

## ~ Detour ~

by Mavis Applewater

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A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mountain Girl.

As always this is for Heather.

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Mae blew out a heavy breath as she brushed her blonde bangs out of her eyes. It had been a long day, but every day was long for the exhausted waitress who looked much older than her twenty-four years. "Mae I?" One of the truckers at the counter cackled as he held up his empty coffee cup.

"Yeah, can't hear that one enough," she muttered under her breath as she flashed the beefy man a fake smile and refilled his cup. The men at the truck stop weren't a bad lot as most of them treated her very nicely, except when they were traveling in a pack. As Mae traveled from one truck stop to the next she realized that one-on-one most men were really decent human beings, but when they traveled in a pack they lost all sense of manners.

Mae rolled her shoulders as she glanced up at the clock noting that she had another two hours left to her shift. The blonde's feet were aching from working a double. Her shift would end at four a.m. and what troubled the exhausted woman the most was at the end of the day she wouldn't really find relaxation or comfort. Her home for the time being was the dingy motel located just down the street. Her residence, like her job, was temporary. Everything in her life had been temporary ever since she walked away from her former life.

The truly sad part was that before she ran away from the small town she had grown up in her life hadn't been anymore exciting than her life on the road. Ever since she was old enough to work she waited tables at the local diner. She married the boy next door and with each passing day she hoped to discover what was missing in her life. One night, about five years ago, after enduring the stagnation of marriage to her high school sweet heart Mae packed a small bag, left a brief note for her husband and hitched a ride out of town. Nothing spectacular happened that day that spurred her to finally walk away; she just had enough. Now she traveled from one truck stop to another each time hoping to find what she was looking for. The only problem was she hadn't a clue as to what it was she was seeking.

The snow was falling harder which meant it would only get busier. The drivers would linger at

the truck stop instead of risking the wet roads. Most would bunk down in their trucks the others would spend the night in the same dirt hole she was living in. *'Perhaps it is time to move on?'* She pondered as she went about waiting on the new rush of customers seeking shelter from the storm. She would need to find the right trucker to hitch a ride with. Perhaps this would be her last week of winter if she was capable of finding a driver who was heading south and wouldn't try to paw her. For the moment she had patrons to wait on before she was forced to endure the wet walk back to the motel.

"Coffee?" She asked as she placed a menu down in front of a new customer. Her breathing seized as the woman looked up at her with a twinkle in her amazingly blue eyes.

"Sure," the brunette shrugged with warm smile. Mae's hands trembled slightly as she poured the woman a cup of coffee. The blonde was confused by her sudden nervousness and it wasn't because the customer was a woman. Mae had waited on many female truckers over the years. Most of the women were pretty decent to her others were demanding, having had to develop a thick skin around the boys. "I'll just have a Western omelet, wheat toast and home fries," the brunette requested in a rich tone that sent a shiver down the blonde's spine.

"Coming right up," Mae stammered still confused by the way this stranger had thrown her off balance. She could feel the woman watching her as she placed her order with the cook and set about tending to her other customers.

"Hey Mae!" A young driver she recognized called out as he took a seat at the counter. Mae scowled in response as Mike ogled her. The scrawny man was probably around her age and hit on her every time he stopped in. "Got something sweet for me tonight?" He leered as she groaned.

"Told you before if it ain't on the menu I'm not offering it," she scolded the brash, young man as his buddies laughed. She knew she was blowing her tip, but she just wasn't in the mood to fend off his obnoxious advances.

"Awfully cold night out there," he continued ignoring her disinterest as he leered at her chest. "How about bunking down in my rig tonight? I'll keep you warm."

"You ordering or what?" She snapped already weary of his attention.

"I'm trying to," he said with a toothy grin and a cocky smile.

"Yeah, you might try looking at the menu and not my tits," she abruptly informed him before walking away pleased at the way the other patrons laughed at him.

"Get that a lot?" The brunette inquired as Mae set her order down.

"Nothing I can't handle," the blonde shrugged as she found herself smiling back at the captivating woman.

