<!--ADULTSONLY-->

***ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE, Part 1***

***By A.RedLetter***

*(MF, NC, V, oral, anal)*

She drove down the tree shaded road. It all looked alike. She’d been lost for over an hour, no idea what the name of this road was or how it might lead to something familiar. There was no phone signal. There hadn’t been for ages. She hadn't seen a vehicle or house to stop at in, well, she didn't know how long. Why weren’t there any signs on these roads? Where were the people? Where was she?

Suddenly, a tire blew. It was like an explosion in the quiet day. As if this day couldn't get any worse. What on earth was she going to do? She had never changed a tire before in her life. There was no one on this road. No one was going to help her.

She got out of her car and walked around to the rear passenger side. Sure enough, her car tire was flat.

 She was only five-five, a petite, blue-eyed, blonde. Her short hair cut in a wedge around her shoulders. Her denim shorts had ridden up during her drive and she adjusted them down into a more comfortable position. She fanned her buttoned up blouse. The day was hot, the sun bright and high in the sky. She started to sweat right away and pulled at the front of her blouse, trying to keep it from sticking to her chest and flat stomach. Already she was uncomfortable and wet, trying, and failing, to get a little air to her rather large breasts. How could things be any worse?

She went to the trunk, opened it and bent over to look for the spare tire and jack. Wondering what on earth she would do with them even if they were here. The spare was there, taking up most of her small trunk. Did she need a jack? What about some kind of cranking tool? What did she need to change a tire? What on earth would she do all alone?

As she stood there, bent over, looking down into her trunk she sensed a vehicle pulling up very close behind her small car. She rose and turned. A man in a large truck had pulled in behind her. Wow, what luck, she hadn't seen another vehicle in an hour along this deserted stretch of road. She smiled in relief.

Her relief, and her smile, faltered as the man got out of his large pick-up truck. He was harsh looking and large himself, with black, long greasy looking hair and black, small beady eyes. He was wearing button up denim jeans and had a large paunch under his plaid, snap front work shirt. He looked kind of mean. When he smiled it didn't help all that much, he had stained, crooked teeth. In fact, it was kind of creepy.

"Well, well. Looks like you got yourself a bit of trouble, baby. Need some help?"

She smiled anyway, she did need help. “Yes, my tire blew. I have a spare, but I've never changed a tire before."

"Well,” he said, as he continued to smile, much to her relief, "let's see if I can help you out some."

Despite how scary he looked he quietly got right to work changing the tire. In what seemed like no time at all he was putting the jack, tire iron and blown tire back in her truck and wiping his hands on his wrinkled pocket bandana. She was so relieved this was nearly over and she could drive off; away from him and how much he gave her the creeps. This would soon be all over.

He turned to her as they stood together between the two vehicles. "There you go, baby. “ He said as he slammed her trunk down loudly. “All back to good. Now let's talk about my reward." He smiled and stepped toward her. She backed up a step but was stopped by the bumper and hood of the large pickup truck parked close behind her small car. She felt like a small trapped animal, he seemed to loom over her. It was hard to hold her ground and look up at him. He was too close to her, in her personal space. "Oh. Yes. Let me get my purse……” She paused, hoping he would back away from her. But he just stood there, grinning.

"Money wasn't quite what I had in mind, baby. What I can’t get out of my mind is what I saw when I drove up: You were bent over the trunk of your little car, your ass was stuck in the air, and your legs spread wide open.” He licked his thick lips. “That was quite a sight; got me hard enough to hammer wood. Thinking what you would look like after I finished up with you. I think you’re going to have to do something about that for me. It’s only fair, since I already done something for you."

She was startled speechless, flinched away, his sudden crudity without warning. Her mouth dropped open and she attempted to back away from him. But the hood of his truck was right there and she fell back over it, arched by the bumper and unable to move because he was already so close.

He took another step toward her; stepped into her, between her now spread open legs as she lay over the hood of his truck. He reached a hand out to grab one of her breasts, hard, and leaned down over her, into her face, up close and harsh.

She gasped in pain and shock. Her mouth dropped open to berate him, stop him, tell him no.

His other hand reached to the back of her hair and yanked it back to the hood of his truck. She collapsed fully onto the truck and he was on her. Just that fast she was at his mercy and he was pressed fully against her, his face inches from hers.

