

The Rebel and Jenny

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It was time for the annual biker rally, and my brother insisted that I go with him. He had a chopper. I had nothing to ride, but that changed quickly. And then there was Jenny.



Published on
Booksie

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“Come on shithead...it’ll be fun and you’ll get all the hot pussy you want!”

My older brother, Danny was once again, pleading his case for the Annual Laughlin River Run, an event for bikers that rivaled Sturgis. The biggest difference of course was not just the location (Sturgis is in South Dakota) but the time of year. Sturgis is in October, and the River Run is the last weekend in April in Laughlin, Nevada.

Sturgis has mud. Laughlin has casinos.

“I don’t want to go. Besides, there’s plenty of pussy right here. Why would I leave all this glamorous Hollywood pussy and ride four hours on a motorcycle, which I might add, don’t happen to own, just to get some pussy that I don’t need? I mean, look around!”

I pointed out the window from our booth at the diner that we had breakfast at at least once a week. The diner was on Sunset Boulevard, or as some call it, “The Street of Broken Dreams”, but it was Hollywood, and in Hollywood, everyone was beautiful...or tried to be. It was the home of over indulgence. Big homes, big cars, big tits, big lips, big hair, and big attitudes.

Danny glanced out the window and answered, “Yeah, but it’s home, and you have plenty of these ego maniacs that only fuck you because you’re rich and semi famous. Believe me brother, there’s nothing better than a biker broad. Nothin phony about em...and there will be thousands of them there to chose from.”

Hmm. I was keenly aware that most of the women I fucked around with were more attracted to my wallet than my looks, not that I’m bad looking. I’m just your average 6’5”, 206 pound guy with long sandy hair, and tattoos galore. Bombshells or pin up types mostly, with a couple of tributes and a memorium for someone I loved deeply, and my favorite, *REBEL*, in red ink on the inside of my right wrist. It was my first tattoo, and I purposely put it there so everyone would see it when I shook their hand. Sorta puts them in a different place. Makes them wonder what kind of rebel I might be. I also have the little red devil under *BAD BOY*, a few inches up, but on the outside of my forearm, just in case they missed the *REBEL*, since I don’t shake hands with everyone I meet.

I was reluctant. And I didn’t own a bike, a fact I brought up again to Danny.

The Rebel and Jenny

“You got the dough. Let’s go get ya something.”

We were on I-10 by dawn. I was mounted on a Harley Road King since I liked the big saddle seat much better than the banana seat on Danny’s chopper. He was a chopper guy. I was more of a cruiser. I wanted comfort.

Barstow is a small town, and catered to the military and Edison workers, and it was there that we stopped at a Waffle House for breakfast. We nosed our mounts in amongst the throng of other bikers, took our helmets off, and laid them across the bars.

That’s when I noticed her. It was little Jenny, the pig tailed, pink lipped bartender from that shitkicking bar over in Downey. Today, she had on a tube top, very short denim shorts, and an ass kicking pair of Dingo boots, complete with tassles and buckles.

She looked especially sexy with her long blonde hair blowing across her sweet face. Yeah, the wind blows in Barstow.

Danny started inside, “Coming?” then grinned when he saw what I was staring at, “Never mind...see ya inside” then went on in. I folded my arms over my denim shirt and leaned against my new bike. Hmm. I felt like a biker. Maybe it was the black leather vest Danny bought for me or this crazy doo rag wrapped around the top of my head, but whatever it was got the attention of Jenny.

With both arms out like she was trying to fly, she ran to me screaming, “Buddy!” then landed about half way up my body, wrapping her tan legs around me tightly, her arms just as tight around my neck, before sending her tongue deep in my mouth. It was a long, sloppy kiss that had my cock heading for my waistband. My hands instinctively grabbed her ass and squeezed. Jenny moaned in my mouth and sent her long tongue to the back of my throat.

When the kiss finally broke free, we both gasped. We stared. We said nothing.

A trucker walked by and tossed me his keys, “It’s the Freightliner. The red one. Nice sleeper. Thirty minutes” then went inside.

The Rebel and Jenny

Don't you just love truck drivers?

Jenny didn't get off of me. She was a tiny girl, and simply slipped sideways around me and ended up on me piggy back.

Let's go baby. I'm itching to get that cock in me somewhere.

Fortunately, the red freightliner wasn't far. I unlocked it and Jenny scrambled in head first. I followed her with my nose practically up her ass. I yanked the door shut while she scampered between the big bucket seats and hopped on the queen sized bed. I crawled on my hands and knees through the opening and found my head between her legs. Jenny was already naked and twirling her denim shorts over her head, Come and get it big boy. We don't have all day!

I pulled her legs over my shoulders and went straight to her pretty pink slit. It was warm and glistening, I supposed from the hot kissing. I pulled her lips back with my thumbs and dipped my tongue in. Man, that little hole was hot and already flexing. I felt her hands behind my head pulling me tighter.