"Now Donna don't you be trying to claim her for your side; I saw her first," Mike shouted across the busy dining room.

"What's the matter Mickey, jealous?" The brunette quipped as she gave Mae a saucy wink.

"What am I the special today?" Mae teased as the brunette laughed. Mae's heart skipped a beat when the brunette removed her baseball cap and her long, dark hair cascaded down onto her broad shoulders. "Then again," Mae whispered.

"Now don't be teasing me," Donna cautioned the befuddled waitress with another wink.

"I wouldn't dream of it," Mae heard herself saying as her heart hammered against her chest. Her gaze lingered as she felt her body trembling. "More coffee?" She finally managed to stammer out.

"Thank you," Donna graciously accepted as she slid her mug over. "How much longer do you have put up with me and the rest of the hooligans?"

"Not long I get off a four," Mae supplied her tiny hands still trembling slightly as she refilled the brunette's coffee. "Don't, I can handle this lot," she added as she swatted one of Mike's hands away as he tried to reach over the counter and grab her backside.

"Knock it off Mickey," Donna hissed at the younger man.

"Now who is jealous?" He challenged her.

"Don't," Donna scoffed at his lame attempt to engage her anger as Mae wondered off to tend to the other patrons.

As Mae went about her duties she kept a watchful eye on the brunette. There was something about the tall, dark stranger that had gotten under her skin. Mike seemed to be pestering Donna who just ignored him. "I said no," Donna growled as Mae approached the duo.

"You won't cause you know I'll win," he snidely retorted before sliding back to his seat.

"Do I want to know what that was about?" Mae curiously inquired eager to chat with Donna.

"I doubt it," Donna sighed heavily as Mike leered at the both of them. "He is just being a jerk."

"So, where are you heading?" Mae threw out in an effort to keep the conversation going.

"Atlanta," Donna sighed. "Then back up and around. I'm picking up another load just outside of Charleston and bringing it back up."

"Sounds like a long haul," Mae offered warmly pleased when she received a heart-warming smile in return.

"The money is worth it," Donna shrugged. "What about you? You don't sound like you're from around here, just passing through?"

"Something like," Mae hedged. "I might just be moving on soon. This weather sucks."

"No kidding," Donna agreed as she looked out the window at the still heavy snowfall. Mae felt an odd fluttering in the pit of her stomach as Donna's gaze returned to her.

"More coffee?" Mae squeaked out.

"No thanks," Donna smiled. "I have to get some sleep tonight; I've got a long drive in the morning."

Mae's heart dropped as the brunette began to play with her food.

"Hey Mae?" Mike called out. "I could use a warm up."

"I bet he isn't talking about coffee," Mae grumbled as she snatched up the pot and headed over to the annoying man.

"So what time you getting off work?" He tried to ply her with his charm as he reached out and caressed her hand. The blonde almost scalded him with the coffee as she jerked her arm back.

"I'm not interested," she hissed down at the beady-eyed youngster.

"Come on Mae, we could have a lot of fun together." He pressed with a cocky grin.

"I said no," she scowled as the bell rang informing her that one of her orders was up. "I have to get back to work."

Mae went about finishing up with her customers as Mike kept trying to win her over and she kept trying to chat with the elusive Donna. Just as she began her clean up she saw that Mike had once again scooted over to pester Donna. "A hundred bucks?" He coaxed the uninterested brunette.

"Bite me," Donna sneered as she waved for Mae to bring her the check.

"Anytime," Mike boasted before slipping back over to his seat.

"A hundred bucks for what?" Mae softly inquired as Donna paid the check.

"Nothing," Donna lied with a slight blush. "Keep the change."

"Thanks," Mae beamed at the generous tip. "Hold on," she blurted out quickly her fingers tingling as she grasped the brunette's arm. She was stunned by her actions as Donna smiled over at her instantly putting her at ease. "Did he bet you over which one of you could get me into the

sack?" She softly inquired so that no one else could hear what she was saying.

