**A Fuck-Bike for Wendy**

by qexiqex

**Introduction:**

Wendy loves racing on her bike. A prank by her boyfriend leads to a rather intense experience where she fucks herself silly during a race.

Wendy smiled as they passed the starting field. The sun was already blasting down on the busy crowd, colorful shirts and nervous chatter overloaded her senses.

"Thanks for doing this, Luke! I'll make it up soon."

"No worries, Wendy. Just let me win this time."

"No chance, sweetie. You'll see my backside from start to finish. As always."

"Then I demand a compensation fuck afterwards," he pouted, his eyes sparkling with lust.

"With pleasure, Luke, with pleasure. Let's find a place to park, we have only 10 minutes left."

"Are you sure you'll manage the 50 miles this time without embarrassing yourself?" Wendy smirked, patting his bum as he unloaded the two bikes.

"I'd worry more about yourself, Wen," he chuckled, "Nice saddle by the way."

"Yeah, personalized and anatomically shaped. Expensive as fuck but my little snatch is in heaven ever since I got it!"

It was a little known fact outside of the professional women's teams that the typical racing saddles put tons of stress on the female anatomy, especially on the more juicy bits. Wendy had to learn this the hard way, like almost any other female racer did. Her tender parts had been red and raw for most of the first year when she seriously started her career. After a phase of desperately searching for a solution to her problem, she had reluctantly concluded that she simply had to put up with a constantly sore and hurting pussy if she wanted to be even just a mediocre, semi-professional cyclist. But then, thankfully, a more experienced colleague recognized her struggle and let her in on some life-saving secrets.

Since then she waxed herself down there, as even the tiniest stubble of hair could lead to nasty infections. She also had given up on wearing any underwear during the races and instead had invested in awfully expensive, custom-made bike shorts with gel pads in just the right places. In addition, she religiously drenched her naked sex in excessive amounts of heavy-duty lubricant whenever she mounted a bike to ensure frictionless, and most importantly painless gliding between her skin and the shorts during the race.

Her bag of essentials in one hand and her racing dress in the other, Wendy vanished into one of the stalls. With well-practiced moves, she stepped out of her clothes and squatted down to spray a healthy dose of lube into her clean, spotless sex when she suddenly got aware of an unwelcome surprise. The gel pads of her racing shorts were damaged and a vile, sticky fluid coated a large area of the short's groin.

"Fuck, what a mess!" she cursed, "No way I'll let this stuff anywhere near me!"

She was furious. Without spare shorts she had little options left. But should she cancel the whole race just because of a stupid accident? What would Luke think of her, now that she successfully dragged him along and even made him join the event? She inspected the sorry piece of clothing again and wondered if there was any way to save the day.

Without much hope, Wendy picked a pair of scissors from her bag and carefully snipped around the damaged pads. Inspecting the results sceptically, she stepped into the shorts and pulled them up. Her bare pussy was breathing open air now, but when she closed her legs... Glancing at the mirror in front of her, she carefully checked for any signs of indecency but was surprised to find none - as long as she took care not to expose herself.

"This… this could actually work! I just have to remember to stay in my seat!" Wendy thought, experimentally spreading her thighs until the whiteness of her lubed-up, glistening sex became visible again.

"But damn is this lewd! Just stay hidden, raunchy girl, or we'll get into trouble!" she smirked, patting her naked pussy lightly.

Shaking off this unforeseen distraction, Wendy proceeded to pull off her shirt and unclasped her massive, decidedly non-sexy bra that had trouble containing her enormous bust. Ever since she had grown those two puppies, she had struggled managing them. She had hoped to shrink them a bit with all the cycling and exercising but had no luck whatsoever. They were just as distracting as ever and got into the way a lot.

After a number of unsuccessful experiments, she had settled for a rather uncomfortable but effective approach for managing them during her races that essentially came down to not wearing any bra underneath a two-sizes-too-small tube top. That way her fat knockers got squashed as flat as they would go, so their air drag was kept to a minimum. To avoid any embarrassing poking nipples, she usually wore a set of white, non-sexy pasties over them. She fished inside her bag for those essential accessories. After a bit of searching she groaned annoyed and turned the thing inside out, desperately searching for the modesty-saving stickers but they were nowhere to be found.

"Just so typical," she fumed, "If things go wrong they do spectacularly. An open-air pussy and nips poking through my skimpy top! Way to go, girl!"

