One Thing Leads to Another: Rumble Pussy

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Young Christine christens a motorcycle in front of a pack of outlaw bikers.

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"Get the big boner ready because I've got a shit-load of water and some bull-rider," Christine said into her cell phone, explaining to Maria that she wished for her to clean their large bong because she possesses really good marijuana and a lot of time to kill.

Maria looked up from her text book and asked, "You coming by now? Like, right-now-right-now?"

"Yeah."

"But, I'm studying."

"Oh my God... What? You gonna be a scientist or some shit now Maria? Why don't you just get real already?"

Maria rolled her eyes to the top of her head and said, "Why don't you just go suck a dick already? God..."

"Pull yours out when I get there and I will. Gaaaawd...," Christine mocked Maria's annoying habit of adding God to the end of her sentences when flustered.

"Don't copy my words like that bitch...," Maria warned.

"Sorry, whatever. I'll be quiet, I promise. I'll even hold flash cards up for you 'n' shit."

Maria remained silent.

"Please? I'll swallow," Christine added.

Maria held in her laughter. "Fine... Just chill for a bit while I finish my homework, alright?"

"I will! I'm already here anyway, grab the boner."

Maria put her phone down and heard her blonde eighteen year old friend come crashing in through the front door of her apartment. She sighed, reached for a scrap of paper to mark her spot and closed her text book. She could hear Christine loudly emptying her purse on her coffee table as she grabbed the big glass bong they referred to as "the boner," on account that people look like they are going down on an erection when smoking out of it.

"What's the matter?" Maria said, placing the boner on the table and sitting Indian style on the ground, opposite her fiend.

Christine was closely inspecting the nuggets of dark green weed the same way a jeweler would examine a diamond before she turned to Maria and said, "Does this nug look right to you? It looks shitty doesn't it? It's so dark and like, all blown out or some fuck."

Maria gave the nugget a sniff and said, "It smells alright, but kinda off, I guess... Didn't you look at it before you bought it?"

"I did, I mean I smoked some there. Not out of this bag though..." Christine broke the nugget apart causing some seeds to come loose and bounce on the table. "That fucking fuck! He hustled me! I should have opened up the baggie and looked good before I left... Fucking freakin' fiddlesticks Maria!"

"Are you going back? Please be careful Christi--"

"This evil will not stand this way long! I won't let it stand this way long," Christine cut her best friend off, hastily gathered her things back into her purse and got up. She paused at the door, turned dramatically toward Maria and repeated once more. "This evil will not stand this way long Maria," and made her exit.

"Bye?" Maria said to her empty doorway, slowly got up and walked over to her desk to keep studying.

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Christine saw several bikers (the outlaw kind) standing in a garage around a motorcycle as she drove up to the dealer's house. She parked her Civic, walked up the driveway and approached the group.

They all stopped their conversations and turned to stare at the young girl wearing a bikini top, jean shorts, flip flops and a ponytail.

"Where's Ducky at?" Christine broke the uncomfortable silence.

"He's gone. Went out for the night, babe," a dark-haired bearded man with a deep voice answered.

"I need to talk with his ass. He sold me some bunk shit."

"Is that so? Ducky did? Ain't that something... I don't really know about any of that but we got some shit. Real good shit," the bearded man said, licking his lips.

"I don't have any money. I spent it all on Ducky's dirt weed. No wonder he called it *bull*-rider... It's fuckin' *bull*-shit."

The man laughed. "You're a funny one. But that's alright girly, we ain't sellin' it anyhow."

"What do you mean, 'you ain't sellin' it'?"

"He means that no amount of money can make us part with this shit. It's that good," another man, with a shaved head, chimed in.

"See that bike right there little lady?" The bearded man asked.

"Yeah, nice chopper," Christine said, admiring the bike.

The Bearded man walked right up to Christine and said, "Actually, that's a bobber." He lifted his hand up to Christine's face, caressed her cheek, placed his thumb gently on her bottom lip and slightly pulled down on it. "You do know what a *bobber* is right? you pretty little thing."

Christine swatted the man's hand away. "I'm not sucking your dick."

The man chuckled and put his hands in the air. "Whoa, easy there little filly! A bobber is just a type of bike. This here is my new bobber." The man patted the seat of his new ride.

Christine glanced at the bike. "Oh okay, cool. So about this weed..."

"Well, you see... We need to christen this bike. You help us christen this bike and we'll let you walk away with an 'O' of this stuff right here." The bearded man motioned to the other men to close the

garage door and toss Christine an ounce of some of California's finest chronic.

