**Born to be Wilder**

by[**JackandJilldo**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1234952&page=submissions)©

This is the sequel to my first nude motorcycle adventure, "Born to be Wild." I got so worked up riding through Joshua Tree without any clothes on, that I decided to make a habit of riding nude on the weekends, and it was the best decision I ever made! If you're not familiar with my first story, then let me fill you in!  
  
Last month, I experienced a motorcycle ride unlike any other. I ended up out in the middle of the desert completely nude, and decided to continue riding for the rest of the day without any clothes on. Once I got back into town, I found myself the center of attention from every passing car as I rode clothes-free up the main boulevard. And I have to admit, I loved every damned minute of it! I hated to finally get home, but I vowed then and there to ride nude every Saturday from there on out. Sunday too, if I still craved more.  
  
I imagined myself cruising fully nude up on Mulholland, or down Laurel Canyon into North Hollywood. From there, I would ride straight down Hollywood Boulevard; perhaps even parking the scoot and strolling down the sidewalk as nude as the day I was born, just soaking up all of the looks that I knew everyone would be giving me.  
  
I had always had a bit of a nudist streak (pardon the pun) in me; that was why I wanted to take my clothes off and ride nude out in Joshua Tree, but it wasn't until I found myself back in the outskirts of LA that I realized I was also a closet exhibitionist. That was when I realized I wanted out of the closet very badly, and when I formulated my plan to ride at least once a week entirely nude. I would leave the house with nothing but my keys and money, and ride all day without any clothes on. I would have to stop for gas and food, and my imagination ran wild as I envisioned myself walking into a diner without any clothes on! Oh my god! All of those people staring at me as I waited to be seated! Mmm... The thought was naughty, and just thinking about it caused me to pause for several minutes as I masturbated myself into a series of creamy, dreamy orgasms. Once my lust was temporarily quenched, I laid out a tentative schedule for the following Saturday.  
  
I awoke fairly early, as I was very excited to begin my nude ride through town. I showered and applied sunscreen to my nude body before leaving the house. I didn't want to sunburn any part of my unclothed body! As usual, I got very excited and needed to masturbate before I even started! That had to be an omen; it was going to be a very sensual day!  
  
I left the house without a single stitch of clothing on; not even shoes, and walked barefooted (and bare) around the apartment complex to the alley where my bike was parked. I dropped my purse into one of the saddlebags and mounted my all black motorcycle. I turned her on and slowly rode down the alleyway, coming to a stop to check for traffic. All was clear, so off I went on my first deliberately-nude adventure.  
  
The sun was already warm as I cruised down the four lane road wearing nothing but my mirrored sunglasses and the tiniest of helmets; my long blonde hair waving in the breeze behind my shoulders. It felt absolutely wonderful to be riding like this! I felt so free, as the wind whipped across my nipples and breasts, and funneled up between my long, slim legs; helping to cool my red hot cunt.  
  
I needed to top the tank off, so I stopped at the local convenience store about two blocks from my apartment. I pulled up to the pump, dropped the kickstand and turned the bike off, retrieving my purse from the saddlebag so I could pay for my gas and get a bottle of Gatorade for the ride. I strode confidently across the parking lot to the entrance, nodding politely to a young guy who stared at me with a dumbfounded look on his face.  
  
I entered the store and waved to the guy behind the counter as I headed for the refrigerated section to get my Gatorade.  
  
"Good morning, Gus!" I said enthusiastically as I passed.  
  
"Sh-Sheila?" he gasped in disbelief. "Is that you?"  
  
"Yep." I replied, as I grabbed my Gatorade and returned to the checkout. "I'm going for a ride. It's a beautiful day out. This is my new nice day outfit. Do you like it?"  
  
"Y-yes it... it is!" he stammered. "I've uh, never seen you like that before. You look... great in your nice day outfit."  
  
"Why thank you!" I responded, as I watched his gaze drop to first my firm c-cup tits, and then to my neatly trimmed blonde bush. "I feel great too. I hope it's okay. There's no sign on the door saying 'no shirt, no shoes, no service.'"  
  
"Um, no... it's fine. No shirt, no shoes, no pants, no problem!" Gus exclaimed. "You feel free to stop in here anytime you want!"  
  
"Great!" I said with a smile. "I'll be sure to stop in here each time I go riding then. As long as the weather is nice, I'll be wearing this outfit."  
  
"That's perfectly okay with me." he answered. "Just let me know ahead of time so I can be sure I'm here. I don't want anyone hassling you or anything, you know."  
  
"That's very nice of you." I said, as I paid for my purchases. "Would you like to snap a pic of me in the event you're late next time or something?"  
  
Gus nodded excitedly and pulled out his cellphone, snapping several shots of me as I slowly backed out the door; giving him some nice full frontals for use later on. They would most likely end up on the Internet as well, but I couldn't have cared any less as I turned and headed back across the parking lot.  
  
"I'll bet he'll jerk off to those on his next break." I thought to myself, as I slowly walked back to the gas pump to fuel up. "Poor guy. Maybe I should offer to give give him a hand job the next time I drop by dressed like this. Hell, I'll bet he'd let me gas up for free if I told him I'd suck his dick."  
  