But she wasn't going to give up so easily. Wendy squeezed herself into the hot-pink tube top and pushed her breasts around. With a frown on her face she examined herself in the mirror and shook her head. Those hard pebbles poking through the flimsy top where simply too much. She would draw all the attention to her tits and would get disqualified if she didn't pay attention. Wendy searched her bag for something, anything that could help. But there was nothing. Except… she found herself toying with her repair kit and suddenly had an idea. Maybe she could use the repair patches? She opened the little box and grabbed the two largest stickers, both black as the night with their trademark red border. She pulled the tight top off again and placed one of the patches over her left nipple. It was almost big enough. If she glued it in place it would at least cover most of her nipple and hopefully be enough to keep herself decent. She opened the little tube of glue and squirted some on the patch. Then she grabbed the little piece of rubber and simply pushed it over her hardening nipple. She gasped from the burning sensation as the glue slowly set but kept it squeezed tightly against her breast.Then she repeated the procedure on her other side.

Wendy analyzed the result closely in the mirror and concluded that this was all she could do. She squeezed into her top again and carefully arranged her distracting treasures until she was content with the result. Then she slipped into her racing shoes, closed the pink laces, donned her pink helmet over her trademark blue hair and pushed the equally pink sunglasses on her nose. Now fully dressed, Wendy inspected her work in the mirror and saw a fit, hot young woman ready to conquer the world. She looked great!

Out on the street again, Wendy searched for Luke and her bike. The reluctant cyclist and favorite fuck-buddy waved at her from the middle of the busy starting field.

"It's about time," he laughed, handing the piece of cloth with the starting number to the awkwardly walking girl, "Uhm, is everything alright with you? You look a bit flushed! Race starts any moment!"

Wendy wanted to tell him about her accidents, that she could feel the air gracing her lube-dripping lips, that she had freaking repair patches glued to her tits, and that she was inches away from utter embarrassment. But an announcement to the racers to mount the bikes droned out everything. Wendy shrugged, slipped the hole of the piece of white cloth with her number over her head and tied the sides off so it wouldn't flutter around. Then she removed the cover of her expensive saddle and prepared to mount. At least those anatomically correct gaps and guides would ensure that her bare pussy won't experience any undue stress.

Rather awkwardly, to not expose herself by accident, she straddled her saddle. A puzzled look adorned her face when she slowly sat on her bike. Something felt different down there! First she thought that her unusual nakedness was the reason, but then she was convinced that the little rubber bump pressing right into the top of her sex hadn't been there before. A quick estimation where the bump would be, once she was riding her bike made her blush.

"My poor love button," she thought, and, "I'll kill you for this, Luke!"

Before she could pity herself any more, the shot went off and Wendy was pushing the pedals. The wind in her face and the adrenaline in her bloodstream soon made her forget all those embarrassing details and focused her mind on winning the contest.

Until the conveniently placed knob started to vibrate.

Wendy suddenly lost focus and all she could think of was her dripping, exposed pussy and how much she wanted to fuck Luke right now. It was all a little too much for her. She was afraid that she would fall from her bike with all those distractions but somehow her muscle memory succeeded and kept her on track. Wendy struggled to ignore the teasing buzz between her legs and more than one time was about to lift her ass from the saddle to escape the devilish vibrations. But the fear of showing off her indecent bits somehow prevailed.

Then she heard something click and moments later a rather hefty, rubbery object pressed right into her lubed up sex.

"Luke, you bastard!" she cursed, "This is not funny!"

Her legs pumped the pedals as she raced up the hill while her poor clit got tortured by relentless vibrations and a thick object repeatetly slammed inside her lube-dripping, quivering hole. She briefly stopped the pedalling, hoping that the distracting fuck would end. And low and behold it did! The fuck-stick stopped moving as soon as her pedals came to a halt and stayed deep inside her body, just that it now started to expand instead.

"Fuck you, Luke," she cursed, "Fuck you and the horse you rode in on!"

She started to pedal again, grimacing from the incredible stretch down there. Somehow Wendy managed to block out the irritating sensations and gained speed again while her pussy got hammered by the fat dildo. It took her a while to recognize that the blunt object was shrinking as long as she kept the pedalling above a certain pace. Once she figured that out, she tried to find the right balance between pounding her sex to pulp and ripping it apart. Even worse, all the fucking and vibrating excited her body to no end and she more than once moaned and shuddered as an orgasm washed through her system.

But she somehow managed to stay on track and was even leading the race, mostly because she was the only professional racer on the field, but still an impressive feat under these circumstances nonetheless.

Then it happened. During another distracting sequence, while her abused body spasmed in bliss, one of the contestants slowly overtook her on the right. Only then she became aware of the TV team in the car in front of her and the huge camera they pointed straight into her face. Wendy blushed hoping that she at least would look halfway decent on the screen. But then her competitive nature kicked in and she gave it all.

