed the rest of her body, clad in a leather bra minus the cups and a thong minus the panty. I had no idea what they called those things, but I grinned from ear to ear like a damn fool. I pulled her to me by her beautiful bare behind and ravished every bit of her skin with my lips, teeth, and tongue. “Oh, God, you shaped your pubes in a heart...just for me. You’re full of surprises today, aren’t you?” I buried my nose in her crotch and laughed.

“There’s more.”

Just then, Ginger poked her head out from the back, sporting a matching leather outfit and a big thick dick. She snapped her fingers,

and I did a double take when a Shania Twain clone appeared in a sheer teddy and high heels.

"You always said you wanted a blonde, a redhead, and a brunette all at the same time," Gwen said. "I was going to dye my hair all three shades, but thought you'd get more of a kick out of this."

I had three incredibly sexy femmes with nothing else to do but please me. Was this for real? I had a second's worry about messing up the sleeper when Ginger poured caramel syrup onto Gwen's breasts, butt, and inner thighs while the brunette lathered me up in dark chocolate, Gwen's favorite, but this was too appetizing to pass up. I loved caramel and went right for my favorite breasts. After all, I'd make sure nothing dripped anywhere except my mouth.

"Ooh, yeah." Gwen moaned as I licked the syrup right off her molten flesh. She took a taste of my chocolate and lost herself licking me clean. I loved it.

Ginger spooned me and nibbled on the back of my neck. I dipped my fingers into Gwen's pussy, mixed her juices with some caramel, and tasted it before sharing the treat. While she licked my fingers, Ginger and the brunette untangled themselves from us and started making out like they had done that dance before. Gwen nestled her naked ass neatly in my lap as we watched Ginger fuck her friend. Each time the dildo pounded the brunette's pussy, it may as well have been mine. I played with Gwen's clit and she pulled at my hair and dragged my mouth to the space between her neck and shoulder. I gave her a hickey for old time's sake, as if we were teenagers sharing our first kiss. Thirty blissful years went before my eyes in a flash.

"I love you," I whispered, teasing her opening.

"Me too. Oh, Sam."

I slid my fingers in and appreciated the tight squeeze. I shifted Gwen onto her back so I could fuck her properly while next to her, the brunette's breasts bounced wildly and her tight stomach muscles rippled every time Ginger drove the dick in harder. I resumed my position between Gwen's thighs and found my favorite spot ripe and ready. I sucked on her clit until she cried out my given name. Then I rewarded the glorious sound by gently biting her needy nub until her nails dug into the flesh along my spine and I had her begging for

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mercy. She had me panting to take her all the way, but instead I gently bit and sucked at her slick silk. Not to be mean, but totally absorbed in my delightful task, I licked every inch of her sex. The brunette carried on like she was about to come, and Ginger fucked her harder.

“Ohgodohgod, stop teasing, ooh.” Gwen screamed louder, and the brunette joined in. The chorus fueled me and the excitement became too much to bear. I tongued Gwen’s clit the way I knew would make her come – long, hard, and fierce. I wanted it to be as perfect as her present was for me.

“Oh, Sam, baby, oooh, yeah.” Gwen shuddered and bucked under my face, but I didn’t quit until I was sure I got every last drop.

Looking bleary-eyed like she’d just got off too, Ginger pulled out of the brunette, who was sprawled out totally wasted. I motioned for Ginger to take Gwen while I watched, but to my surprise, she put the harness on me. Then she quickly slapped on a fresh condom and slicked it with lube. I wasted no time thrusting into my very best girl in the whole wide world.

“I made wild, sweet love to Gwen for everything she was to me and then fucked her senseless for both of us. The base of the cock dug into my clit and I went along for a ride. With my baby beneath me, I claimed what was mine and forgot we had an audience, my ultimate fantasy, or so I once thought. Finally, I exploded all over Gwen and collapsed on top of her, every muscle in my body pleasantly exhausted. We never even noticed how or when Ginger and her friend let themselves out. Turned out Gwen was the only fantasy I ever needed, and I knew that it was the same for her.

“Do you really have to be away so much? I want us to be like this for always.” Gwen nuzzled my neck with her teeth.

“I was trying to save enough money to get us that trip to Australia you always talk about.”

“Oh, Sam, I don’t need a trip. All I need is you for all eternity.”

“You got me. Always and forever.” I sealed the deal with a kiss. It was the happiest anniversary ever, and lucky me, there were a lot more to come.

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cheri Crystal is a healthcare professional by day and a smut writer by night. Since *Debut* first appeared in *Erotic Interludes 3: Lessons in Love*, and is currently on line at www.loveyoudivine.com, Cheri has published a dozen short stories with Bold Strokes Books, Cleis Press, Alyson Books, Regal Crest Enterprises, Khimairal Ink and loveyoudivine Alterotica. She's also written two novels and has many more stories to tell.

To learn more about Cheri, visit her at:

<http://chericrystal.com>

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ATTRACTIONS OF THE HEART

BY

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