"I've worked for you, done for you, baby. Now you can just put out for me. Satisfy me. Give me back what you owe me…. and then some."

His dirty, greasy hand, that had just changed her tire took hold of her blouse and bra cup and yanked them both aside, popping two buttons off and freeing one of her large breasts to his gaze. He smiled, pleased with the view, his fingers now squeezed her nipple, hard, and his mouth descended onto hers. As she gasped in pain, his large, wet tongue speared into her mouth, taking up all the space, trying to shove down her throat, choking her. She gagged and spasmed, twisted, trying, without success, to get away from him. Arching up into him, as hard as she could in an effort to get away, she groaned into his mouth as his fingers squeezed her nipple even tighter.

She gasped in a large breath as his mouth left hers. She screamed loud and long. Her hand swatted up as hard as she could alongside his head.

Pulling away from her slowly, unaffected, he licked her face wetly. "Mmmmmm, that’s right, baby. Tell me how you like it."

Suddenly as a striking snake, his eyes turned flinty and the hand that had been squeezing her breast smacked her across the face first one way and then the other. Smack! Smack! Then again, smack!

 "You bitch! Is that how you thank me? After I done for you? That's how you show your gratitude? You owe be some of that sweet ass I saw when I drove up, and you are going to pay up. Pay up with plenty of interest!"

She was dazed by the hard slaps to her face. Her head now lolled on the truck hood. She couldn't think past the pain and shock. He smiled as she said nothing. "That’s more like it. Just lay back and enjoy it."

His mouth descended to her large breast. Her nipple was hard and red from being pinched. He sucked in a mouthful of her breast meat, bit down hard. She screamed out again but weakly, the slaps had really taken the fight out of her. One hand went again to her hair to hold her head back against his truck hood and the other snaked down her belly to the snap of her shorts. A quick flick and they were open, the zipper down and his hand was slipping down into her panties. Finding her pussy he pushed a dirty finger high up in her pussy tube, making her arch up and scream again weakly in pain. He bit down again on her nipple, enjoying the choked sounds she was making. "I like a woman who tells me how she feels, baby. Wiggle against my dick some more. Get me harder. We're going to have us some real fun in the sun here today."

Unable to help herself, she arched and screamed again as he bit her again and rammed his finger in and out a few times to get her opened up for some fun.

He flicked his tongue over her now swollen and distended nipple and added another finger to her pussy. He jammed them in hard moving in and out and getting some juice moving in there. He wiggled them around and moved them in and out hard; let her body get used to the idea of being fucked harder. Her legs twisted, her head jerked at the hand holding her hair, she gasped out another choked scream. Her legs thrashed about weakly. She could feel the rough denim of his legs against her naked legs below her shorts, rubbing her raw.

Her head thrashed back and forth from the pain. She was still dazed from the slaps and shock. He let go of her hair to rip open the other side of her blouse. Ahhh, her bra was now framing and pushing her large breasts up and together. He liked the view a lot. Her boobs were trapped and exposed, just like she was, at his mercy. He bit her other nipple hard to show his appreciation of how good her tits looked to him. His fingers pumped in and out. He enjoyed her sounds of pain so much he put his mouth over hers again and shoved his tongue in deep, echoing his fingers shoving deep up inside her pussy. He could feel her groan of pain down to his toes; it felt so good to him. He needed to get his dick inside her quick and fast, just to take the edge off, so he could enjoy this more slowly and thoroughly later.

He pulled his fingers out of her snatch, stepped back and rolled her over on the hood of his truck. Her tits burned on the hot metal of the hood of the truck and she screamed weakly. Her wet nipples sucked distended and sensitive felt on fire and she screamed again and again as quickly as she could draw breath. He chuckled at her discomfort and pushed his chest hard into her back to force them into firmer contact with the hot metal. She jerked under him at the pain but he held her down hard.

"Like that, do you, baby? You're going to like this even more."

His fingers were fast unbuttoning his jeans flap. He wore no underwear to slow his cock from springing eagerly to her exposed cunt above her lowered shorts. He thrust in hard and fully. She was raw and opened from his fingers and it felt like a sandpaper rod had rammed up inside her, the pain was so intense. She screamed out loudly.

