

The Wildest Ride - Ever, part 1

By teninchstoryteller

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A story of the wildest of rides across the US on a vintage Harley, and the people I met

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I was cruising across the US, east to west, returning from a ride to Washington DC to my home in San Francisco on my vintage 1954 Harley Davidson 70 inch panhead. She was a really sweet ride, I had custom chopped her, for those who get into bikes, she had an Ariel Springer front end, lots of chrome and a sweet black pearlized paint job that set off the Bates seats, lighting equipment and tank, yeah, a tear drop.

It was the mid to late 60's, I was a normal long haired, noble faired, leaping gnome [as the song says], some would have called me a hippie, but at the time, I was just me. I had gone to DC for a protest against, oh hell who knows, against something, it's what we did back then. That has been 40 years ago, but something else happened on that ride that forces me to remember it as if it was yesterday, though I'm not sure I could live through it if it had been. Getting old is a bitch, and I am that for sure, but still healthy and still getting action where I can, still beleive in Love, Peace and Happiness 'cause it works.

Anyway, I was cruisin' across I 80, or so it is called now, not sure about back then, been through about half of my journey back, making about 250 to 300 miles a day. Even at a youthfull age, more than 300 miles on a hard tail Harley can rattle you to extinction. I had not really stopped to see much on the trip, had to get back in a week or so, classes at Berkley would be going soon and I needed to be there. I rolled through Des Moines like it didn't exist, and went on to Omaha, found a camping spot near the river on the east side of town and prepared to rest for the night. Pitched my sleeping bag onto the ground, heated up some beans and franks on the sterno burner, smoked my last cigarette of the day and drifted off to sleep.

A loud roar broke the silence and I woke abruptly to see two figures by the side of the road about 100 feet away, they were arguing and yelling loudly, and though I couldn't tell about what, it wasn't any of

my business anyway. It was obvious that the dude had taken offense to something the chick had said or done, and I wasn't going to get in the middle of it. So, I just laid there quietly, hoping they would just leave me in peace. I sort of drifted off, but was awaked again by the roar of his truck as it peeled out and thought, thank God, they're gone. I was surprised when, as the dust settled I still could see that the chick was still standing there, alone. I sat up and watched her, couldn't really see much, the moonlight was dim and the lights of Omaha were too far to give any light by the river. I could tell that she was angry, and found out later cying from her ordeal and abandonment on the side of the road. After a few minutes I got to my feet and called out to her "You OK?". She turned to see who was in the trees and then turned to walk away from whoever this stranger was. I guessed it was over, she'd walk to town and I'd be alone again to be on my way in the morning, but I was wrong. Instead she walked towards me following the tire marks my Harley had left as a trail. As she got closer, I leaned over, grabbed the lantern and lit it, thinking that if she saw someone it would scare her off, or at least she'd know what she was walking in to. I tried to be considerate of people back then, and still do to this day. She walked up to the side of my Harley, looked down at me and said "Yeah, I'm OK" with a small chuckle as the words trailed off. I looked up at her in the light of the lantern, she was young, maybe 20 or so, seemed tall from my vantage point I guessed at least 5'8", had long dark hair, a slim figure and a very pretty face set off with dark brown [or black] eyes. She was wearing a "hippie outfit" that was so typical it was funny, I had seen many of the mid western girls wearing them, though they didn't have a clue what being a hippie was all about. She had on a micro mini denim skirt with a wide belt holding it up on her hips, a white t-shirt with a peace symbol on the front in some neon pink color and a home made vest made of soft leather with buttons of varying types pinned all over the front, I was sure it would have another peace sign on the back, which it of course did.

It was fall, and the temperature was getting rather chilled at night, so as she stood there started to shiver and then asked if she could sit with me and get warmed up. I nodded and threw open the sleeping bag to form a blanket. She stepped over, kicked off her sandals and sat down next to me pulling her knees up and wrapping her arms around her shins to try to get warm. Without a word I reached back and pulled the bottom of the bag around us to capture whatever warmth we could generate. We just sat there in the light of the lantern, not saying a word, her shivering slowed as the warm sleeping bag brought her back to the living. It was not until then that the silence was broken.

