

Give Me That Ride

Cassie

After a few minutes, Ripper got off of me and disposed of the condom in the trash can that was by his bed. He went into the bathroom that was connected to his room and turned on the shower. Then I heard him turn on the sink. A couple of seconds later, he came walking out and over to me. He leaned down and lifted me up. I wrapped around him like I was a baby koala, and I started to kiss him. He navigated his way slowly back to the bathroom. I looked around the bathroom and saw towels on a medal towel holder and a wet washcloth on the oor that had red all over it.

He didn't let me go as we got into the shower. He leaned me against the wall, the cold tile cooling my overheated skin, and he took my mouth again. God, this man could kiss.

"Baby, I want you again, but I don't have any condoms in here. I'm clean I swear. I just got tested four days ago."

"I'm clean too. I've never had s*x without protection, but for some reason I really want to with you. I'm on birth control. I get the shot every three months."

We stared into each other's eyes. I felt him shift, and he was easing into me.

"Oh, God," I whimpered. It felt so good. Having no barrier, I could feel his smooth shaft gliding over all my nerves. This was heaven, the stretch was magnicent. I never knew it could feel so f*cking good. He groaned and his shallow pumps started to become longer, faster and harder. He was slamming into me and with each thrust I saw stars. My body started to shake and my orgasm punched through me with so much pleasure I screamed loudly, nearly bursting my own ear drums. I felt him swelling, and I told him to let me go.

He stopped and pulled out of me. I dropped to my knees and opened my mouth. He cursed and jacked his load into it.

"F*ck, that's so hot," he stated.

I kept my mouth open as he lled it up, and then he mouthed swallow, and I did.

"Such a good girl," he said as he brought his hand to my face and rubbed his thumb across my lower lip. I shivered at the praise.

"You like being a little sl*t for me?" he asked.

F*ck I loved that. Why did I love that? I looked up at him as my eyes widened innocently at the realization I liked a little degradation. Was I a closeted m*sochist?

"D*mn Angel, come here." He leaned down and picked me up. He turned me to the water, put me under the spray, took some soap and washed me gently. He then washed my hair and conditioned it. After I was done, he got under the spray and did the same. He turned off the water, and he got a towel and started to dry me off. He squeezed my hair and rung out as much water as he could, and then he swiped the towel over himself. We were silent as he led me back into his room. He stripped the sheets, got another set out of his closet, and I helped him put them on his bed all while we were naked. He climbed into his bed and then looked at me as I stood there staring at him. Then he opened his arms and I climbed into his bed and laid my head on his chest, my arm over his torso. He wrapped an arm around me and pulled his comforter up and over us with his other hand.

"I'm not done playing with you yet, but we need a little rest. Rest well Angel, because if it's not too late when we wake up, I'm gonna have you ride me like you promised.

I felt ngertips rub up and down my back and I slowly came out of a deep sleep. I don't think I have ever slept that well.

"What time is it?" I asked Ripper.

He picked up his phone and looked at the time.

"2:30 in the morning. We've been asleep for 3 hours."

"Sh*t. I'm sorry I fell asleep for so long. I've never been so comfortable in my life."

He chuckled. "I must have worn you out."

I hummed in agreement.

"I should probably get home. Do you think there are any Ubers out at this time? They should be right, I mean this is New York City, it never stops here," sh*t I was rambling.

"I'll take you home."

We got out of bed. It was pitch black, so he turned on a lamp that was on the bedside table. I found my dress and wiggled into it and put on my heels that I don't even remember taking off. I found my clutch on the oor and opened it. I pulled out my phone, saw that I had 15 missed calls and 35 text messages, all from Rick.

"Sh*t."

"What's the matter?"

I looked up at Ripper and I couldn't help but ogle him. He slipped on some gray sweatpants and his cut, that was it.

"Interesting fashion statement, but you make it work."

He chuckled as he laced up a pair of sneakers.

"What had you swearing a minute ago?"

"Rick, he called a lot and left a ton of messages."

Ripper was silent for a minute.

"Do you regret what we did?"

