**A Fun Trip To Denver**

by Road\_Runner

 *This story in one form or another happens a lot on the highways. It's always fun to catch a couple playing as they travel. Many folks forget the vantage point a truck driver has.*

 Sean and Kayla were on their way to Denver for a friend’s wedding. They had pulled out of home early and was now about halfway across Kansas. Kayla had been a little cross with Sean for the first few hours. He had rousted her out of bed early that morning, but she was now stretched out in the passenger seat of Sean’s convertible, napping.

 Sean couldn’t keep from looking over at her every once in a while. When they had left home, she was in a sweatshirt and a baggy pair of sweat pants. As the sun came up and it got hotter, she lost the sweat pants, and the sweatshirt soon followed. Now she was stretched out in a pair of loose nylon running shorts and a skin-tight tank top. The top was tight enough that it was obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra.

 While glancing over at her, he was also noticing that every time he passed a truck, the driver had his face plastered against the window, taking her in as well. He rightly guessed that the truckers were warning the next guy up ahead to watch out for the little Mustang with the blonde in the passenger seat. The thought of them trying to get a good look at her kind of excited him. The longer it went, the more excited he got thinking of these guys ogling her. He even slowed down to give them a better look.

 As they went along, Sean couldn’t help but start getting a bit horny to himself. After all, every time Kayla stretched in her seat, it seemed to pull her tank top tighter. Her nipples, not small by any means, seemed to be growing under that tank top as well.

 What Sean hadn’t noticed was Kayla’s slight glances at him while pretending to be asleep. She knew he was enjoying showing her off to the truckers. Every time she shifted, she made sure to catch the material of her tank top and tug it tighter. Now she was silently debating how to turn the heat up on him and the truckers they were passing.

 As they passed, a few trucks blew their air horns. She could just imagine Sean cringing that it would wake her and put an end to his little fun. Instead of waking her, since she was already faking sleep, it gave her an idea of how to really stoke Sean’s embers.

 She started lightly moaning like she was having a dream in her sleep. As she did, she let one hand slip down until it was lying in her lap right over the crotch of her running shorts. Sean noticed this right away. As Sean stole glances at her, she curled her fingers slightly and dragged them across her nylon covered crotch. As she did, she moaned a little louder; after all, it did feel good.

 When she moaned louder, Sean glanced up to her face, but she was ready for him. She had turned her head towards the door so that he couldn’t see her face clearly. She moaned again and flexed her fingers harder against her crotch. She just about gave away her little game when a trucker they were passing laid down on his airhorn in approval. It startled the hell out of her, but she held it together and stayed motionless.

 She felt the car speed up as Sean hit the gas to get away from that truck driver. She couldn’t help but chuckle internally at Sean, getting away from him. She was pretty sure his only reason was he didn’t want the crazy bastard to wake her up. That would spoil all of the fun. After a bit, she felt the car slow and chanced a glance at Sean. He was studying the road intently.

 After Sean slowed the car down, Kayla decided to up her game. With her face still turned away from him, she moaned louder as she slid her hand under the loose leg of her shorts. The way she was twisted in the seat, it allowed her to slip her hand inside her shorts with ease. With her nylon running shorts, she didn’t wear panties; they had their own light panty liner, but it was so thin she could feel her pussy like it was bare.

 In the reflection of a shiny piece of door trim, she caught Sean glancing over at her again. When she saw this, she slid her hand further along her pussy inside of her shorts. She could easily feel the wetness soaking that thin liner already. She pressed down harder with a couple of fingers, stimulating herself even more. To keep Sean’s interest focused on her actions and not her sleeping, she let a protracted moan slip.

 Not being able to watch what was coming up was a bit of a pain. There had seemed to be a lull in trucks, but every so often, they’d pass one. Luckily none had gone airhorn crazy again. There had been a few lighter horn beeps or a quick blast on the airhorn showing the trucker’s appreciation of what she was doing. It made it a whole lot easier for Kayla to continue teasing her pussy and pretend to be asleep.

 She had gone from slipping her hand along her pussy to outright fingering herself. She had pushed the little panty liner to the side and had slipped first one finger and then a second into her now drenched pussy. She would steal a glance as often as she could at Sean and saw he had one hand on his cock, rubbing it through his shorts.