She said "thanks for sharing the warm spot, I got booted out onto the side of the road, oh, you saw that, didn't you?" I said "yeah, you OK now? Is he going to come back, or what?" She responded by shaking her head side to side and said "he's an asshole, I was hitching and he picked me up about 50 miles back, so I'm sure he won't be back, I wouldn't give him a blow job and he got pissed off"

By now it was about 10:30 and I was pretty tired, so I got up and retrieved a jacket and my other blanket from the bike and brought them back to where we were sitting. I said "gonna be cold tonight, want to stay here? I've got an extra blanket, we can both stay warm enough" She looked up at me

with amazement in her eyes, I hadn't even suggested that we sleep together, I think it took her off guard. Her reply was "yeah, I'd like to stay, it would be freeking cold walking into Omaha" and then laughed loudly before adding "we can keep each other warm, if you're not afraid of sleeping with a stranger." We both laughed, and I said "as long as you don't insist I eat that sweet pussy of yours right away." She caught the meaning, and I laid the blanket down for her to get on, and spread the opened bag over the top, crawled in next to her and laid down to rest. We both drifted off to sleep, and didn't wake till after dawn. I woke first, and was amazed that we had both slept so soundly, all things considered. When I awoke, we were spooned together, her curled up slightly on her side with my body wrapped around her tightly, our bodies touching at every point from neck to foot. One of my arms was pinned under her neck, and bent to where my hand was cradling her breast, while the other arm draped lightly over her with my hand nestled under her skirt and my palm holding her pussy, her arm laid across mine and her hand cupped around mine pinning it against her panties. It was so warm and cozy with the cold morning air I didn't want to move at all for fear of spoiling the moment. As I laid there enjoying the feel of this beautiful young woman in my embrace she stirred, felt where my hands were, turned towards me, and laid on her back, my hand still in her groin. As she opened her eyes, her gaze went straight to mine, tenderness filled them and she clasped my hand more tightly to her panties. I whispered quietly "morning, you OK?" She nodded, blinked a couple of times to allow her to focus in the dimness of the post dawn light, and replied, "I gotta pee, excuse me for a minute" as she struggled to untangle herself from the sleeping bag and walked towards the river and disappeared behind a tree. I followed suit and found my own spot to discreetly unload my bladder.

I stood there near the river's edge, looked in her direction and chuckled as I saw only her knees sticking out from behind her spot of relief. I moved to the river, kneeled and put a hand into the water to test it's chill, wasn't bad, so I gathered water in my cupped hands and rinsed the sleep out of my eyes and wet down my long tangled mess of hair, before returning to the warmth of the bedding area. As I saw this young attractive woman emerge from behind the tree, she looked at me and asked how cold the water was, which I replied to with a smile "not bad, I've got some soap if you need it, want it?" Her smile made it evident that she would like that, so I arose and got it from the bag in the saddle bag the walked to the water where she was standing watching the river. As I got to her she turned and looked into my eyes, smiled and said "thanks, I really am glad someone nice was here to help me last night, I was really scared when he left me out here in the middle of nowhere." "Not a problem, I'm glad I was here too, I got to sleep with a beautiful woman, be a hero, even though I didn't have to do anything" I laughed as the words came from my lips, but knew it was true none-the-less. "I do have a question though [pause] I didn't ask last night, what's your name?" She giggled and replied "Clare, what's yours?" "Gerald" I said "Here's the soap, we can visit when you're done" and retreated a few feet to sit on the ground and watch her as she knelt down by the edge of the river to wash her face much the same as I had moments before.

Unlike myself, she was going to wash her hair, and more. She leaned forward to dip the top of her

head into the water, but almost fell head first, caught herself and declared "shit, that isn't going to work" I couldn't help but notice that she had removed her panties and had them laying beside her, apparently to wash them, and each time she bent forward to scoop water from the river her rounded butt cheeks and groin were fully visible to my gaze. I said " Need some help? I'm coming, I can keep you from falling in." She turned smiled, and nodded approvingly, so I got up and walked to her positioning myself behind her, knelt on my left knee, putting it between her calves before grasping her hips so that she could lean to the water and wet her long dark brown hair. She dipped the top of her head to the water, pushed her hair over her head to submerge it into the chilled water, and immediately started to shiver from the coldness of it. I had to brace myself better to keep her from going in, so slid my knee farther between hers and found my thigh nestled tightly against her bare pussy, unfortunately I was aroused, and my dick began to swell at the sensation of having her in this questionable position, my thoughts were running rampant as to whether or not I could make love to this veritable stranger in distress. I thought, why in the hell not, I'm a hippie, free love!, right? yeah!

