

Breasts and Pickups

by Nathaniel Tower

She was sitting in the front seat of the cherry red pickup truck, her barely sun-kissed breasts fully exposed. The windows were down as low as her top. It was the kind of pickup truck you'd expect a woman with breasts like hers to be in—one of those four door monsters with the extended bed, the engine roaring so loud it didn't seem like the beast even had a muffler.

It wasn't the snowy peaks protruding majestically that made me stare. Nor was it the luscious blonde hair that blew recklessly in the wind in spite of the fact that the truck was idling. Two giant greasy hands were working those breasts hard, squeezing and tugging and pulling. She didn't holler. She just sat there, hair blowing and breasts hanging free, holding a plastic tub to catch the squirts of white fluid that intermittently permeated out of the rapidly reddening hooters.

"What the hell are you staring at?" a voice called out the pickup.

Naturally, I looked straight ahead at the stoplight. Mr. Truck Man wasn't satisfied with my quick looking away.

"Boy, I asked you a question," the man hollered, his hands still working those breasts.

"The stoplight," I shouted back in a moment I thought was courageous.

"Then why the hell aren't you driving?" the gruff voice shouted again.

I noticed the glimmering green at the bottom.

"I'm color blind," I lied.

"When I'm done with your nosey ass, you're gonna be fully blind."

I wondered how he could really be upset that I was staring at that bare-breasted beauty. Obviously I was going to stare. She had mammoth boobs being worked like cow udders.

"Sorry," I squirted. "I've just never seen a woman being milked in a truck before." I regretted saying such a thing.

"You better drive on outta here or I'm gonna milk you next," he growled.

"Yes sir," I said and prepared to drive off, but I wanted to take one final glance at the woman first. I knew I wasn't likely to ever see this type of thing again. During that glance, I swear I saw that woman wink at me.

"I told you to move it, buddy," the man yelled.

Against my better judgment, I killed the engine.

The man released the breasts and climbed out of the truck. He took the long way around the truck. Leaving the keys in the ignition, I bolted for the truck. I rounded the front, and he was barely around the truck bed when he realized what I'd done. I climbed into the driver's seat and threw it into drive.

"Ever touched a breast while driving a truck?" she said.

"Never driven a truck before," I replied smoothly.

"You're doing a fine job so far. Where are you taking me?" She started to pull a shirt on.

"There's no need for that," I told her, but I don't think she heard me because the shirt was over her ears.

"Much better," she said.

I glanced over and saw her nipples protruding sharply through the thin shirt. I thought it was going to tear right off.

"Do you do this sort of thing often?" I asked her.

"Do you?" she replied.

"Yeah, I'm a wanted car thief," I said with a sudden confidence.

"Well, I'll be honest. That's the first time I've ever been milked while in a pickup." She shook her head and let her hair flow in the breeze as I accelerated.

"Who was that guy?"

"Nobody important."

"You let nobody important do something like that."

"I probably wouldn't let someone important do it."

Before I could ask her why, I noticed my white Honda speeding towards us.

"Well, here comes Mr. Nobody right now," she said.

"Any suggestions?"

"You're the one who got us into this."

I stepped down on the gas a little harder, but the next traffic light changed to yellow just as I did. The truck skidded and came to a halt. The white Honda did the same next to me.

"Get outta my truck," Mr. Nobody shouted.

"What are you gonna do if I don't?" I yelled back in my best badass voice.

He didn't answer right away, so I reached over to the woman and grabbed at her breasts. I tried to tug and squeeze, but she batted my hands away.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"My breasts are a bit sore from their workout," was all she said before looking at Mr. Nobody.

A moment later, she pulled off her shirt and told me to have at it.

I reached over and started tugging just as I had seen Mr. Nobody do. They were glorious pieces of meat. I wanted to squeeze them forever. This was better than any sex I'd ever had.

And then it ended. A massive hand grabbed my neck. I tried to cling to her breasts, but I had no chance. Mr. Nobody dropped me to the ground, kicked me once in the gut, and ripped off my shirt. I was pissed because it was my favorite shirt, but there wasn't much I could do. He grabbed my chest with those big greasy hands and squeezed until I thought I was going to start lactating. I'd like to say it was the most painful experience of my life, but it felt kind of good.

The next thing I knew the truck was speeding off, exhaust coughing up in my face. My white Honda sat silently at the intersection, the

keys were nowhere to be found.

It wasn't a total bust. I got to feel those luxurious breasts, and the woman was kind enough to leave me her shirt. Every now and then I take it to bed and dream about big greasy hands pulling away at a pair of perfect breasts. It even has a couple tiny pinholes where those sweet pointy nipples had been.