Christine unzipped the baggie, smelled the herb and asked, "What do I have to do? Like, for this christening."

"Nothing much... You just wiggle out of those little shorts and hop on the back of my new ride while I turn it on for a while. Then you rub that hot young snatch right into the seat until you soak through your panties," the bearded man said as he looked her over.

You've done more for less... This bike is pretty cool actually... Fuck, I'm wearing a g-string, my whole ass is gonna be all out in front of all these guys... Cumming on this guy's bike isn't all that whorish, I guess... Fuck, I'm already wet just thinking about it... Christine thought as she looked up at all the men in the garage, she counted seven. Most of them looked to be in their late twenties. Except the bearded man, he looked older than the rest.

"Come on, take them shorts off girl!" An anonymous voice blurted out to the delight of the rest of the men.

"Take it off! Let's see that sexy little ass!" another man pressured and handed Christine a half empty bottle of Jack Daniel's.

The bearded man mounted the bike and fired it up. The roar of the engine filling the room, almost drowning out the men's chants for Christine to remove her bottoms. Once the bike was purring he stood up and walked behind the young slim girl. He reached around her and slipped his hand between her legs and rubbed her pussy over her shorts and said. "Take a drink of that whisky and loosen up sweetheart, you know you want to."

Christine lifted the bottle up to her lips and took a long swig. She began to cough when she felt the sting of the whisky on her throat, causing some of it to dribble out of her lips and illicit laughter from the men.

"Hell yeah girl!"

"Woooo! That's the spirit, suck on that bottle!"

"Easy now, it's not cock!"

The bearded man removed his hand from her crotch, slowly unbuttoned her shorts and zipped them down as Christine touched the bottle to her lips and took another long swig of the whisky. He placed

his hand inside of her shorts and harshly rubbed her pussy over her panties. A smile creeped onto his face when Christine leaned back into him as her wetness moistened his fingers through the thin fabric barrier separating them from her love slit. "Looks like you're good and ready for this babe. What's it gonna be?"

Fuck it... Hop on the bike, get your weed and dip out. What's the big deal really... You're never gonna see any of them again... Why am I so fucking wet right now, what's wrong with me... Fuck it, it'll be fun... She thought then said. "Alright..."

"What was that girl?" The bearded man asked while rubbing her mound.

"Okay... I'll do it," Christine answered.

"You hear that boys?" Looks like we're gonna get some stank on my ride tonight after all!" The bearded man said as the gang cheered.

Christine finally slipped her shorts off, folded them and leaned over to carefully place them by her purse on the ground. She felt a hand grab her crotch while bent over, further exciting her. She lingered in that position, feeling his fingers rubbing her clit as his thumb buried itself in her ass crack.

"That's it slut!"

"Nice fucking ass!"

"Get on that bike girl!"

The bearded man gave her ass a spank and guided her to the seat of his ride. Christine straddled the bike, leaned forward and stuck her ass out. She rested her hands on the gas tank, placed her feet on the pegs and rubbed her crotch into the seat. She was surprised by how intensely the large engine rumbled through the seat and into her wet pussy. The man with the shaved head placed his hand on the throttle and made the engine thunder ferociously, increasing the intense vibrations shooting up into Christine's cunt.

"Damn ooooh..." Christine let out a throaty moan encouraging the man with the shaved head to increase the engine's roar. She felt several different hands greedily groping her ass and breasts as she rode. They lifted her bikini top off of her tits and squeezed her nipples while the bike continued to rumble beneath her. She felt herself getting more and more excited as as she lost control to the pack of bikers.

The bearded man hooked the top of her g-string with his finger and pulled up on it, separating it several inches away from the top of her ass. He pulled out a switchblade, flipped it open and made two quick cuts on the strings connected to the one up her ass. The strings snapping forward and dropping down as each one was cut. He slowly pulled the panties out from under Christine and tossed them to one of the men who gave them a sniff and passed them to the rest of the pack.

Christine was now naked except for her bikini top which was lifted above her breasts. The combination of the men's ravenous eyes and exploring hands making her feel completely exposed and at their mercy. The machine rumbling under her cunt stimulating her in a way unlike anything she had experienced before. She felt the sensations shooting throughout her whole body, her clitoris enflamed, her nipples at attention, her legs feeling weak. She closed her eyes and rubbed her snatch into the spongy leather seat in an uncontrollable vibrating frenzy. The man with the shaved head cheered her on and cranked the throttle in tune with her thrusting. Her desire to cum taking over any sliver of inhibition left in her brain.

