Blondie's Wild Ride - Part I

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A snap decision leads to a wild night of sex with some very dangerous bikers.

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I

The night was filled with sound. Sirens in the distance, the rumble of cars over rough pavement, shouts of laughter and of anger, music spilling from boom boxes. Oakland. Even at midnight, you could see the heat shimmering on the asphalt. It hadn't let up for two weeks now, wearing on everyone, setting tempers off as each night became a struggle to find a few hours in which to slumber in the relentless summer heat. It was just after midnight and she was walking home, her shift at the restaurant over. Her blouse clung to her form, damp with perspiration, held together by a single button over her bra and the top snap of her shorts was undone. Modesty had no place on an August night in the city. The soles of her sandals scraped on the side walk as she contemplated another sleepless night in her apartment hot box, tossing back and forth on a single sheet, praying for exhaustion to finally overtake her.

She wasn't alone. It was a Saturday night and everyone seemed to be out looking for someway to stave off the misery of the night, stuffing themselves into air conditioned bars or out roaming the streets, either high or drunk or looking to score. Just ahead of her, rock and roll blared from the open doorway of a biker's club, an infamous place that most people had the sense to avoid. Motorcycles where lined up along the side walk, so close that they looked like on continuous metal creature. When she'd first started working here, she'd crossed the street, choosing to pass the store front of the tattoo parlor to and from her job, rather then this seedy hangout for the baddest of the bad.

In time, that had changed. She'd become a staple of the neighborhood, walking to and from work 5 or 6 nights a week, always taking the same route, the denizens of the bar giving her a good looking over as she passed, greeting her with low whistles or crude come ones, but never bothering her beyond

that. She’d become Blondie, when they bothered to say hi, which was more and more often as the months went by. Blondie the waitress girl. She’d smile shyly, occasionally greeting one or two who seemed permanent fixtures by the only names she knew them by, some clearly nicknames; Jack, Screwdriver, King, Bubba to name just a few. In time, she felt safe, knowing that if anyone bothered her, the Angels of Hell would likely come to her rescue. Hard and dangerous men who lived outside the law, but they took care of their own, and in a sense, she belonged on this street.

"Hey Blondie!" It was Screwdriver, a bottle of Bud in one meaty hand, cigarette in the other. His vest hung open, showing a bit of a belly, his chest covered in dark curls. He wore what she’d come to recognize as an ersatz uniform among the bikers. Belted jeans, black boots, a vest or tee, leather jacket during the cooler months. Tonight all she could see were vests and tees, mostly white, and mostly clinging to bodies of all shapes. Screwdriver’s smile was unfocused, the result of a long night of drinking, his grin standing out on his bearded face.

"Where ya headed, babe? Home?"

She smiled, shyly, shrugging at the question. Home seemed so unappealing. She glanced into the doorway as it opened, spilling more bikers into the street, thinking how much nicer it would be perched on a stool, air conditioning cooling the room while tipping a cold brew down her throat.

"Yeah, home I guess. Maybe watch some TV…"

"Me and some of the guys, we gotta party going. Want to take a ride?"

She’d been asked this before, and more then once, always refusing politely, knowing how hard these guys partied, guessing that she’d be the center of attention if she joined them. Still, she’d always wondered what it might be like, sometimes fantasizing about it late at night, getting herself off on the imagined scene of a roomful of bikers having their way with her, using her like a toy, sating their lust on her like a pack of wild dogs. It had become her favorite fantasy and one that had made her cum harder each time she had it.

"Naw. Sounds like fun, but even just one of you is too much man for me. I should go home."

She wondered if he heard the longing in her voice, the hesitation as she wondered what it would feel like to say yes. He was probably too drunk to catch it, and no one could hear how her heart pounded in her chest at the thought of being used by a gang of bikers. It was her little secret, one she didn’t plan on ever sharing.