 Sean also stole glances at her as often as he dared traveling at seventy-five miles an hour across Kansas. It was on one of his quick peeks he had noticed her glancing at him. It was then he knew she wasn’t sleeping but rather teasing him with her horny dream. Instead of calling her on it, he wanted to see how far she would go. He was surprised when she first slipped her hand inside her shorts, but now, he was getting horny as hell as he realized she was actually fingering her pussy.

 Kayla was now outright moaning as she plunged two fingers in and out of her pussy. All pretenses of sleeping went out the window when she rolled around in her seat. She shoved her other hand under the waistband of her shorts. She used two fingers to clamp on to her swollen clit and moaned out loud enough that Sean had no doubt she was close to cumming at this point.

 He was doing his best to split his attention on the road and Kayla, who was now damn near bouncing off her seat as she frigged herself senseless. His cock that had been hard, but now it was ready to burst out of his shorts as he watched her masturbate. He was quickly brought back to the job of driving as a trucker they passed honked a few times.

 Kayla was so close; she could feel her orgasm coming on like a runaway truck. She pushed her fingers deeper and moved them faster as she teased her clit hard. Her head was pushed back into the seat, her back was arched, and she had scooted until her ass was barely on the seat. With her legs spread as far as she could get them in the car, her orgasm hit. She screeched out a moan and closed her legs around her hand, trapping it in her pussy. She shook as her orgasm ran through her, and it was at this very moment, they had been passing another truck. The driver never blew his horn but leaned out the window and gave Sean a big thumbs-up.

 Sean, so focused on Kayla’s orgasm, damn near ran off the inside shoulder of the road. He got the Mustang back on the highway just in time to see the thumbs-up from the trucker. Sean laughed to himself but had his own problems now. His cock was almost bursting, and he so wanted Kayla at that very moment. Seeing an exit ramp, he accelerated and cut between two trucks to get to it. He flew up the ramp looking for someplace to stop.

 He saw it, an old abandoned gas station. He beelined to it, pulling in beside the building. He stopped the car and turned to Kayla, pulling her to him for a deep needed kiss. She kissed him back before he pulled away, saying, “I need to fuck you now!”

 Jumping out of the car, he ran around to her side and pulled the door open. Kayla was already working at getting out when he reached down and pulled her up to him. He kissed her hard again before turning her towards the now closed door. He pushed her over the door. Then grabbing her shorts, he pulled the crotch to the side. With his other hand, he frantically pushed his shorts down, freeing his cock.

 With no finesse whatsoever, he plunged his cock into her with one mighty push. His need overrode his normal gentleness. He pounded her pussy as she bent over the door, damn near with her head in the seat. He was grunting and moaning with the pace he hammered her.

 Kayla, knowing she had teased him for hours, let him do what he needed. It wasn’t like it felt bad to her, either. She grunted and moaned just as loudly as he did. She liked this side of him that didn’t come out often, but she could feel his cock swelling and knew he would be filling her full soon.

 Sean’s pace picked up just briefly before he slammed into her one last time, emptying his cum into her pussy. He held onto her hips as his cock pulsed and jumped, pumping each spurt deep. Finally, he pulled out of her, but while still leaning over her back, leaned down and kissed the back of her head before saying, “Sorry, I needed you bad.”

 She stood up, pushing him back enough to turn around. She looked him in his flushed face and said, “I’m not complaining.”

 It was then they heard loud clapping. Startled, they both turned quickly towards it and saw two guys standing on the deck of a flatbed. In his rush to get his cock in Kayla’s pussy he never noticed the truck sitting on the far side of the lot.

 Looking at Kayla, he said, “I think we should go,” as he reached to pull his shorts up. Kayla agreed and opened her door, sliding back into the passenger seat as Sean ran around to the driver’s side. It didn’t take long for them to beat the feet the hell out of there.

 When they got back up on the highway, Kayla looked over at Sean and said, “I think I might still be horny,” as she ran her hand over the very wet and messy crotch of her shorts. Sean just rolled his eyes and floored the accelerator pedal for Denver and the motel room.