As she raised up to lather her hair with the bar of soap she sat back onto my thigh to balance herself. I'm guessing that she was either thinking as I was, or just felt the large bulge constrained in my left pant leg because she didn't just sit there, she rocked front to back and then back to front almost like she was riding my cock, but not making it an overt act, just ever so teasingly. I continued my task at hand as she leaned forward again, this time to rinse the lather from her hair, had to allow her to lean farther this time to fully rinse, her skirt hem rode up to her hips fully exposing her firm rounded ass and, oh yes, that sweet slit below, I want to fuck her, but I must resist, I thought to myself. She finished rinsing, sat up, still straddled my leg, I handed her the towel I had brought and she dried her mop of hair as best she could. "That's better, I feel human now" she declared. Without moving her lower extremities she turned, put her arm around my shoulders, leaned to me and kissed me softly on the mouth. Our lips parted to allow our tongues to search each other's touch, bringing me to a nearly full erection. She giggled, reached between her legs and touched my swollen member though the fabric of my jeans, cooed, and began rubbing it as we kissed again, more passionately, more wantonly with each breath stolen between kisses and momentary pauses.

My right hand slid from her hip downward, across the rumpled hem of her skirt now wadded up around her waistline, and down across her tightly packed pubic hair seeking the warm depths below. My fingers found their destination, I slid my middle finger in to part her labia easily and found that she was warm and moist already. Drew my finger upward and began rubbing her clit gently up and down taking her wetness and lubricating her with her own juices. She stopped rubbing my man tool and put her hands on her thighs and parted her knees slightly to begin dry humping my leg as her cooing turned to moans of pleasure and she continued to get more and more wet from my messaging touch. My left hand moved upward, under her vest, upward to her pert firm breast, and then finding her hardened nipple through the layers of her t-shirt and bra, and began turning it between my thumb and index finger tenderly to arouse her farther, she grumbled softly, "Oh yeah, do that harder, sooo hot,

feels sooo good". I obliged and gripped her nipple tighter and twisted it more roughly, while with my right hand was beginning to invade her pussy with two of it's digits up to the second joint, stroking her wetness as my thumb continued to rub her clit with each motion. "Let's go back to bed", she whispered. I grudgingly removed hand from her tit, my fingers from her wet pussy, she stood up and extended her hand to help me up, which I accepted, my hard was not the only thing that was stiff, the prolonged kneeling on the cold ground had made my leg muscles tight and uncooperative. We walked back to the sleeping bag and blanket, respread the bag on the soft grassy ground, and pulled the blanket over us as we lay down next to each other. I was very "old school" then, and I guess even today, a lady is a lady, and deserves to be treated as such, so I took time to consider what to do next, how fast or slow to make love to beautiful Clare. My thoughts were abruptly interrupted, she was under the blanket unbuttoning the five button jeans feverishly trying to remove the obstacle in her path of lust. I reached under the blanket, finished undoing the buttons, raised my hips and pushed the jeans down past them, underwear wasn't a problem, I didn't wear them even then, and still find them a pain, so don't. I heard her gasp as she found her prize, wrapped her hand around the base of my thick man tool, and lowered her lips to tease the head of it with her tongue. It was my turn for pleasures, she started jacking me off slowly as her mouth wet the shaft lubricating it with her spit. She was not really experienced at giving head, I could tell, but I wasn't really experienced either, and oh my God, she was doing just fine by me. She took the bulbous head of my ten inch tool into her mouth and then out, only to do that over and over as her hand still methodically stroked up and down the shaft. This was by far the best blow job I had ever had, and I swelled inside feeling like I was ready to explode into her mouth, but restrained it to enjoy the pleasures she was offering. Feeling me twitch as my orgasm neared, she lifted her head and said, "I've never tasted a guys cum before, I'd like you to cum in my mouth, but not too much, I may not be able to swallow it all." I moaned a weak response of meaningless sounds as she returned her mouth to me, my abs spasmed wildly as I shot my hot load into her mouth. She gagged momentarily as I did, and tried to swallow, but there was too much, and the overflow seeped from the corners of her mouth covering her chin with my white creamy semen. She swallowed all that was still in her mouth, licked her lips, and I raised her up to lick the balance off of her chin. I was surprised at how salty it tasted on her chin, and the flavor of it as my tongue cleaned the interior of her mouth when we kissed. We laid back together, side by side and rested for a bit enjoying the warming sun as it rose into the morning sky above.