"Maybe next time, Blondie." He gave her a wink, his leer friendly as he admired her cleavage without

shame, making her blush.

"Yeah, maybe next time." She breathed a sigh of relief, continuing on her way, pornographic images seeping into her thoughts, hurrying her steps down the sidewalk. At least she had something to look forward to, a good hard orgasm or two, once she got back to her little apartment. She was pulled from her thoughts suddenly, gasping in alarm as a rough hand grasped her shoulder, turning her halfway around.

"Hey, Sexy. You sure you don't want to take a ride with us?"

She found herself staring into the face of the biker she'd nick named Geronimo. He looked like he had Indian blood in him, his skin permanently dark, as were his piercing eyes and shaggy hair. He was lean and muscular, and handsome, if rough around the edges. Meeting his eyes, she blushed, wondering what he would think if he knew he'd been the center of most of her masturbatory fantasies.

"Been a long night. I need to sleep…"

"Too hot to sleep, Blondie. How about you cool off on the back of my hog?"

She felt a little weak in the knees, a sharp stab of fear in her chest making her heart race. If he wanted, he could easily force her onto the back of his bike and roar off into the night, no matter how much she protested. She felt her face burn with shame as her imagination took on a mind of it's own, imagining just what terrible things he might do to her if they were alone together. She felt suddenly weak in the knees. She licked her suddenly dry lips, shaking her head no, even as her words betrayed her.

"I guess…"

II

The thunder of the engine between her thighs undid her before they'd gone a block. The vibrations rumbled through the seat and directly into her cunt as she held on tightly, arms wrapped around Geronimo's waist, her body pressing against his broad shoulders, feeling his muscles shifting against her breasts with every corner they took. She'd wondered, at times, about the appeal of being part of a biker gang like this, but now, surrounded the small back, she felt a sense of power and of belonging as they road like some sort of dark angels through neighborhoods that she'd never be caught in during the day, let alone at night. No one in their right mind would mess with them.

It didn't take long before she felt her self begin to lose control, the throb of the Harley between her

legs turning her legs to jelly as it filled her cunt. In no time at all her panties were soaked with her juices, and there was a damp stain on the crotch of her shorts, making her thankful that the bike was too loud for her soft moans to be heard over. Had they stopped somewhere along the way and had their way with her, she'd have been ripe for the plucking.

The party turned out at to be near the hills in a secluded house in desperate need of landscaping and a good paint job. Besides Geronimo, there were five other guys, all with that dangerous look about them. She dismounted, a healthy dose of fear doing it's best to displace the lust still playing havoc within her as the guys kicked their stands into place, not bothering to tone down their language in her presence. Geronimo took her by the arm, his grip strong, almost painful, and pulled her along with him onto the porch while the door was unlocked. She found herself suddenly being ushered into the place between him and the guy they called King, followed by Jack, Sam, Screwdriver, and Rusty.

"Motherfucker! Can't believe you got Blondie to party with us, bro."

Someone swatted her on the ass, propelling her across the floor as the lights came on. The place certainly looked like what it was, a party house. Not exactly dirty, but certainly messy, not that she had time to see much as they hurried her though the front room, through the kitchen, and into what was obviously a play room. A pool table with the centerpiece, and there was a full bar with a counter and stools against one wall and a jukebox against the other. Several well worn couches ringed the perimeter, and there were posters on the walls, mostly of half naked women posing next to motorcycles. The windows looked out upon the fenced off backyard, shadowed by untended trees. At least it was cooler inside, the AC humming away softly, creating a breeze though the room.

"Yeah, been eyeing her ass for months now, wondering what her little titties taste like."

She did her best not to look nervous, her eyes going back and forth as the biker's turned their attention on her, swallowing hard as she pressed herself against Geronimo, somehow feeling safer in his presence.

"Just don't break her, guys," he said, running his hand up and down her spine possessively. "I've kind of taken a liking to her."