I ate her out with a vengeance. Her cunt wasn't as big as her mothers, but much sweeter. I held her ass in both hands and licked and slurped her hard and fast. Her legs began quivering, Oh God...baby...I want to cum...can I?

I tried to nod, but not very effectively.

I mean in your mouth baby.

I pulled my mouth off just enough to gasp, I'd be disappointed if you didn't then covered her cunt with my mouth and waited. A few tongue flicks later, she gushed, Ohh fuck baby...yes,yes,yes! while filling my mouth with her juices. I gulped and swallowed and still she came. She was screaming something, but I didn't catch it since my ears were smashed to my head by her warm thighs. She snatched my doo rag from my head and wrapped it around her hand and brought it to her mouth and bit it. I had never seen a woman do that before.

The Rebel and Jenny

My dependable cock was springing up and down and ready to get in her somewhere as she put it. She held her legs straight up with her hands behind her knees and said, "Put that fucking thing in and use me sugar." I got on my knees in front of her pussy and rubbed my wet cockhead up and down her shiny slit a few times while she dropped her legs and played with her nipples. I loved the naughty look on her face and the way she teased me with her dancing blue eyes.

Then she purred, "Come on daddy...you know you want it."

Still on my knees, I put a hand on her abdomen and rammed my thick cock in hard.

I knew it shocked her, "Uh..uhh...uhhhh..aarrgg....jeeeeeezee baby!" but she picked her ass off the bed and began matching me stroke for stroke. My cock was diving in and out hard and fast. Her tits bounced and glistened from the sweat from my forehead. Now I knew what those doo rags were for. Bikers must get a lot of pussy!

I felt her cunt clamp around my cock and knew that she was at the edge. My cock grew inside her, my balls gave me that familiar signal by tingling, then drawing tight, and with one last hard thrust, Jenny became the recipient of my hot load of thick cream. I felt it squirt deep inside her as she started pouring her own juices over my cock and balls. It was a messy fuck and one that just wouldn't stop. She enjoyed the squishy sounds my cock made in her pussy and smiled a wicked smile every stroke.

"You're one sexy fucker sugar!"

I pulled my dripping cock from her and shot the last few squirts on her nipples.

Jenny gasped and squirmed, "Oh, I love that. Now, lick them off and kiss me!"

My tongue collected the globs and she pulled me up to her lips, then pulled my chin down, forcing my mouth open, "Give me!" then slurped the cum as it dripped in her mouth. Then we kissed and moaned while swapping our juices from mouth to mouth. It was hotter than hot. It was raw, nasty, sweaty sex and I loved it. I had never known of a woman having an intense orgasm just from kissing, but little Jenny changed my mind on that...or she accidentally pissed.

The Rebel and Jenny

We cleaned ourselves and the bed, then slid out with three minutes to spare. I know this because the trucker 'Big Al' was leaning against his truck looking at his watch. I tossed him his keys and said, "Thanks Big Al...left you a little something inside. Take care brother!"

What trucker couldn't use an extra two hundred bucks?

Then Jenny and I headed back to the Waffle House where Danny was leaning against the wall with his right foot on the wall and something in his hand.

"Thought you might like to have a bite to eat. We got over two hours yet, and there's nothing but desert...so here you go" then handed me what looked like a sandwich.

"Thanks Danny. Say, this is Jenny...from.." I looked at her and she answered, "from the bar...and I remember you. You carried some lady out. Boy, she was drunk! I hope you didn't fuck her like that!"

Danny rolled his eyes at me and I tilted my head and raised my eyebrows, 'Oh, he wouldn't do something like that!" but knew that he had. In fact, they spent that weekend together in Malibu riding around in my Mercedes, leaving me with his flaming radical chopper. I cringed every time I looked at it now.

I looked at Jenny who had a drop of cum in the corner of her pink lips. Danny smiled, "Uh Miss...you uh.." then pointed at the edge of his mouth.

Jenny beamed, "Hmm?" as Danny gestured again. "Oh..gotcha.." She replied while circling her lips with her tongue.

Danny grinned, "Damn son...you got yourself one hell of a woman there!" as he kick started his flamed monster and screamed, "Let's go!" then sped away.

In fact, all the bikers were speeding away and there I was with little Jenny.

"Your ride?" I asked as my eyes panned the parking lot.

The Rebel and Jenny

Jenny lit a cigarette and blew the smoke out which went across her face. Did I mention the wind blows in Barstow?

"Oh, fuck him. I barely know the guy. I'm with you sugar. Let's go!"

I mounted first and she rested one hand on my shoulder and flung her leg over the back. She had a much better seat than her mom, the Hooters Judge, but her mom never complained.

We roared away. Me, my pink lipped bartender and my shiny Harley Road King. I soon realized what Dannys' obsession was with bikes as the engine roared, the wind whipped through our hair, and whistled through the bikes big frame.

Freedom. That's what it was. I glanced down at my right wrist as I twisted the throttle back.

Rebel.

Yep. Kinda says it all. That's me.

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