"Yeah," Donna sheepishly responded. "Don't worry I turned him down. It's not my style."

"Oh?" Mae muttered with a strange sense of disappointment.

"Not you, betting on you," Donna clarified with another bright smile.

Mae blushed deeply as Donna's words sank in. "Tell him yes," she whispered as her fingers began to caress the trucker's forearm.

"Huh?" Donna stammered.

"I live down the road at the Ferns and I'm not looking forward to walking in this weather," Mae explained quickly. "Give me a ride and tell him you scored, it will be an easy hundred."

"But then everyone will think," Donna nervously began.

"Don't care," Mae shrugged. "I'll be moving on soon."

"Okay," Donna agreed with sly smirk. "But not because of the money, I hate the thought of you trudging through a blizzard just to reach that hell hole."

"Thanks," Mae felt giddy that Donna had accepted.

"I'll tell dumb ass the bet in on while you finish up," Donna offered as she wrapped up her hair and tucked it into her cap. Mae's breathing caught as she watched the woman. She stumbled slightly as she stepped away from the counter. Mae rushed through her work and hurried her replacement to start as Donna watched her every movement.

Mike looked positively sullen as Mae snatched up the tip he left her and tucked it into her coat pocket. "Thanks Sport," she smirked before turning her attention to Donna. "Ready?"

"Lead on," Donna encouraged as she held the door open for the small blonde.

"I can't believe it," Mae could hear Mike whining as Donna guided her carefully across the icy parking lot.

"It is this one," Donna explained as she climbed up into the big red cab and unlocked the door for Mae.

"It is so big," Mae exclaimed as Donna assisted her up into the large truck.

"I saved up to buy a more comfortable cab after spending one too many nights in places like the Ferns," Donna explained as she climbed in behind the waitress. "Just let me get her warmed up."

"Wow, this is nicer than my motel room," Mae blew out as she peeked behind the curtain and peered into the sleeping area that possessed far more amenities than the dingy, cold motel she had been living in. "Is that a DVD player?"

"Yes," Donna laughed in response as Mae felt her body warming simply from listening to the delightful sound of the other woman's voice. "Look Mae, I don't want to be brash or anything but I've stayed at the Ferns, the heat sucks you could crash with me tonight. I promise to behave or at least try to behave."

"I don't want to impose," Mae stammered as the heat already began to warm her weary body. "It is really warm in here," her voice trailed off as she debated her options. '*Could I really sleep with a woman?*' She silently questioned not for the first time in her life as she gazed over at her companion. "I'll stay," she accepted before she could talk herself out of it.

"I have some sweats you could wear," Donna offered as she climbed behind the curtain and shrugged off her jacket. "I meant what I said; I'm not going to make a pass."

"Oh?" Mae mumbled with disappointment as she followed her companion into the sleeper.

"I can't figure you out," Donna smiled as she handed the smaller woman a t-shirt and a pair of sweat pants.

"Good," Mae sighed with relief. "I hate it when people tell me that they know me. I don't know me how can a stranger?"

"Fair enough," Donna light heartedly agreed as she stripped off her jacket and then her long, wool sweater. "I'm just confused by the mixed signals. I get the feeling you're disappointed that I'm not going to get fresh with you and I also get the feeling that you are terrified that I will make a pass." Mae was unable to respond. She was too stunned by the accuracy of the brunette's words and the sight of her undressing in front of her. "Can I ask you something?"

"Anything," Mae absently promised disappointed as the trucker covered her long, lean body with a t-shirt and a pair of sweats.

"Have you ever kissed a girl?" Donna casually threw out.

"I Uhm," Mae stammered as she turned away and slipped off her coat. She blushed deeply knowing that Donna was watching her as she undressed. "A couple of times," the blonde hedged, as she put on the borrowed clothing still unable to meet her companion's inquisitive gaze. "Nothing serious, just kid stuff," Mae continued to stammer.

"Oh," Donna noted with interest.