They talked about her like she was just a toy for them to play with. She frowned, not sure if she liked that or not, but not brave enough to speak her mind. Instead, she simply stood still, an unsure smile gracing her face as Geronimo began caressing her ass through her shorts, re-igniting the lust she'd felt earlier while riding behind him on his powerful bike.

"Want a drink to loosen up a little, Blondie?" he asked, squeezing her bottom playfully.

She squeaked, giggling nervously, and then nodding, not trusting her voice. There was little doubt which way the party was going to go by this time. If she was going to enjoy it, she wanted to be at least a little drunk.

"Pour her a double, Jack. Bet she’d like to get all nice and lubed up before the real fun starts."

Jack moved behind the bar, pouring shots of Jack Daniels for all of them, his dark ponytail streaked lightly with gray, as was his beard, his nose crooked, obviously broken at some point in his life. He wasn’t exactly handsome, Geronimo was by far the best looking of the group. Still, at least he wasn’t fat and ugly. Nor were the others. Rusty was freckled and had obviously been named for the color of his stringy long hair. King was the biggest of the bunch, a massive guy with a bit of a beer belly, and the chest and arms of a weight lifter, his head shaved clean while Sam was the smallest, a wiry looking guy with short blonde hair and a front tooth missing.

"Belly up to the bar, babe, and drink up." It might as well have been an order, Geronimo giving her little push towards one of the stools. Taking a deep breath, she set herself upon the cushion, feeling suddenly self conscious, her thighs squeezing together as she took the shot and tossed it back, the whiskey burning its way down her throat like liquid fire. Not at all used to drinking hard liquor she somehow managed not to embarrass herself by coughing.

"Good shit, Blondie." Jack chuckled, giving her a roguish wink. "You’ll be feeling no pain in no time. Let me know when you’re ready for another."

Smiling, she nodded, feeling her shot burning in her belly, already having an effect on her, making everything a little warm and fuzzy as Geronimo climbed onto the stool to her right and King claimed the one on her left, each tossing back their own shots. Behind her, Screwdriver got the jukebox going, blaring out, appropriately, AC/DC’s Highway to Hell so loud that they had to raise their voices to be heard.

"Thanks, Jack. Maybe later." She smiled, almost shyly as her drinking partners on either side downed a second shot.

"Fucking A," King growled, wiping his lips with the back of his hand. "I am going to get myself some pussy tonight!"

His big hand was suddenly on her thigh bare thigh, roughly caressing her. Taking a deep breath, she reminded herself that she’d asked for this. When she’d said yes, earlier, she’d an idea what she was getting into. Now it was too late to back out, even if she’d wanted to. Knowing that she was going to

end getting fucked by the bikers filled her with a sense of excitement that she couldn’t blame on the alcohol. Tonight, she was getting her secret wish; to be nothing but a dirty slut. As the whiskey burned the last of her fears away, she turned her head, her eyes hidden by her lashes, he smile warm and inviting.

"Some really hot pussy, King."

The atmosphere seemed to change, becoming charged, now that there was no longer any question about her willingness. She wondered if it would have mattered if she’d backed down. Would they have simply taken her against her will? Probably. The thought sent a thrill through her, and she imagined what it would be to walking home, the roar of bikes suddenly surrounding her. To be abducted and driven out into the middle of nowhere, and passed around from guy to guy…

She felt herself growing warm, despite the cool air circulating. Turning sideways, she watched Rusty and Screwdriver setting up a game of pool as she slowly parted her legs, aware of King’s gaze upon her dampening crotch.

"Fucking A, Blondie."

She felt a hand upon her bare shoulder, turning her around on the stool so that she was facing the bar again. King took his hand from her thigh and slid it down the back of her shorts, his fingers rubbing between her cheeks, not even attempting to be gentle. She sat there, focusing her gaze on Jack while Geronimo reached out and traced her breast through her thin cotton top, teasing her rock hard nipple until she let out a soft whimper of need.

