

Blondie's Wild Ride - Part II

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Blondie finally gets taken by Geronimo

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III Blondie whimpered softly as the Biker she'd dubbed Geronino tugged the cups of her bra down, freeing her breasts, doing he best not to squirm as she lay on the bar top. She had a sudden urge to push her hands down between her legs and finger herself, putting on a show while they watched. Only in her wildest fantasies had she ever been such a dirty slut. Now she reveled in it, licking her lips as she met each of their gazes, seeing the beast-like lust in their eyes, knowing that it was a reflection of her own. "Shit, Blondie. Your pussy's making a mess all over my bar." Jack's laughter was low, almost menacing. He'd had more shots than the others, and it was turning him a little mean. The others didn't seem to notice, or maybe they just didn't care, but she did. "I'm sorry..." she whispered. She was rewarded by a soft chuckle from Rusty. "Hey, Geronimo. Breaktime's over. Make her clean it up." "You hear that, Bitch? Get to work." Screwdriver added. They all stepped back, even Geronimo, leaving her lying there, thick strings of cum leaking out of her cunt and pooling on the wood and under her ass. Swallowing her fear, she rolled slowly over, trembling at the thought of what they'd do if she didn't obey them. She pushed herself to her hands and knees, her shirt hanging open, her tits spilling out of her bra. "Can I have a towel?" The question was directed at Jack. "Please?" She was rewarded with a hard swat on her ass, the sound of his callused hand against her soft flesh loud in the silence that surrounded her. Suddenly, it was broken by laughter. "Can you believe that? The slut wants a towel!" Screwdriver gave a loud hoot. "Use your tongue, Blondie. Lick it all up like a good little bitch." Her eyes went wide, and she looked to Geronimo for guidance, a silent plea in her gaze. He was the unmistakable alpha male here and she sensed that the others might not like it if he showed mercy, but they'd listen to him. "You heard the man, Blondie. If you're a good girl and clean up your mess, we won't have to hurt you." She felt a stab of fear as he held her gaze, his dark eyes full of menace and a promise to keep his word. He smiled softly, enough to take the sting out of his actions as he tapped the bar impatiently. "Get to it." She turned slowly, perched on top of the counter on her hands and knees, putting her weight on her forearms, the pooled fluids filling her

nose. Taking a deep breath, she hesitantly ran her tongue through them a single time, making a face at the bitter taste, doing her best to keep her hair off the bar. "Motherfucker." She heard Rusty awed whisper. "Goddamn, Blondie, that's fucking nasty. She's licking up my cum, guys! Lookit her!" She paused, smiling in his direction, blushing. Somehow, his comment took the edge off her fear. "Lick it all up, bitch." Jack growled, pouring a shot glass worth of whiskey into the mess on the bar top, smiling at her as it mixed with the semen already spilled there. There was an aggressive edge to his voice that made her shiver and his smile wasn't exactly friendly, reminding her how out of control this night had become. "That's it, slut. Use that dirty tongue of yours. Soon as you're done, it's play time again." She took her time, blushing every time one of the bikers said anything, the added heat of the whiskey on her lips and tongue a welcome relief. She was all too aware that their attention was on her, whimpering as they began to tease her, not just verbally, but physically as well. Screwdriver started it, smacking her ass with his hard hand, stinging heat spreading over her cheeks as he chuckled at her soft gasp, the sharp pain fueling her lust until she could feel her juices dripping from between her legs, her gasps becoming moans of desire. "God, you have a sweet little ass, slut. Can't wait until I've got my cock buried in it." He laughed at her while she continued lapping up the Jack Daniels and cum mix on the hard surface of the bar, her eyes flickering toward Jack as he carelessly unzipped his jeans and produced his cock, pointing it at her, stroking it slowly. "That's right, Blondie. Daddy's going to feed you his cock soon as you're done with your dinner. Bet you can't wait." All she could do was nod, moaning louder each time Screwdriver smacked her ass again, this time digging his blunt fingernails into her flesh and squeezing hard enough to make her gasp. Suddenly, there were hands all over her, none of them gentle. The last of her clothing was ripped from her body, leaving her exposed to their leers. Geronimo took a handful of her hair and pushed her head down, forcing her to turn towards him as he rubbed her face in the mixture, leaving her cheek sticky with cum and whiskey. She gave up trying to keep her hair clean, abandoning herself to carnal need with a vengeance. King laughed, grabbing her tit and twisting it, and she began to shake as the needles of a blossoming orgasm began to thread their way up and down her spine. "Oh god, please..." she managed as King abused her, loving every minute of it. Geronimo began to stroke her hair, like one would a stray dog, addressing her, his voice was low, almost tender, but his words were rough, full of an intensity that stole her breath away. "After Screwdriver and Jack are done with you, Blondie, it's my turn. Going to make you scream so fucking loud." A shiver went through her, running through her belly and settling in her thighs, making them quiver. They were going to have their way with her. Fuck her like some wanton beast. The thought scared her, a little, but that was pushed aside as she felt herself growing aroused beyond what she had ever imagined or experienced. "Saving the best 'til last?" She managed to quip, hoping to bait him into taking her now. It earned her a rare grin from the leader of the pack that made her heart race. "Damn straight, Blondie." He shot back, his teeth gleaming in contrast to his dark skin, his eyes fierce. "Going to give you the ride of your life, girl." She opened her mouth to reply, but never had a chance as Jack grabbed her face roughly, his fingers full of passion filled strength as he turned her on the bar. She felt Geronimo's hand on the back of her head, pushing down, forcing her over the edge, leaving her face to face with the tip of