"Enough about me," Mae fussed finally meeting the brunette's warm gaze. "I'm just a girl drifting from one place to another hoping to find my way. Tell me about you."

"Not much to tell," the trucker replied as she stretched out on the bed and began to set the small travel alarm clock on the shelf. "I'm pretty much doing the same thing. I went to college and studied what my parents thought I should. After I got my masters I finally told them I couldn't be what they wanted me to be. I ended up driving a truck. The money is good; I like the freedom and the time alone to think. The only real differences between us are I have a place to call home and I already know I like girls."

"How did you know?" Mae asked truly wanting to know as she stretched out beside Donna.

"Just did," Donna replied simply.

"I didn't start to allow myself to even think about such things until after I was married," Mae prattled on as she watched the subtle rise and fall of Donna's chest.

"My God I picked a married woman," Donna quipped as she began to caress the waitress' forearm. "Now that's a first."

"I'm not married," Mae giggled as she allowed her eyes to drift along the brunette's chiseled features. "At least I don't think I am. I suppose I still could be."

"You don't know?" Donna inquired as her long fingers drifted down the front of her well worn t-shirt.

"When I ran off I wasn't old enough to buy a drink," Mae sighed as she watched the brunette's fingers caressing the front of her own body. She bit back a gasp as she watched Donna's fingers slipping beneath the hem of her shirt. Mae's eyes were glued to the sight of Donna fingers moving beneath her shirt. She felt a pang of disappointment as the trucker's movements suddenly ceased.

"Sorry," Donna offered as she cleared her throat.

"Why?" Mae asked scooting closer to the other woman, surprising the both of them as she began to lift the hem of the brunette's shirt. "You said that you wouldn't get fresh with me, you said nothing about getting fresh with yourself."

Donna moaned softly as Mae continued to lift her top until her firm round breasts were revealed to the waitress' eager gaze. Mae was anxious for Donna to continue what was happening; she needed to know if her hidden questions and desires were real. "This you've done before," Donna huskily noted as she allowed Mae to fully remove her top.

"Yeah," Mae sheepishly confessed as she watched Donna's fingertips resume brushing down the length of her upper body. "I was a teenager still in school," she continued with a hard swallow as she watched Donna's nipples puckering in the cold night air.

"She was your best friend?" Donna encouraged as her fingers traced the swell of her own breast.

"Yes," Mae admitted with a shaky breath. "We use to have sleep overs and we," her voice trailed off as she recalled the sweet memory.

"And you'd lie down beside her and watch each other," Donna blissfully concluded. "Did you ever touch her?"

"No," Mae squeaked out as she watched nimble fingers dancing lightly across the rose colored bud.

"Did you want to?" Donna gasped while rolling her erect bud between her fingers as her other hand slipped down the length of her body.

"Yes," Mae panted heavily her eyes following the errant hand that was dipping beneath the waistband of the brunette's pants. She watched Donna's fingers moving furiously below the soft flannel material. Her breathing grew heavier as she felt her own desire dampening her sweats. The blonde's heart hammered against her chest as her need for more silently screamed from deep inside of her. Donna's body arched up her nipples fully erect begging Mae to quell her desires. The blonde licked her lips before lowering them to one of the buds.

She paused only for a moment as she drank in the scent of Donna's body. She trembled as she flickered her tongue against the puckered bud before slowly circling it. She could feel Donna's hand moving against her body in a steady rhythm as the brunette continued to stroke her own wetness.

Donna's heavy breathing and soft moans filled the small sleeping area while Mae's lips captured the brunette's nipple and sucked it into the warmth of her mouth. Donna's fingers massaged her scalp as she pressed the blonde closer to her flesh. The feel of the brunette's hips rocking gently against her as she teased her nipple made the blonde's stomach clench tighter as her body began to beg for release.

Mae gave into her long hidden desires as she suckled the brunette urgently while her nimble fingers captured Donna's other nipple and teased it. Mae ground her throbbing clit against the brunette's swaying hip rubbing against her frantically.