"What do you want from us, Blondie?" Geronimo asked, and she didn’t hesitate in answering.

"I want you to use me like a slut."

The words were barely out of her mouth when Jack pushed another shot across the bar at her. She tossed it down with one shot, welcoming the heat filling her belly and her loins, not even protesting when King tugged her zipper half way open.

"God, she smells like fucking sex already." He laughed at her, his other hand working its way down the back of her shorts, crudely massaging her ass with his meaty fingers.

She leaned her hands against the bar, surrendering herself to the bikers, not even flinching when Jack grabbed her by the wrists and pulled her slowly forward. She slid across the polished surface, knocking her glass out of the way, Suddenly free of King and Geronimo’s roaming hands. He kept at

it, not stopping until she lay across the bar, her breasts and belly pressed up against it, her wrists trapped in the biker’s unbreakable grip.

She gasped in surprise as someone grasped her hips, holding her up as the stool was pulled out from under her. Her shorts were yanked suddenly down around her thighs, along with her panties, leaving her naked ass and pussy exposed.

"God damn, now that is one fine piece of ass." Screwdriver’s voice from somewhere behind her.

"You guys can have her pussy if you want. When it’s my turn, I’m going to ream that tight little ass of her until she screams."

Panic struck like lightening, and she fought against Jack’s grip uselessly. She’d never been fucked up the ass before and she wasn’t sure she wanted this to be the first time.

"Easy, Blondie," Geronimo told her, chuckling. "By the time we’re through with you, you’ll be begging to take it up your nasty little ass."

Realizes how futile it was to fight them, she relaxed, her cheek pressing up against the bar, Robert Plant’s voice masking the sound of King’s zipper. Grasping her hips, his pants around his thighs, he pushed the swollen head of his cock between her cunt lips, pushing himself into her, his journey aided by the thick juices flowing inside of her. She was burning with lust, or perhaps it was just the Whiskey. It didn’t make any difference. This time, when she fought Jack, she was trying to force his thick cock into her steaming pussy.

"Fucking A, she wants King’s big old prick. Don’t worry, Blondie, gonna give it to you right now…"

He thrust himself into her, plunging a cock that matched him in girth all the way into her with a grunt. She squealed, her head lifting off the bar, her eyes wide with pain as his hips banged into her ass. Jack had to fight her again, keeping her bent over the bar, her tits mashing into the wood. Geronimo joined in, his hands on her shoulder and the small of her back while King dug his fingers into the flesh of her hips.

"Come on baby, you know you want it," he growled, pulling out his cock and then shoving it back in, laughing cruelly at her cries, never letting up as he began pumping into her so hard that her hips and thighs banged against the side of the bar. Thankfully, it didn’t last long. She felt, rather then heard him groan as he plunged his huge cock deep inside of her, hot jets of his cum filling her.

"Oh, god baby, that was fucking amazing. Next!" He laughed breathlessly as he pulled out of her

pussy, his slippery seed coating his softening prick and running down the insides of her thighs, groping her ass, his fingers digging painfully into her soft flesh, making her cry out once more.

"My turn to show her what it’s liked to be fucked by a real man." There was a round of chuckles at that, followed by an angry grunt as the red headed biker took his turn, his erect cock slimmer then Kings. Without any regard for her pleasure, he filled her cunt, King’s cum acting like a lubricant. Jack and Geronimo were still holding her down, but they needn’t have bothered. After King’s debasement, she no longer fought. This time, she did her best to match Rusty’s rhythm, sliding back against him as he fucked her, her breath getting sharper and sharper, her entire body quivering. Unlike King, Rusty took his time, prolonging his pleasure, until she began to plead.

