

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 308[1,549 words]

Doom POV

I am not going to let the pressure of having to perform well spoil my time with Tracey for the very first time. I insisted that I undress her; it's something I enjoy doing, helps me focus on what I had planned, and my first step was to push Tracey onto the bed while I removed my shoes. I can't get all romantic with my work shoes on.

Tracey huffed as I took my time and placed them to one side. Then removed my shirt and jeans, leaving my boxers on, and she sat watching me, not at all happy to be left to last. Finally, I was ready. I needed to calm myself and think. I have a task to do, and I intend to show Tracey I was the best lover she has ever had.

I squatted down, removed one sock, rubbed the sole of her foot, then removed the sock from the other foot and rubbed its sole, massaged her calves, then her thighs through her jeans. Tracey had lain back on the bed. When I reached her thighs, I noticed she had her eyes closed; a small smile on her lips was the only sign she was enjoying this. I reached up and unzipped her jeans, and then slowly pulled them down her legs, kissing her tummy, her thighs, her ankles as I went, then kissed my way back up, lifted her a little to remove her shirt, slowly, one painfully slow arm after the other, kissing her fingers, her arms, her shoulders as I moved over her body. Peppering her with constant kisses, nips, and licks. I threw her shirt over my shoulder in the direction that I sent the jeans, then kissed her softly on the mouth, not too long, as I didn't want to deepen the kisses yet, lots of short ones, to build up the need, the want.

It occurred to me that it was our first kiss. I would have preferred something longer, more passionate, but she put the bar high, and the long kisses had to wait for now.

Having given her mouth a small taste of things to come, I moved my attention to her bra and the two beauties confined inside. When the clasp was undone, the front burst open, revealing the creamy white skin. I removed the bra and gave those two firm, perfect breasts my attention, kissing, licking, and lastly a small bite on the n****e, sucking it into my mouth and suckling, teasing. I moved up, gave her a quick kiss on the lips, and I headed down her body, running my hands with a feather-like touch over her body, till I met the junction of her thighs. Her legs fell open without any encouragement from me.

Perfect. I thought, as I licked her vulva and the surrounding region, nibbling the nub, before plunging my tongue inside her, she tasted just like I thought she would, sweet nectar from the gods. She groaned and squirmed as I removed my tongue, added a finger to put a little more pressure inside, and flicked her nub with my tongue. Her juices were dribbling from her, giving me a taste of her sweetness and spurring me on to do more. * I licked, sucked, nibbled, and fingered her core area until Tracey was writhing at my

ministrations and screamed out my name as she exploded on my fingers and tongue. I continued to enjoy lapping her tender lady parts, till Tracey came down from her high, and was working towards her second one.

Not yet, my girl, I need to be inside you before you explode again. I thought.

I snaked back up her body, kissing her on the way up, giving each breast some attention, before making it to her lips. She opened her mouth, and I plunged my tongue inside, as I rubbed my length up and down her wet entrance, making my shaft wet and lubricated, ready to plunge inside. I had found out, as I worked on her vulva, that Tracey was not a virgin, so causing her great pain should be reduced.

“Ready?” I asked Tracey. She was as prepared as I could make her, as my own needs were at boiling point.

“Give it to me, big boy.” Yeah, that I am, and proud of it.

So, I complied.

I lowered my hand down to ensure my tip was properly coated with her juices, plus making Tracey squirm a little as I went over her tender nub, lined myself up, and thrust inside Tracey in one hard thrust. I started slowly, pulling back until I was almost out of her channel, and then slowly thrust back in. It was hard to stay slow, but it did the trick as Tracey screamed out my name a second time, digging her nails in my back as she did. I kept thrusting in slowly, feeling my own release building. Suddenly, Tracey dug her nail in my buttock, urging me to go faster, deeper.

Yes, ma’am, that I can do. I thought, with a grin. The thrusting became harder, faster, sweat running down my back and my brow. I concentrated on my own release, watching Tracey’s face; her eyes were still closed, her expression equally intense, yet she had a glow about her. I loved seeing the faces of the people I bring joy to when they reach their climax. It does something to me, and my ego, I guess.

“Cum of me,” I whispered through gritted teeth, unable to hold off any longer, as my balls rose and I found my release. We screamed out each other’s names, her nails dug deeper into my butt-cheeks, and I knew she would have left marks on my body. Tracey’s face was pure bliss, her eyes still closed, but that smile was unmistakable. I hope I passed her test because I wouldn’t mind doing that again.

My breathing slowed, my shaft slipped out of her, I moved off Tracey, leaned on one arm, and moved in to kiss her. Tracey reached out and wrapped her hands on the back of my neck and pulled me closer, and together we deepened the kiss. I grabbed her tighter and rolled over, brought her on top of me, and let her have control for a while.

“Tempest and Storm were right, I don’t have to wait for the end of the day.” Tracey’s voice was husky, and my shaft twitched at the sound of her voice. Bringing their names,

or anyone else's name, into our bed was not something I wanted when enjoying a lovemaking session.

"Did I pass?" I asked, my voice sounding more like a plea.

Tracey looked down at me and wiggled her hips, my shaft already rising to the occasion.

"Feels like we can go again?" Tracey said teasingly, and reached down, and inserted my hardening length inside her hot channel.

Tracey took control, riding me slowly, pulling till I almost fell out and then thrusting back hard, then slowly pulling up and hard and fast back down. Her eyes were on me, watching my reaction. I snaked my hands up her body and reached her bouncing boobs, and played with them, pinching the n****e, and squeezing the round mountain. Her skin is soft and creamy white; the sun doesn't get to kiss these babies. Tracey picked up speed, making it harder to play, so I grabbed her hips and guided my shaft into her, keeping up with her pace. I was close, so close, but Tracey didn't slow down, but kept up the pace. I was getting worried I would explode before she reached her release, but at the last minute, my balls contracted. Tracey called out my name, milking my now pulsing shaft.

It was only when my shaft slipped from her channel, and my groin got wet from our lovemaking, that I suddenly stopped-remembered that I hadn't put on a condom. I always wear one, but I wasn't thinking. There were some in the drawer beside the bed, but I didn't think I would need any, so the box was still unopened.

"Tracey, I forgot to put on a condom. Sorry, I have never gone without. As I said, I am clean and tested." I didn't go any further than that. I needed to let her know I was sorry; it was my fault, and I should have thought of it before getting too carried away. I had plenty of time to do it.

"I am clean, if that's what you are worried about. It has been a few months since I needed a condom-covered dick." Tracey didn't mention if she was on birth control. Do I bring that up? No, I will wait for her to mention it; some girls don't like to be asked if they are on birth control.

"Want a shower now?" Some girls and guys like showers straight after; others prefer a quick wash around that area and move on. We are all different when it comes to our hygiene.

"Quick short shower, don't want to get my hair wet." I heard loud and clear, alone, I can do that.

"You can go first." Tracey got up and walked to my bathroom, naked and swinging her hips. She left the door open. Was that an invitation to come in? She was giving me mixed signals, and I didn't know what to do.