She groaned deeply as Donna guided the blonde's slender young body on top of her and slid her thigh between Mae's quivering thighs. "That's it," Donna guided the blonde as she rocked harder against the brunette's firm thigh.

Mae supported her body with her arms lifting up so she could watch Donna touching herself. Mae ground hard against her lover her body crying out for release as she slid one of her hands beneath the waistband of her sweat pants. Her desire filled her trembling hand as they rocked against one another. Donna captured her in a smoldering gaze while their bodies clashed together. "I need to see you," Mae gasped as her touch left her aching clit. She clasped the brunette's sweats and tugged them down her hips.

"You can have anything you want," Donna groaned her promise as the blonde watched her

fingers dancing against her engorged clit.

"Harder," Mae pleaded while she continued yanking the brunette's sweats down her long legs, her eyes never wavering from Donna's glistening desire as she stroked her clit. "You're so beautiful," she whispered in admiration as she finally removed the pants from Donna's quivering body. She inhaled sharply as she watched her lover's fingers gliding along her swollen nether lips, her desire growing stronger with each moment.

She released a throaty growl as Donna opened her thighs even further revealing all to the blonde's eager gaze. She lowered her head and began to kiss her way up the brunette's legs savoring the taste of her lover's flesh. Her pleasure was halted when she felt an insistent tugging on her shirt.

Mae knelt between her lover's legs and yanked off her shirt. She felt a nervous quiver as Donna studied her half naked body. "Wow," Donna breathlessly offered as her fingers danced against her swollen clit. "Beautiful," the brunette whispered as she used her free hand to trace the swell of Mae's breasts.

Mae felt a rush of heat surging through her body as her gaze was torn between the fiery look in her lover's eyes and the sight of the brunette's long, slender fingers touching her own passion. Mae clenched her thighs together in an effort to fight against the aching need while Donna's fingers teased her nipple.

The blonde's body arched as her nipples hardened against Donna's touch. "Can I see you?" Donna asked shyly while rolling the blonde's nipple between her fingers. Mae nodded as she panted heavily. Nervously she shimmied her sweats down her round hips revealing her glistening passion to her lover.

Unable to control her passion she lowered her body down against Donna's, moaning happily as their naked flesh met for the first time. She felt Donna's hand moving wildly against her as she straddled her thigh and captured her in a searing kiss. The taste of Donna's lips and the feel of their bodies melting together were driving the small blonde insane.

She parted the brunette's soft warm lips while her body ground against Donna's. Mae slipped inside the warmth of the brunette's mouth exploring the sweetness slowly as Donna's hands began to caress her body. The kiss slipped to passionate depths as their bodies became entangled. Mae reeled from the fiery kisses and the feel of Donna's desire on her skin. *'When did she stop touching herself?'* She pondered briefly as she felt Donna's hands drifting down her body.

She moaned into the warmth of Donna's mouth as the brunette's hands cupped her backside guiding her to grind harder against her. The softness of their breasts pressed together as Donna's soft, inviting lips moved down her neck her fingers massaging the firm flesh of her ass as they became one.

She became lost in the feel of Donna's mouth teasing her neck and her hands caressing her skin. For the first time in Mae's life she felt she was where she was supposed to be, everything about

touching the tall, dark trucker felt right. Donna's touch was electrifying spurring Mae to lick and taste her way down the older woman's long, lean body.

"I need this. I need you," she murmured against her lover's skin as the musky aroma of Donna's passion fanned the flames of her desire. She felt a twinge of nervousness encompassing her as she kissed the inside of the brunette's thighs tasting her desire for the first time. "You don't have to," Donna offered gently.

"I want to," Mae explained with a needy moan as she parted her lover's swollen nether lips dipping her tongue inside her wetness. Her body trembled with pleasure as Donna tenderly clasped the back of her head guiding her deeper inside of her.