Jack's cock. Her eyes went wide as he pressed it against her cum slicked lips, his hands on either side of her head to hold her still. "Open wide, bitch. My turn now." There were rough hands on her legs, pulling them apart, her clit pressed uncomfortably against the edge of the bar as someone pulled her ass cheeks apart, Screwdriver she guessed, feeling the tip of his cock poised against her tight ring, pushing suddenly into her. She gasped in surprise as he shoved his cock hard into her tight ass, her muscles clenching tightly around him while Jack took the opportunity to drive himself between her parted lips. "Suck it, bitch. Suck it hard if you know what's good for you." She was aware of Geronimo's fingers tangled in her hair, almost taking comfort in the small amount of tenderness shown as Screwdriver kept pushing into her virgin ass. It felt like he was going to tear her in two at any minute. She felt so dirty, taking two cocks inside of her at once, reaching out to grab Jack's ass to steady herself, his cock filling her mouth. "Suck it!!" Jack grunted, not that she needed any urging. She was on fire, animal lust taking her over, her mouth filling with drool as her lips sealed around his tool. There was no finesse in the blow job she was giving him, she was simply providing a wet, warm hole for him to use. With his hands clamped on either side of her head, he began fucking her mouth slowly, each time pushing his cock further in, until his balls slapped against her chin with each thrust, his swollen head ramming against the back of her throat. It was her deepest, darkest fantasy come to life. It didn't take long for them to get the rhythm down, Jack pushing as Screwdriver pulled, her hips trapped in his beefy hands. He began fucking her mercilessly, calling her cunt, slut, whore, bitch, each word made heightening the arousal that rose in her as they used her. She was all of those things. She began to grind her hips against the blunted edge of the bar, squirming as she found just the right place, frantically rubbing her clit against it. Screwdriver suddenly let out a loud grunt, his hands closing on her hips as he thrust himself painfully deep inside of her. She felt him cum inside of her ass, pushing her anus wide, clenching her fists in frustration as she tried desperately to join him, her mouth still full of Jack's slick cock. "Fuck!" He shouted and emptied himself with one final thrust. "Fuck me! Goddamn!" Jack wasn't long after, silent as he came, his entire body going rigid as he shot his wad down her throat, filling her belly. His second burst filled her mouth, and she did her best to swallow it as well as he groaned, a death grip on her head as she continued to grind against the bar, her moans vibrating through his softening cock. "Woah now, Blondie. Slow down." She ignored Geronimo, frantic to make herself cum, even as Jack pulled his cock out of her mouth, and Screwdriver pulled out of her ass. She was almost there, so close, when she felt herself being yanked off the bar. She almost cried with frustration, fighting the hands suddenly gripping her wrists as she fought to reach her cunt, desperate to make herself cum. "No, I'm so close!" she gasped, accidentally kicking King in the shin as he manhandled her away from the bar, and towards the pool table. "Fucking cunt." He chuckled, yanking her arms playfully from between her drenched cunt, then dragging her across the floor, and pushing her face down onto the pool table. "Poor little Blondie wants to cum." He teased. "Who knew you were such a fucking nympho." She did. Not that she'd ever admit it to anyone else. She turned her head, staring into his eyes, knowing that her secret was no longer safe. He knew. They all did. Letting go of her wrist, he grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her against him, kissing her savagely, thrusting his tongue into her mouth. She didn't fight him,