Just in time she recognized that her bottom was moving upwards, that her body tried to get her into the right position to optimize for strength. And she suddenly became aware that she was only inches away from displaying her bare, dripping and thoroughly fucked pussy to a rather large audience. Blushing furiously, she slammed her ass down on the saddle, driving the fat dildo even deeper into herself. Wendy was still moaning from the brutal penetration when something audibly snapped. Moments later Wendy felt her strained top collapse and fly away, her huge tits bursting out of their tight confines and bouncing freely underneath the thin piece of white cloth with her starting number on. Wendy just wanted to sink into the ground and cry her eyes out.

She could only imagine how her swaying, jumping tits looked like on TV and was already considering to simply drop out of the race. If she could just keep her twins from bouncing around, things would be much more bearable. While she racked her brain for a solution, the rest of her body was locked into auto-pilot, keeping her on track right behind her opponent. Wendy was glancing down her bike when inspiration struck. The water bottle! More accurately those two rubber bands she had slipped around the bottle some time ago to keep it from rattling! If she would be able to slip those bands around her boobs they would surely be in such a squeeze that they would bounce around much less! It was worth a try.

But how should she do that while she was racing, the bike fucking her senseless, with a camera pointed right at her face? She quickly thought it through and decided it was worth a shot. She sped up a tiny bit and drove as close as possible towards the racer in front of her. That way the camera would only partly see her and she could slip those bands over her melons without them noticing. She extended her hand down and grabbed the bottle. Then she recognized her error. She would need to use both hands to get the rubbers off, and both to pull them over her breasts. But to do that, she would need to balance on the bike properly, hunched down like she was, there was no way she could take both hands from the handlebars. But then her body would be raised so high that the camera would easily see her! The whole audience would see her naked tits while she pushed the rubber bands over them! This was certainly not an option.

She analyzed her plan again. Suddenly her face lit up. Who said that she needed to pull those bands over her naked tits? She could just as well squeeze them over the flimsy cloth! She would look a bit awkward around her top half but there was no indecency involved, was there? It was going to work after all! Wendy was ecstatic. Quickly implementing her strategy, she raised her upper body to get her hands free. Another irritating detail stopped her in her tracks. The dildo suddenly pounded against entirely different parts of her sex and her slippery hole got stretched out of shape quite a bit! She wondered if she could ignore that bit while working on the solution but decided to at least keep that damned shaft as still as possible while she was balancing hands-free. She raised up again, stopped the pedals and took her hands off the handlebars while the dildo embedded inside slowly grew. Her heart pounded, her pulse raced as she grabbed the bottle and quickly pulled the rubberbands off, snapping them around her wrist. Wendy sighed as she put the bottle down in the holder again and went back into position. Her feet started pedalling once again, desperately working on shrinking the fuck-stick to a more manageable size. She was almost there, only one more step to tame her hugely distracting, bouncing balls of flesh.

Wendy sighed and prepared for the final part of her plan. She once again raised her body and stopped the pedaling. Her shaking body desperately tried to cope with the growing shaft and the awful vibrations. She wondered just how banged-up and sore her pussy would be after this nightmarish race and then scolded herself for not focusing properly on the task at hand. She let go of the handlebars and quickly pulled one of the bands from her wrist. Without much thought she ripped the piece of rubber open as wide as she could and pulled it over her left breast. Then she let go.

The squeeze was terrible! She felt her massive breast change shape, felt her blood pounding in her ears. She quickly glanced down to check the situation and was happy to see that the band stayed in place and the bouncing on that side had calmed down significantly. Content with the result, she repeated the process again on the other side and finally got back down in position and resumed the pedalling.

To her dismay a number of racers had overtaken her during all the fiddling and her inner self screamed at her for being so stupid. In addition, the dildo inside her had grown into massive proportions and was certainly close to ripping her apart. Wendy glanced at the display and saw that she only had a few miles left until the finishing line. If she wanted to not embarrass herself she had to give all she had left. And if that meant that her gaping pussy would be on display so be it! It was all Luke's fault anyway!

Wendy was determined to win this race, despite all the challenges she faced. Her legs suddenly switched gears and her strong muscles delivered the power she needed. The fat piston screeched as it slid deeper and harder inside her as ever before but Wendy knew this was only a temporary inconvenience. As she sped up and started to overtake the amateurs again, her body shifted into the optimal position, with her now tightly bound tits jiggling below her and her ass high up in the air, exposing the frantic dildo smashing in and out of her for all world to see. But it didn't matter to Wendy. In fact, she was glad that the irritating vibrations were suddenly gone and wondered if she should have gotten her ass up much earlier.