"That's it," Donna moaned deeply as Mae's tongue glided along her slick folds drinking in the brunette's nectar. Mae murmured with delight as her lover's taste filled her while she teased her slowly. Donna pressed her wetness against Mae's lips. The blonde accepted her offer as she captured the throbbing bundle in her mouth.

The feeling of pleasure soared as her lover's body responded to her touch. Donna's pleas encouraged the blonde to suckle her harder as Mae feasted upon her wetness. Mae ground her body against the mattress as the fire consumed her. She suckled Donna harder as her lover's body rocked wildly against her.

"Oh God Baby," Donna cried out as her body arched up and the blonde struggled to hold on never wanting to stop drinking in the sweet ambrosia. Mae clasped her lover's bottom drawing her closer as she wildly licked and tasted the abundance of desire. Mae's body trembled from the feel of Donna's body quivering against her. All she wanted and needed at that moment in time was to feel her lover exploding against her.

Donna's body gave in to her silent request releasing her passion with a wild cry of pleasure. As her lover exploded Mae's body craved more as she continued to feast upon her needing to taste every last ounce of passion. Donna's blunt nails dug into her flesh as she fed upon her with wild abandonment.

Each time she drove her lover over the edge Mae's tiny body exploded along with her lover's until the brunette was pushing her away. "Please?" Mae begged as she tried to hold on.

"Come here," Donna purred as she guided the smaller woman back up her still trembling form. Mae's body and mind reeled as Donna captured her in a searing kiss while her fingers slipped between their bodies. Mae couldn't breathe as her lover's kisses enthralled her while the brunette's touch greeted her wetness. Mae ground her pulsating clit against Donna's fingers.

Her hands explored the brunette's body as she felt Donna's fingers flickering against her throbbing nub. Mae was lost in the wild frenzy as Donna teased her clit with her thumb while pressing her fingers against the opening of her center. Mae's hips shot forward in an effort to impale herself with her lover's touch.

She cried out as she felt the brunette slipping deep inside of her. Mae clung to her lover as Donna guided her onto her back. The blonde helplessly gave into the feel of Donna's body covering her while her long, knowing fingers glided in and out of her wetness. "Is this what you want?" Donna gasped hotly in her ear as she took her harder.

"God yes," Mae cried out her body thrusting wildly beneath the older woman. Mae's body shuddered as she climaxed against Donna's touch. While her body was still reeling she felt her lover's touch slipping from her body. Still gasping for air Donna guided her onto her stomach pressing her wetness deep inside of the blonde's body. "Take me," Mae begged her lover her hips thrusting backward.

They ground against one another moving as one as Donna's hand slipped between the blonde's thighs. Mae's body jerked up giving more of herself to this enchanting stranger. Mae clung to the bedding as she felt her lover slip deep inside of her, the truck rocking as their need for more took over.

Mae felt her lover trembling behind her as each of them neared the edge. Donna breathed on her skin while Mae thrust harder in a need to sate her desire. They screamed out in ecstasy as their bodies collapsed. "Thank you," Mae whimpered her body still trembling beneath the brunette's.

"I should be thanking you," Donna sighed contently as she rolled off of Mae's body and pulled the blankets over them.

Mae snuggled against the warmth of brunette's body. "I just wish we had more time," Donna sadly confessed as she kissed Mae tenderly. "I have to be back on the road in a couple of hours."

"We could," Mae shyly offered as she listened to the steady beating of Donna's heart. "I mean if you really want," she stammered.

"I want," Donna beamed as she tucked her fingers beneath the blonde's chin and guided her gaze to meet her own. "What do you want?"

"I want to come with you," Mae confessed. "You're heading south and I'm ready to move on. All I have to do is quit my job and check out of the motel."

"Okay," Donna beamed. "I could use the company. We head out and whenever you want to go off on your own, just tell me."

"I might want to hang around for awhile," Mae cautiously threw out feeling that she was finally heading in the right direction.

"That is fine with me," Donna blushed before reclaiming the blonde's lips with a promising kiss.

The End

Send comments to [findingmavis@comcast.net](mailto:findingmavis@comcast.net)

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