kissing him back just as fiercely. Crying out, when suddenly she was forcefully parted from the big biker by Geronimo, his grip firm, but gentle. "Enough. Tie her down." She was suddenly still, half on and half off the pool table, her eyes on the handsome biker as his words filtered through her brain. Breathing hard, she watched as Jack overturned a bag on the bar, dumping out what looked like leather straps on the wet surface, his smile almost playful. "I hope you like the kinky stuff, Blondie." Licking her lips, she swallowed, glancing once again Geronimo's dark face and his almost sensual smile, a smile she returned as she twisted, bending herself over the pool table, presenting her cum filled ass and pussy to him with a playful smile. "If you only knew." IV The tied her to the pool table, arranging her so that she was bent over the table, her thighs spread wide apart, her arms stretched in front of her, and her cheek resting against the rough green felt. They'd even gagged her with her own panties, a leather strap binding them inside her mouth. "Since you kicked King, I'm going to let him warm you up for me." Geronimo's caress was almost tender upon her exposed cheek, a hint of a smile on his face as she turned her pleading gaze up at him. "Don't worry. I think you might actually enjoy this." She did her best to nod, trembling with anticipation as he backed away from him, unable to tear her eyes away as he removed his belt and handed it to the burly biker. "Don't hurt her too bad, King." The half-blood warned him. "I've taken a liking to her." "Don't worry, just going to give her some love taps." The first blow sent fire through her ass. She gasped into her panties, he back arching as she fought at the straps securing her ankles and wrists. Before she could recover, King struck her other cheek, leaving a hot band of pain in the wake of Geronimo's leather belt. She jerked against her bonds, her cheek sliding roughly against the felt, her cry once again silenced. "Going to have some marks to remember us by." Rusty chuckle, as the others laughed. All but Geronimo. He simply watched, his almost smile holding her gaze. She focused on him, trembling, unable to separate pain from pleasure. "One more, Blondie, and then it's over." He voice was filled with anticipation. She nodded, eyes shining with lust, tensing for the final blow, his final swat leaving her breathless and her heart beating frantically. "Ok, Geronimo. I'm done with her." King snorted, tossing the belt upon the table beside her. Her backside throbbed painfully, hurt pulsing painfully as the scruffy leader disappeared from her sight, preparing to fuck her as she lay helplessly tied to the table. Finally, she thought, the ghost of a smile on her lips, her makeup smeared on her cum covered face. She felt his hands on her ass and stiffened, the heat of the blows sinking deep into her flesh as he kneaded her out thrust ass, his touch almost tender. She felt her breath quicken as she listened for the sound of his zipper, imagining his cock springing forth. She never heard the sound, but she felt him, his cock flopping between the globes of her ass, nesting between them like some giant worm. It was huge, that much she could tell. Not just thick, but long. It filled the cleft of her ass, the head resting against the small of her back. She could only imagine it inside of her, pushing her apart, reaching her womb with each thrust. Just the image turned her legs to jelly, and she felt herself collapse on the table as his fingers spread her cunt apart. His laughter was rich as he regarded her exposed cunt. "You're dripping wet, Blondie. You're actually getting off on this." She nodded, humiliation coloring her cheeks red. She was. Even the belting King had given her had pushed her closer and closer to cumming. And being tied to the pool table, her pussy on display, knowing he was going to fuck her like a nasty