The spectators that managed to spot the fat fuck-stick pounding into Wendy's cunt along the street could only gape at the display. Thankfully most of them were so distracted by her bound boobs that they didn't realize the even juicer bits. In any case, none of that had any relevance to Wendy. Her entire being was focused on one thing and one thing only, to win this race. She just wished that she had applied more lubricant to her sex as the endless fucking really took a toll on her.

Slowly her body got excited once again. Just how many orgasms did she experience since the start of the race? She had lost count long ago. Wendy couldn't believe that there was one more inside of her, that her little pussy was so excited from the abuse she received that it made her blood boil. The fit girl was moaning and groaning again as she once more came hard. Her body shook and trembled as her torso raised itself in ecstasy, shaking her massive, ball-like tits at everyone who watched. And right during that moment, the very moment she screamed in pleasure, she dashed over the finishing line, right behind her final competitor. And then, all of a sudden, the race was over.

It took Wendy a while to come to senses again. But when she recognized that the race was over she was bummed that she couldn't make it in the end. That she was only second after all she had given. Then, slowly, reality set in again and she realized just how horny she was from the endless pounding, and just how sore her little hole felt from all the friction it had to endure. Her body was still shaking when she ripped herself from the thick dildo and stumbled onto her feet. Where was that idiot?

Wendy made only a token effort to keep her legs closed. Surely most people had seen that part of her body already after her little show. When she spotted Luke on the side of the crowd, she blazed with anger. That fucking pervert had put her through this ordeal! Why would he do such a thing to her? She ran towards him, ignoring her wide-open crotch and yelled "Happy with what you've done?" He barely had time to glance at her before her hand reached his crotch and her fingers closed around his family jewels.

"Come with me, pervert," she hissed as she pulled him cock-first into a nearby park, "I don't really get why you did this to me but I assure you that there will be consequences. Now fuck me hard and fast so my abused body can finally relax. And after that I'll punch your crotch until your balls are swollen like grapefruits. Or maybe I just bite them off. I haven't really decided on that part yet. But first you have to fuck me. NOW!"

Luke chuckled as his angry fuck-buddy led him into a hidden area. This little project surely had been fun, and now he even got to fuck this angry goddess! Her pussy was probably so tender and sore that every move would make her squeal! He pushed her down into a doggy position and rammed his hard dick into the hot, sopping wet hole in front of him. Without much care he started to ram into the shuddering, jerking body and wondered how long it would take him to make this woman come after all the abuse her tight cunt had received. He lowered his head to her ear while he kept fucking her and whispered, "Just admit that you liked it, Wen. You're a little slut and you know it."

"But those cameras! My career is over after this, asshole!"

He pushed deeper inside, sure that he wouldn't last much longer. His fingers found her hard clit and started to play with it. He whispered, "I made a deal with the crew. They won't release the juicy shots to the public. I allowed them to keep the recordings for their private pleasure though," he chuckled, "Do you want a copy as well?"

He could feel her pussy twitch around his hard dick. Then she mumbled, "Y...yeah, I think I want that. But that doesn't mean that all is fine and dandy now!"

"Oh I know! You'll be angry at me for the next days and probably fuck me silly until my dick is red and raw. By the way, the TV crew wanted something in return for their discretion."

He felt her sloppy hole tense up around his dick, almost causing him to lose his load.

"You'll have to let them play with your tits."

Wendy squeaked as he drove deeper into her, his fingers furiously rubbing her clit.

"I thought your boobies would enjoy a bit of care by those guys. They're waiting for you in their van. If you don't get there within the next hour or so the deal is off though."

Wendy screamed in pleasure as her body once again exploded in an incredible orgasm. Shortly after, Luke emptied his seed into her still shaking body while he pressed her warm, trained body tightly against his. What an incredible woman!

Wendy slowly pushed him away after she calmed down and grinned, "I guess I have no choice then. I have to get those repair patches off my tits anyway, maybe these guys can help? Where's the van?"

"Right over there," Luke grinned as Wendy got into her destroyed shorts again,"Enjoy!"

He silently watched the girl make her way to the vehicle and couldn't help wonder what those guys would do to those fabulous tits of hers. Luke was sure she would enjoy the little extra attention after all he had put her through. She would tell him every detail the next day, no doubt. Maybe they could watch the recording together while she tried to make him jealous with her report. Yes, that was a good idea. He wondered how she would react to the close-up shots of her brutally fucked pussy and her bouncing tits that he had ordered. He couldn't wait to see that!