After our dreamy cuddle, still wanting to satisfy Clare's needs, I slid under the blanket and found her moist pussy with my lips. I parted them with my tongue, then with my fingers and started licking her inner labia from bottom to top, flicking her clit with the tip of my tongue with each pass. She put her hands on top of my head and moaned unintelligibly as my tongue worked on her honey hole. The taste of her pussy was fantastic, a blend of sweet perspiration and musty juices from her preliminary orgasm by the water's edge. I continued to lick her as I had started for several minutes, then pushed my tongue into her canal, fucking her with it faster and faster as her juices began to flow more. I took my tongue out of the canal, and replaced it with my thumb, cupping my palm below her forbidden hole

between her cheeks. She squealed with delight as I fucked her with my thumb and sucked roughly on her swollen clit and lips and started to gush her cum into my mouth. Her juices flowed around my thumb and I tried in vain to drink all of it, but even after removing my hand and encompassing her entire pussy with my mouth, my face and her loins were drenched in the stickiness of her tasty juice. I licked her pussy and inner thighs to clean her as best I could and she licked the remains of herself from my cheeks. We barely noticed the increase in traffic on the road, only 100 feet away through the trees, but went on with our pleasures.

She rolled over to be on top of me, reached down to find my cock had returned to its full ten inches, squirmed around to find a position that would work and still be under the blanket, now aware that if someone looked, they could see us "fucking by the river". She slid up to where her tits were near my mouth, so I indulged my impulses and quickly took one of her nipples into my mouth, sucking on it roughly and licking the head of it furiously with the tip of my tongue. Her reaction was one of explosive spasms fleeting through her breast, abs and groin as she threw her head back and slid down my body, arched her hips up and then found my waiting cock with her wet hole, open and eager to engulf me. My cock slid into her wet canal with ease as she anxiously took half of its length into her and began pumping her hips up and down like an oil rig would do to suck the fluids from the ground. Her aggressive actions spurred me to even greater pleasures than before, my cock grew harder and my precum seeped from the slit of my cockhead, but I restrained the need to explode, I wanted to feel her orgasm as I did. She continued to thrust herself on and almost off of me for five more minutes before she threw her face into the trough of my neck and screamed "Holy Shit, I'm cu... cuuuuu....cummmmmmming" and her body twitched uncontrollably, thrust her wet canal onto my shaft one last time before feeling me unload my juices to join hers. She collapsed on top of me, my penis still in her vagina, the ooze of our cum seeping out around it, and we fell into the satisfied lull of sleep.

It was mid morning when we awoke, the traffic on the highway was steadily moving, and the noise, I think, is what woke us from our slumber, was louder, or so it seemed. I said "I'm hungry, let's pack up and go find somewhere to eat lunch." She agreed with a nod, rolled over to her back and slipped her still damp panties over her feet to put them on, changed her mind and slid them back off saying "not dry yet, they can wait." I found my jeans, pulled them on and buttoned them as she pushed her skirt back over her hips before exiting the cover of the blanket. "Got any smokes?" she asked. I took the pack from the saddle bag, handed her one and then held my zippo for her to light up, joining her in the first smoke of the day, always the best one, especially today. I quickly packed up all of the gear, rolled the blanket and bag, put the stuff in the saddle bag and strapped the bedding to the backrest on my hog [or so I called it]. I climbed on first, turned the key, kicked the beast into life and got back off to allow her to climb onto the buddy seat, threw my leg over the tank to sit there on the pulsating Harley between the thighs of my new friend Clare. I kicked it into first gear and eased it back up the barely distinguishable trail I had left the evening before when I had stopped at this out of the way spot just east of Omaha, in Clare's home state of Iowa. As we got to the side of the highway I took a rubber