"F*ck no. I just had the time of my life. I don't know how I am going to go back to boring missionary s*x after this. You had my knees next to my head. I kind of wish..." I stopped. There was no way he'd want another night with me.

"Wish what?"

"Nothing, let's go. I need to do laundry for next week. And on Saturdays, Becca and I visit our dad, and have breakfast with him. I have like 5 hours to get more sleep before I need to be at his place," d*mn I was rambling again.

He chuckled softly and grabbed his wallet, keys and phone. We walked out of the bedroom and into the common area. People were still milling around. I didn't see Becca or that Viking guy, Dozer. I hope she got some too. I watched Ripper say something to a ne a*s silver fox of a man, and then he was leading me out the clubhouse. We walked over to his motorcycle. It was a Harley-Davidson.

"What kind of bike is this, and how am I supposed to ride on it in my dress? I will be showing my a*s to everyone that sees us."

"It's a Softail Harley, and you can sit in front of me. You're tiny enough."

He stowed his stuff in a saddlebag and also threw my clutch in. He got on and started his bike. I gave him my address and directions to my apartment. Then he helped me sit in front of him and, sure enough, my dress popped up over my a*s. He groaned. His hands kneaded my cheeks and I could feel him getting hard behind me. The vibration of the bike and his hands were doing things to my body. I started to squirm.

"Trust me?" he whispered into my ear, making me shiver, and I nodded.

He grabbed a helmet that I hadn't noticed and put it on my head, buckling the strap under my chin. He then pushed me forward more. My cl*t made contact with his bike and I moaned. I was lying at, my breasts also enjoying all the vibration. I felt him fumbling behind me, and he lifted me slightly and slowly lowered me over his shaft. Holy f*ck. We both moaned.

"You're going to give me that ride baby."

He took off and the combination of the thrill of the ride, the vibration of his bike hitting my cl*t and n*pples, and his d*ck in me, had me soaking his lap. I circled my hips, reveling in the sensations. I held the bike in front of me and used my thighs to move myself up and down in little bounces so as not to disturb his driving. God, this was f*cking great. I moved a little faster, he put one hand on my hip to help guide me and I exploded. I know he heard me scream over the roar of the motorcycle, and I am pretty sure I squirted all over him. He was still hard inside of me as we pulled up outside my apartment complex. He quickly stabilized his bike and then shut it off. Then he grabbed my hips and slammed me up and down on him. I heard him quietly chant, f*ck, f*ck, f*ck, and then he held me down on him and groaned. His d*ck twitched in me as he came hard. I felt him lean over me and kiss my back.

"F*ck baby, I can't get enough of you. Let me see you again tonight. I'll take you out somewhere to eat."

"You want to see me again, really?" I had to ask even though he just said he did. He still hadn't pulled out of me, and he was just holding me to him.

"Most denitely. I need some more baby."

"Okay," I whispered.

He lifted me and slipped out of me. He helped me off his bike and he xed himself up as I did to myself. He got off the bike and I couldn't help but giggle at the sight of him. The front of his sweat was a mess.

"You're gonna have a hard time explaining that when you go back to the club."

"Nah, we aren't the rst to do something like that. I've seen a couple of brothers come back a mess."

"Oh God," I covered my face, which I knew just went up in ashes.

"I can't believe you're blushing after the way you took my c*ck tonight."

That just made me blush harder. He laughed and turned to his saddlebag and got out my clutch. He opened it and took out my phone. He looked at me with a raised eyebrow.

"5522."

He unlocked my phone and put his number in it, then he sent himself a text, so he now had mine.

He handed my clutch and phone to me and then gathered me in his arms. He held me around the waist and I had my hands on his shoulders. He leaned down and softly kissed me, then deepened it a moment later. Our tongues caressed each other. He tasted so good. He pulled away and kissed the tip of my nose.

"Best night of my life, Angel. I'll pick you up at 8."

I watched him get back on his bike and start it. He leaned over and took his helmet off me. I had totally forgotten I still had it on. He put it on his head, and then he blew me a kiss and took off. I smiled as I turned towards my complex. Best night indeed.