little slut? Something inside of her wanted this, had been wanting this as far back as she could recall. A secret smile turned up the corner of her lips as she wiggled her ass at him, hoping he would take the hint. With a sharp laugh, he grabbed her ass with one hand, guiding his cock into her cunt with the other. "You are one hot little piece of pussy, Blondie. I've been wanting to since the first time I saw you." She felt him enter her, relaxing as his girth pushed her engorged petals apart, moaning as his monstrous cock slide into her drenched pussy, her thighs trembling uncontrollably as he filled her. He didn't stop until his heavy balls were pressed against her, simply holding still, his swollen head deep inside of her as he stroked her still raw bottom with rough hands. "I want you to cum for me first, Blondie. Don't hold back." She whimpered, nodding so that he knew she'd heard him, holding her breath as he slowly began to pump her cunt, pulling out until only his mushroom shaped head was lodged in her wet slit, then pushing deep inside of her, feeling like he was penetrating her very womb. In and out, in and out, slowly letting her build, a crescendo of pleasure taking deep roots inside of her until she tossed and turned in her bond, trembling as she fought to push herself against him, grinding against the table as he kept her on the edge of climax, keeping her there until she wanted to scream obscenities at him. She could hear the others egging him on, teasing her roughly, their comments crude. She shut them out, concentrating on the pleasure in her cunt, her fists clenching empty air as the leather straps bit into her wrists. Her mouth was filled with drool that run from the corners of her lips and down her chin. Her back arched suddenly, her cry making its way past her gag as she climaxed, spasming against him as he began slamming into her with all his might. She came with a muted howl, moments later feeling him explode inside of her, filling her with load after load of his cum, his war cry filling her ears as he banged against the back of her thighs and her ass until she came again. This time she collapsed on the table when she was finished to the derision of the other bikers, completely spent. She didn't care. She couldn't recall ever cumming that hard before. They could call her anything they wanted, and she wouldn't care. V She rode home in a daze, arms wrapped around his waist, pressed against his back. Except for the plain white tee shirt he'd given her, she was naked, and the summer air felt wonderful as it caressed her. Her thighs and ass still stung, the heat of the bike's engine hot against her still raw flesh. King's beating would stay with her for days, not that she cared. She'd never felt more satisfied in her entire life. After Geronimo had fucked her, he'd let her rest, curled up under a thin sheet on the couch while the others played pool and drank. She felt strangely safe, sensing that the others wouldn't dare lay a finger on her without his permission. She'd dozed off for a while, waking as she shook her gently, his smile crooked, obviously drunk. "Come on, Blondie. Taking you home." She hadn't argued, accepting the tee shirt he'd tossed at her, stuffing her clothes and purse into a paper bag before mounting up behind him on his Harley though the streets of Oakland, racing down International and making a sharp right on 40 th , dropping her off in front of her apartment, the engine on his bike still growling loudly. "Hey, thanks for the ride..." she said shyly, clutching the bag in front of her, staring down at the tires on the bike, not daring to meet his eyes. "No problem Blondie. See you around, hey?" Without waiting for an answer, he revved the engine and roared off into the night. She watched him go, feeling his cum still trickling down her thighs, smiling at the memory of him rolling to a stop down a side street. He'd pulled down his zipper and told her to

climb on top. With the engine vibrating, she'd ridden him, wrapped in his muscular arms, this time letting him cum before she did. Then, without a word, she'd sat behind him once more, face pressed between his shoulder blades. She smiled at the memory as she fished out her keys, knowing that she'd be walking past the bar against the next night. And the one after that...