band from my pocket, pulled my shoulder length hair into a ponytail and offered her one to do the same. She declined, saying, "Need to let my hair dry, so I'll just let it fly in the wind", leaned her head onto my shoulder and added "I've never been on a Harley before, they sure do vibrate a lot." She wrapped her arms around my waist as I entered the roadway and turned westward bound towards Nebraska. It was only a few miles down the road when we came across a diner, I slowed, turned in and we stopped for some much needed food. As I placed my hand on the seat to get off the bike it brushed against her still naked pussy, thoughts of our encounter rushed into my head, and the blood rushed to fill my cock again, but I managed to think of other things and it subsided. She climbed off the seat and we went in to the older country style diner. We both needed to use the facilities, so went directly to them, straighten our hair, washed hands, etc., before sitting down and ordering a hearty "special" which included a burger, fries and soda, all for 95 cents each.

When we had finished eating we went back to the parking lot, stood by the bike and lit up a smoke for desert, we laughed and joked around for the time it took to finish, and then she climbed back on the buddy seat. I couldn't help but notice that her panties must not have yet been dry, her sweet pussy was still very visible as she straddled the machine with her knees splayed out waiting for me to get on too. I did, and we roared off, westward bound, I had found out that she was a farm girl from Iowa, who wanted to go to San Francisco to explore the world and be a "love child". Since I was bound for Berkley, only a trip across the bay bridge from there, I now had a foxy friend to ride the rest of the way to California with, a friend with now obvious benefits.

We made our way west, the plan was to turn south just west of Lincoln, head to Wichita and then west again to go through a more southern route, warmer would be good. As we turned south, the traffic was almost nil, guess nobody else like the two lane "blue" highways but we tourists. As we made our way she held herself close to my back, clutched her arms tightly around me and her knees closed as tightly as possible. I could still feel her naked groin pressed against my ass, and took my left hand from the handle bars to rest on her thigh, slid it backward to fondle herslit as we sped down the road. She parted her knees to allow me access to her pussy and lowered one hand to rub gently on my cock as she cooed into my ear "wanna stop for a while?" I pulled to the side of the road, and said, "we got a late start today, need to make some miles before we can do that again". She snorted, "Pooh, how about if I ride in front of you?" I was floored, had never done anything quite so wild as fucking while I drove down the road before, thought about it for about 2 seconds and said "worth a try, sure". We stopped long enough for me to change my clothes behind a nearby tree, I put on a pair of loose fitting athletic shorts, and bagged my jeans into the saddle bag before returning to the seat. She threw her leg forward over the tank, slid deftly back to find my waiting cock, ready for action with the anticipation of this new type of encounter. I stood the bike up straight, my feet on the ground, she reached behind her, took my dick through the loose leg of the shorts and gingerly slid it to the opening of her already wet vagina, lowered herself onto it taking at least eight inches into her canal. She must have been ready, she creamed herself immediately and started oozing her juices out

around my shaft as she lifted her feet from the pegs and let me put the hog in gear to proceed. There was no need for any pumping or stroking, she sat there impaled on my cock, holding herself steady by resting her arms on mine as I drove on. With each shift of the gears, each bump in the road, every vibration of the Harley sent sensations of pleasure to our joined genitals. She came continuously for about twenty five miles, I shot three loads of my own into her depths in the same stretch of abandoned road in this "middle of nowhere road" in Kansas. It was now late afternoon, we were both pretty tired and the sweet cum we shared was drying into a sticky mess with my shriveled cock glued inside her, so I found a likely looking spot, turned off the highway onto a dirt road that seemed to lead to a farm house about 1/2 mile away. Maybe we could spend the night in the barn, I'd ask anyway. I pulled to a stop, Clare raised herself off of me, dismounted the bike, pulled the panties from her vest pocket, slid into them and remounted the bike on the rear seat so we could go to the farm house and ask for their kindness.