"Oh, god, please. I’m so fucking close…" She moaned, not sure if anyone could hear her, or would care, if they did. She felt it burning inside, her climax building, the whiskey coursing through her veins. She was going to cum this time. She felt her cunt clenching around Rusty’s cock, milking him as fucked her, her own juices joining King’s until suddenly, he pushed her over the edge. It took all of Jack and Geronimo’s strength to hold her thrashing body against the bar as she came, Rusty taking up the slack and driving himself faster and deeper into her, until she screamed, her voice overpowering the jukebox as she exploded in uncontrollable ecstasy,

Moment later she felt him stiffen inside of her, filling her hot pussy again, her body still bucking against the bar, her feet lifting off the floor, as her orgasm washed through her, setting her nerves on fire.

"Motherfucker," Rusty gasped, shooting one last load into her before slumping over on top of her. "Fuck, Blondie. Give me a minute and I’ll be ready for another ride."

"Easy, man," Jack growled, narrowing his eyes. "You gotta wait your turn again. Anyway, can’t you see the bitch needs a break?"

He moved her arms gently so that the lay outstretched on the bar, stroking her hair almost tenderly. "Don’t worry, Blondie. We’re going to take good care of you tonight. Just relax a bit."

She nodded, unable to speak, her body trembling with the aftermath of her climax, thankful that she didn’t have to try to stand on her own, still feeling unsteady on her feet. And that was only after two of them. Geronimo, Jack, and Screwdriver still had there turns coming. She wondered if they would simply leave her sprawled out on the counter like this, taking their pleasure until they were done with her. The thought made her tingle, her shaking fingers splaying against the bar top as another, smaller climax rushed through her. She cried out softly, biting her lower lip to silence herself, her body betraying her as she pushed herself up on her toes, coming into contact with the bars edge. She

began to hump it, rubbing herself against the sharp edge, whimpering loudly.

"Holy shit, she’s a fucking Nympho!" King burst out laughing, thrusting a thick finger into her cunt. "Here, I’ll give you something to ride, Babe."

She felt degraded and dirty, not that she cared. She began pushing herself up on the balls of her feet, pumping his finger, her movements growing wilder when Geronimo peeled her top off, allow him and Jack to play with her jiggling tits as King pushed a second finger inside of her. When he pushed a third inside of her sopping wet cunt, she drove herself back, forcing them up to his knuckles, coming violently before collapsing once again with a soft groan.

"That was fucking hot!" Screwdriver said, running his hands over her ass, dipping his finger between her cunt lips then slipping it into her puckered ass.

"No…" she moaned, shaking her head from side to side, to worn out to resist as her tight hole tightened around his finger. Geronimo came to her rescue, giving the biker a gentle shove backwards.

"You heard Jack. Give her a break, man."

Reluctantly, Screwdriver nodded, taking a seat next to King and helping himself the opened bottle of Jack Daniels on the bar, downing a health portion in one swig. "Yeah, whatever. Just as long as I get to nail her ass, I don’t mind waiting."

King lifted her onto the bar, not even breaking a sweat, laying her out lengthwise on her back, slipping a cushion under her head. "There you go, Babe. You just lie there and look sexy for a while."

Surprisingly, she felt a stab of disappointment. They were supposed to be ravishing her. It must have registered on her face. Geronimo let out a deep chuckle, reaching over and undoing the buttons on her top carefully, pulling her blouse open. Cupping her tits, he rubbed the pad of his thumbs over her swollen nipples through the material of her bra.

"Don’t worry. The night’s barely started, Blondie. You’ll get what you came her for before we’re done with you."

She nodded, managing a soft smile, her eyes a little wild as she turned her gaze first towards King, and then Jack, making sure her voice was heard over the jukebox. "I want you to be next."

Jack’s eyes lit up dangerously, his lips curving into a hard smile. "This ain’t about what you want,

Blondie. This is about what we want. Don’t worry. When I’m good and ready, I’m going to fuck that sweet little mouth of yours while Screwdriver plugs you in the ass."

to be continued...

Please feel free to give me feedback or offer suggestions! The next part might take some time, this is a little different from what I am used to writing!