

# The Bike Trip

(By: Cindy)

The Bike Trip (MF)  
By Cindy (cyntil8ing)

\*\*\*

I was out by the road on the John Deere the first time you rode by. I love spending an early summer evening mowing, the smell of freshly cut grass tickling my nose, the vibrations of the tractor making other parts of my body tingle deliciously. I clear my mind completely, and just enjoy the sights, smells, and sounds of the world around me.

You came up the road from behind. I didn't see you until you had already passed by. You were bent over the bike, so I didn't see your face, but I definitely noticed the powerful legs, the wonderful ass and the slim hips, tightly covered in black bike shorts. I sighed as I watched you disappear down the road, my mind imagining those slim hips between my outstretched thighs, that wonderful ass clenching underneath my hands. I continued mowing, still thinking of you, idly wondering what you were doing cycling down my road; a road in the middle of nowhere.

I was almost finished mowing when I saw your bike coming back up the road. I felt a small shiver run through my body as I slowed the tractor to watch you approach. You stopped just a few feet from me, smiled and began to speak. The tractor was loud, and I was wearing headphones, so I couldn't hear a word you were saying. I held up my hand, signaling you to wait for a moment, shut off the tractor, and took off my headphones. I smiled back and said, "I'm sorry...You were saying?" You told me that you had apparently taken a wrong turn somewhere, and now had no idea where you were. I asked where you were heading, and you mentioned the name of a town about 35 miles away. "Um, I don't think you'll make it there tonight. I hope you don't have someone waiting for you." You shook your head and said "No, but I heard about a restaurant there that is supposed to have the best steaks in all of the state. I've been thinking about a thick juicy steak all afternoon."

"Oh, I know just the one you're talking about, it's my favorite. I go there a couple of times a month. I tell you what, I was planning on going into town this evening anyway to do some shopping. If you like, we can toss the bike in the back of my truck and I'll give you a ride."

You smiled and said, "I'd really appreciate that, but only on one condition -- that you let me buy you dinner for all your trouble." Just what I wanted you to say! "It's a deal," I replied, "I'll need to finish the yard while it's still light, it should only take 15 minutes or so. I'll take you up to the house, get you a drink, and show you where you can clean up. No offense, but you are a bit, um, fragrant." You bowed gallantly and replied "Please accept my most sincere apologies maAm. I will soon present myself as a suitable dinner

companion, if you will just show me the way." We headed up to the house, chatting about the weather and other nonsense.

I showed you to the guest cottage, an old converted shed around the back of the house. Actually, it's never used, except by me. I have my PC there, and whenever I get the urge, I hide out there for hours or for days, writing like there's no tomorrow. "The bath is through there." I pointed, "I'll have to run in the house to get you some towels. I'll be back in a few minutes." I quickly went to the house, grabbed a few towels, and headed back. I walked in, and heard the shower running already. Smiling impishly, I pushed the door open with my foot and walked right in. You were just getting in, and all I got to see was one calf and a foot disappear behind the glass doors. "I put the towels on the toilet. Is there anything else you need?" The door slid back and you poked your head out, smiled, and said "Well, since you mention it, I think I got some grease on the back of my leg. Have I washed it off?" You opened the door wider, presenting the back of your leg for my inspection.

"Oh, it's still there. Here, let me get that for you." I replied as I pulled my t-shirt over my head, kicked off my sneakers, and slipped out of my shorts and panties. Brazenly, I stepped right into the shower with you. Your mouth dropped in surprise, followed by your eyes, as they quickly ran up and down my body. "Well, um," you stammered, "I can't seem to take my eyes off of you. I suppose you'll have to reach around."

I stepped forward and began running my hands over you. I melted right into your body as the hot water streamed over us. The warmth of the water and your arms around me felt

wonderful. I reached down for the soap and started to rub it across your chest. I worked my hands up over your shoulders and down your arms, rubbing the soap everywhere. I worked

my way across your chest and down your stomach. My hands wandered down to your hips. I could feel your hardness growing against me, but I wasn't going to touch you yet, just teasing for now. I put the soap down and pressed my body up against yours. Rubbing my breasts on your hairy soapy chest and my tummy across yours ... the lather allowing me to slide up and down and side to side. The sensations were making my nipples so hard. I rubbed them against your chest and could feel your cock growing still harder against my leg.

You reached for the soap and began to lather my back. I pressed my hips closer to yours as my chest slipped and slid against you. You licked and kissed my soapy neck, that turned me on so much. Your hands worked my back, massaging and rubbing, then worked their way down to my ass, cupping my cheeks as the soap fell to the shower floor. You pulled me close as you lowered your soapy mouth to mine, passionate kisses, our tongues probing and lashing each other.

I broke our hold and slowly slid down onto my knees. The water ran over your shoulders, showing a trail in the suds of where I had been. The lather washed down the drain. I kissed down your chest, lingering over your nipples to nip and tease them with

my teeth. My kisses ventured down across your belly and down to your hips. My fingers traced up the inside of your legs, teasing the inner thigh, until I reached your soapy balls, caressing and fondling them.

I lightly pushed you back a step so that the water could wash the rest of the soap away. Then I took your cock into my hand. It jumped to my touch. Holding it firmly at the base, I ran my fingers down the shaft toward the head. Running my finger slowly around the head, I looked up to see you intently watching my every move. When my eyes locked with yours, I took the head of your slightly soapy cock into my mouth. You closed your eyes and let out a deep moan.

I slowly took you into my mouth, my hand working with my mouth to form one long tight tunnel. I could feel the muscles tense in your legs. With my free hand I fondled your balls, lightly teasing them. I pulled back, releasing you slowly. I licked up from the bottom of your shaft, to where that vein meets the head in the sweet sensitive triangle. Flicking my tongue across this, your knees almost buckled.

I ran my tongue around the head of your cock. I started off in wide circles at the edge and worked my way in to the tip, the circles getting smaller and smaller. I was rewarded with a large drop of pre-cum waiting for me when I reached my goal in the middle. I touched my finger to it, slowly pulling my finger back as it stretched, glistening between my finger and your cock. When the string broke, I brought my fingertip to my lips, savoring the taste. I took you back into my mouth, sliding in and out. My hand worked feverishly as my mouth continued to suck as deep as I could. As I moved faster, I could feel the tension building. Your moans got louder and your hips moved in rhythm with my strokes. I reached behind you to feel your ass tighten as you thrust in and out of my mouth. It was every bit as sexy as I had earlier imagined.

I knew you were about to come. I wanted to put you over the edge so I took you deep in my throat, completely surrounded by my lips, my nose pressed against your pubic bone. This sensation was all it took, you started to throb and unload your hot cum down my throat. I released you from my mouth and let your cum spray hot and sticky, all over my mouth and face.

I continued to stroke your shaft, slowly but firmly. I wanted to keep you hard. I stood up and kissed you, letting you taste your cum on my lips. The water washed away the remainder. You obviously loved all of this because I was soon rewarded with even a firmer cock that was ready for more....