



Biker Girls (FFM, bi)

Melissa Keating 1997

This is a story about my girl friend and lover, and myself one afternoon, with Frank, a guy among few, and how we fucked his brains out. Hope you'll like my story as much as I liked doing it...

Lena was riding her John Player Norton. I, as usual was on the Lemans. The big Guzzi throbbed between my legs as we swept through the turns one after another. The Goose has a stiff suspension; there's something very sexy about the way the firm seat fits between my thighs, how the bike bucks over big bumps. It's almost like riding a man. Needless to say by the time we reached the coast highway I was ready to lure my Lena off into the beach grass and have my way with her.

But when we pulled off at one of our favorite over-looks what should we spy but a gorgeous blue-and-silver Ducati and next to it, dressed all in black leathers, one of our favorite riders. Frank was someone we knew through the European Motorcycle club. We both liked him, but whenever we had talked, it had always been in the middle of a crowd. Today he was alone. After chatting a few minutes Lena and I had evidently come to the same conclusion, for she invited him to join our picnic.

There was something about Frank: he seemed to ooze sensuality, and every time our eyes met I got a big jolt of frankly sexual energy. The same seemed to be happening with Lena. When I complained of a sore neck Frank gave me a neck and shoulder rub that was so slow, so deep, so excruciatingly sensual, I wanted to rip his clothes off right there.

By the time we finished our meal Lena and I were decided. Locking her eyes with mine she picked up my hand and began kissing my fingers one by one. Slowly I drew her into my arms until our lips met. Then we turned to our guest, who was watching avidly. "Frank," I began. "We think you should come home with us. We can show you our house..."

"...And our bedroom..."

"...And our bed..."

"You see," I explained as Frank's hot eyes rested first on Lena, then on me, "we have lots of fun together but we haven't had a man in--how long has it been, Lena?"

"I don't know. A long time."

"A very long time."

"And we LIKE men!" Lena insisted. "Especially men who are serious about their pleasures -- and like to take their time with them. Are you like that, Frank? Because if you are--"

"IF you are, we'd VERY much like to take you home."

Frank licked his lips. "Let's go."

At the house we stripped off our leathers and warmed up with a cup of hot tea apiece. Then Lena and I led Frank into our bedroom. As we had pushed our bikes into the garage earlier we had decided what we were going to do. Now I put my arms around Frank and began to kiss him.

He was an incredible kisser, slow and tantalizing. We kissed and undressed, then I pushed him down on the bed and lay on top of him, naked skin on hot, naked skin, and while my mouth and my naked thighs against his erection distracted him, Lena captured his arms and legs and tied him to the bed.



I don't think he realized he was caught until she tightened the bonds and I rolled off him. "Don't worry," Lena told him. "It's just that, well, the trouble with men is that they're just not patient. And we want to take you slooowly."

She leaned down and kissed his mouth, nibbled his ear lobe, then knelt between his spread legs and began, with excruciating slowness, to lick and then suck his balls.

Frank groaned and rolled his eyes. I lay back and enjoyed as Lena tormented him. I had some idea of what was coming next, and watching Frank thrash and strain against his bonds as Lena brought him closer and closer to orgasm was getting me really hot.

Just before he was ready to come she pulled away from him, leaving his organ purple with lust and visibly pulsating. "See what I mean? You're getting impatient." Frank groaned.

Lena crawled over him and wrapped me in an octopus-like embrace. "Now it's your turn," she said.

Those incredible, talented lips brushed my hairline, my eyelids, and at last my mouth.

While her fingers teased my things apart she began French-kissing me, her lush breasts warmth I wanted to bury myself in. I stroked her nipple with one hand while the other found her pussy, which was dripping wet with excitement.

As I caressed the hot, velvety softness between her labia she began to moan aloud, thrusting her crotch against the heel of my hand. I was all set to go down on her when she slipped from my arms, laid me head-to-foot with Frank so he could watch as much of the action as possible, and began to lick my dripping hot pussy.

A fierce heat began to grow deep inside me, became nearly unbearable as it spread to my hands and feet, my breasts, even my throat. As her tongue lashed my super-sensitive clit I felt her finger slide around the opening of my vagina, then slip within. A bottomless well seemed to open inside me.

As she brought me to the brink of orgasm and over, I was dimly aware that Frank was going nearly as wild as I was, but I caught in wave after wave of searing, almost unendurable pleasure and couldn't pay much attention, although I very much enjoyed Frank watching me. Lena barely let me catch my breath before bringing me off again. Another sweet agony shook me.

She was starting in on round three when I took mercy on poor Frank and insisted that she make him lick her pussy for a while. Meanwhile I lay down between his legs and began licking his balls as Lena had done earlier.

Frank was excited and he loved Lena's pussy. Lena loved his tongue, too, for she kept rubbing her cunt over his mouth, groaning, sweat sheening the muscles of her back. I ached to be two places at once: how I envied Frank as he tasted my lover's delicious snatch, especially when her skin took on the dark flush that let me know she was close to cumming. It wasn't long before I saw her long dark hair fly back as her body was wracked by spasm after spasm of delicious orgasm.

Meanwhile I was getting off on Frank's cock and balls. His scrotum had a delightful male odor, and the whole sack was so-o-o sensitive! While my saliva-slicked hand stroked his throbbing erection I took first one ball and then the other inside my mouth, tonguing them, teasing them, pulling gently. Pretty soon Frank got so hot I had to stop. I was just in time to witness Lena going off again.

As I shifted my legs slightly I could feel the juices squishing around in my pussy. I was SO hot, and Frank had such a gorgeous cock. I took the head, then the strong shaft, into my mouth, but it wasn't enough. Lena had collapsed by Frank's head. I positioned myself over Frank and slowly sheathed his erect and throbbing member in my tight, hungry cunt.

That must have been just what he wanted, because he shuddered and groaned and his eyes rolled back in his head. Me, I was loving him, it really had been an awful log time.

Frank's cock--it was rock-hard--felt just perfect, and as he strained against his bonds to thrust himself deeper inside me I could feel the sweet sensation building toward another orgasm.

"Do you want to cum, Frank?" I panted, speeding up my tempo.

"Yes!" he grated.

"So bad you can almost taste it?"

"Oh god, please don't stop!"

I leaned closer to him, slamming my hips against his pelvis. As I thrust an eager tongue between his lips I could feel my body begin to shudder. Suddenly my back arched as I began to cum, another incredibly intense orgasm, and as I did Frank screamed and began to shoot wads of hot jism into me, bucking and straining. I have never seen a man come like that, and the wild throbbings of his cock made my own orgasm go on and on.

Finally, spent, I collapsed on top of him. His arms came around me as Lena loosed his bonds, then she joined us a moment later. The three of us, intertwined, fell asleep there among the tangled covers, happy and--for the moment-- exhausted.

END



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