The bearded man reached under Christine's ass and between her legs, from behind, with his right hand. He slightly bent his fingers upward and rubbed backward along her slit collecting her moisture and working it up between her cheeks. He straightened his middle finger and prodded at her clenched asshole making Christine pull away from him when she felt it start to enter. He laughed and continued to massage her tight love knot with the pad of his finger while placing the palm of his left hand under her chin, his thumb and fingers resting on both sides of her jaw. He tilted her head back, looked into her eyes and applied more pressure on her tight hole causing it to ease up and receive the tip of his finger, the anal invasion making Christine gasp and open her eyes wide in the process.

"You like that, don't you slut? I could tell the second I saw you," the bearded man leaned in and whispered in her ear. "Goddamn your ass is tight..." He sunk his finger in further and slowly withdrew it before pushing it back in, increasing his pace as the man with the shaved head continued to rev the engine. He pulled his finger out, straightened another and pushed both fingers up Christine's ass causing her to jump from the sudden shock. He spread his fingers stretching her asshole every time he felt her trying to clench down on them, taking great delight in watching the girl struggle with the intrusion.

Christine started humping the seat like a lust fueled primal fuck slut, the fingers up her ass making it hard for her to hold back any longer. She felt her orgasm rapidly building like an unstoppable ball of energy deep within her pussy. Her legs beginning to shake, her nipples tensing, the walls of her vagina beginning to spasm.

"Oh...oh...oh...oh..." She panted as her orgasm threatened to start ripping through her body. "Oh...ohh...ohhh...ooohhh... oooooOOOOHHH..." Christine clenched her asshole, curled her toes and

allowed the ball of energy to violently explode deep inside of her, rattling her entire foundation. Her body shaking as the waves of her orgasm travelled through her. She sat motionless, enjoying the explosion still reverberating through her body for several more seconds before lifting up off the bike and looking down at the big wet spot she left behind on the seat.

"Goddamn!"

"So fucking wet!"

"Look at that man!"

"Mother-fucker!"

"You sexy little slut!

The bearded man removed his fingers from Christine's ass, walked in front of her and placed them into her mouth. *Oh, you piece of shit... You just had to put them in my mouth... Fuck you...* She thought and sucked on them until she was interrupted by another man handing her the bottle of whisky. She took another swig, swished it around in her mouth and spit it back out on the ground in front of the bearded man. The whisky splashed onto his rattlesnake skin cowboy boots causing more laughter from the pack.

The bearded man grabbed her arm tightly, placed the ounce of weed in her hand and said. "Go on, get outta here girly. You done good so me and the boys ain't gonna run a train up your ass tonight even though you got whisky on my boot... Enjoy that shit, it's real good. And if you want some more, get my number from that bum, Ducky."

"Thanks, will do..." Christine put on her shorts, fixed her bikini top and grabbed her purse. She waited quietly for them to open the garage and started to walk back to her car.

"Bring a friend next time!" The bearded man yelled.

Without turning around, Christine raised her arm and shot her middle finger up in the air to the sound of laughter. She got in her car and drove off.

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"So Ducky just said 'sorry' and gave you this stuff instead? It's fucking good!" Maria said while straining to hold in the smoke and passed the boner to Christine.

"Yeah, It was so badass! I was like, 'bitch, you better give me the right shit or I'll make your dirty biker ass pay'. Then he was like, 'sorry girl, honest mistake. It won't happen again'," Christine said while packing a bowl with fresh greens.

"Really? You weren't scared?" Maria asked and handed Christine the lighter.

"Of Ducky? Fuuuck no... That pussy?" Christine said. She put her lips on the bong, touched flame to chronic and began filling the boner with smoke. She filled it all the way, pulled the bowl out and cleared the bong.

At that moment Christine's cellphone, which Maria was using to google map the nearest Cold Stone Creamery chimed twice in quick succession. Maria downloaded the video message after reading the texts. She began watching it then turned the phone to show Christine and said, "Seriously?"

2 new message

Ducky: WTF? Spider just sent me this video of you doing a "christening" hahaha ur the first bitch to actually fall for that! I left them that chronic to give to you cuz I knew you'd comeback when I realized I fucked up and gave you the wrong bag. Hahaha you're the biggest slut ever! Marry me?

Ducky:PS: can I call you Rumble Pussy!?

THE END