He grabbed her hips to hold her and gave only three hard, long thrusts and he exploded wetly inside her. She collapsed weakly, thinking it was over; thank God it was so fast. The horror and pain were so great she couldn't seem to wrap her mind around it. The pain in her tits was combining with her pussy to throb viscously in time. The speed and savagery had lasted only moments but it seemed a lifetime focused to a pinpoint. Tears filled her eyes and overflowed; he was deep inside her and leaning heavily on her back, now relaxed.

"Get off me. You've had your fun."

He didn't move. He continued to lie heavily on her back, and chuckled. Then her rolled his head to whisper into her ear, "Don't worry, baby, there's plenty more where that came from. I'm going to fuck you so raw you'll walk bowlegged for a weak. When you feel it you'll think of me." Then he kissed her ear wetly, stuck in his tongue and wiggled it around. She shuddered in horror.

Her mind just blanked out. It wasn't over? How could it not be over? He had come, this should be over.

He leaned back and thrust up into her twice, still holding her hips pinned hard between his hands. He was still hard as ever. His hands moved up to her bra, fingers wrapped in the cups and pulled it down hard, breaking the straps. His big hands wrapped around both her tits then, the fingers digging in hard.

"That was just to tear the edge off, baby. We can get down to some real fun now I can relax and enjoy myself."

"What? No!" She jerked back and screamed as he thrust up again. He groaned, "Yeah, that was nice. Now you’re getting the idea. Do that again."

Now that she was wet inside his thrusts were longer and smoother. His forefingers and thumbs moved to her nipples and he squeezed hard and held on tight. She couldn't seem to stop herself from jerking back in his arms and writhing in pain. A scream was torn from her lips. Her head jerked back into his shoulder. He bent his knees so he could power up into her hard, her slight weight leaning back on his chest. He squeezed harder on her nipples. She writhed in pain against his chest. His cock powered long and hard up and down over and over. It went on and on forever, several minutes even. Every time he jack hammered into her his cock rammed into her cervix; each one of the bumps into her cervix a splinter of pain. Her choked cries were weak with pain and delirium.

Now that he was able to thrust with a long and smooth stroke, he was really enjoying himself. His way was loosened by the wetness supplied earlier. He looked down at her chest. Her nipples trapped tight by his fingers and thumbs, tits large, full and white behind his dark tanned hands. He loosed his fingers so he could get a better, tighter grip. Then he retightened like a pair of vice grips. She writhed nicely against his chest, trying, without success, to get away from the pain. She sucked in a breath and screamed long and loud again. Her eyes were squeezed shut, head thrashing back and forth. Everything about her trying to escape what he was doing to her. It was so very nice. He groaned in enjoyment and spurted up into her again more fully. That was just so good.

He loosed her nipples and dumped her forward onto the hood of his truck. His cock was still buried long and hard in her cunt. He took hold of her wrists and stretched them up and over her head. Then he lay heavily onto her back, flattening her against the hot metal of the hood of his truck. He sighed in contentment of the moment, relaxed onto her.

She was completely immobilized, trapped and helpless under him, burning against the hot metal. Her mind was now a jumbled mess, blank, except for the pain that seemed to be everywhere, completely turned off from logical thinking past the sharp pain and deep horror of the moment.

“That was real nice, baby." He sighed contentedly and finally lifted his body off hers.

Her mind couldn't really make sense of the words. His cock gave another deep thrust up into her as he moved. It hadn't softened at all. The horror that it still wasn't over couldn't seem to register in the blankness of her thoughts. A white, foggy numbness seemed to settle over her. The sharp, agonizing pain of moments before seemed to have closed off all higher thought processes. She continued to lay still on the hot metal of the hood, no thought of struggle or escape now.

His hands settled back to her hips. He gave another strong couple of thrusts deep inside her just to let her know they weren't done. The pain of the hot metal on her naked body remained lost in the numbness of her brain. She continued not to move at all as a long minute passed, and he continued to thrust languidly. She didn't make even a sound or whimper. Just lay waiting for whatever came next, no real thought in her head, her mind lost in the hazy pain. He smacked her ass hard; she screamed and came back to the moment, and the horror. He laughed.