Five minutes later, I was back on the road with the warm sun shining on my bare back as I headed for the Santa Monica Freeway. Traffic was fairly light as I cruised along the freeway, but I was still acutely aware of the stares I was getting. At highway speed, the wind felt wonderful on my bare body, and I was slowly beginning to get aroused again. I decided to exit the freeway and head for Griffith Park instead of the Santa Monica Pier, so I could go for a walk and find a nice private spot where I could bring myself to another wonderful set of orgasms.  
  
I parked the bike under the shade of a large eucalyptus tree and grabbed my purse from the saddlebag, dropping my keys into it and heading up a nice pathway that led uphill. After several minutes, I glanced around to be sure I was alone and ducked off the path into the natural vegetation. I proceeded for several hundred feet to be certain I was by myself, and began rubbing myself as I continued walking around nude. I had never walked around nude like this outdoors before, except for when I was in Joshua Tree, but this was different. I was hiking nude!  
  
I continued playing with myself as I ventured ever deeper into the scrub growth. Suddenly, I felt a wonderful feeling building deep inside my cunt as I reached my orgasm. I didn't even notice that the scrub had stopped and I was now standing out in the open. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through my cunt as I climaxed, and my knees gave out from under me. My legs buckled and I dropped to my knees, feverishly frigging my wet cunt with my fingers until it subsided.  
  
I remained on my knees for several seconds with my ass sitting on my heels as I slowly regained my breath. Only then did I realize I had stumbled out of the scrub and was now on another path, complete with an audience of about a dozen people! I was absolutely mortified! Someone began clapping, and soon everyone joined in as I slowly stood up. Without a word, I turned and fled back into the scrub, hightailing it back to the first path and running as fast as my bare feet would carry me back to my bike.  
  
I mounted my steel steed and smoked out of the parking lot as fast I could, wanting to get away from that embarrassing situation as quickly as possible. It dawned on me, however, as I turned onto the Golden State Parkway, that what I had just experienced was not a bad thing at all. In fact, it was exactly part of what I had dreamed about! Those people were clapping for my performance; masturbating and cumming in front of them. They loved my nude body and they loved watching me cum! It was official; I was truly a full-fledged exhibitionist now, and no one was going to stop me from being nude and even masturbating in public. How wonderful it would be on my next ride, to head down to La Jolla and take the stairs down to Black's Beach, where I could meet like-minded people and maybe even masturbate right there on the beach if I did it during the week when there weren't a lot of families around.  
  
The excitement of what I had just done kept building as I continued my naked motorcycle ride. I found myself giggling as I went over it time and time again in my mind. Oh my god! It had been so totally fucking cool! I had actually cum in front of an audience! I was hooked and I wanted more. It was like smoking crack. I had only done it once, but I was totally addicted to both public nudity and public masturbation. Where could I do it next? How long could I do it before I got caught? What would happen if I did get caught? The questions filled my head as I exited the freeway and headed for Mulholland Drive.  
  
Something overcame me, and I decided to stop by the Hollywood Bowl first. The driveway was barricaded, but I went around the chain anyway. I parked the bike and pulled my helmet off; glancing around. I was by myself and it was completely quiet. I wandered around for a while, before approaching the world-famous stage. Suddenly, I found myself up on that stage, overlooking several acres of mowed grass and imagining I was performing live, in front of thousands of people. What was I doing in front of all of those people? Was I singing? Was I giving a naughty sex show?  
  
Mmm, yes. That was it! I was standing in front of ten thousand people, rubbing my clit and sliding my fingers into my sopping wet cunt. Without even realizing it, I began to act out the scenario. I was complexity unaware that I was masturbating once again, until I was suddenly jerked back to reality by an authoritative female voice.  
  
"You there! What are you doing?"  
  
As I snapped back into the real world, I opened my eyes and was horrified to find myself looking down at a female security guard. That was it. This time, I was busted. There was no way out of this one as near as I could tell, except for the fact that I was technically on private property. I didn't know what to expect, as I slowly removed my fingers from my dripping cunt.  
  
"I said," she repeated, "what are you doing?"  
  
"Um, uh... I was uh, pretending I was putting on a sex show in front of a full audience." I admitted timidly. "I didn't know anyone was actually watching."  
  
"Well I was." the woman replied, as she made her way onto the stage. "And I loved what I was seeing. Please continue."  
  
"For real?" I inquired. "You really want me to keep going?"  
  
"I do. I want to watch you cum. Then I want you to make me cum. Are you okay with that?"  
  
I had never actually had a lesbian experience before, although I had fantasized about bisexual relationships from time to time. I guess now was as good a time as any, to explore my sexual desires with another woman.  
  
"Yes." I replied with a slight tone of trepidation to my voice. "I guess."  
  
"You guess?" the woman echoed as she reached me. "Yes or no, Sweetie."  
  
"I've never been with another woman before." I responded quietly. "I've thought about it, but I've never actually gone through with it."  
  
"Well then," the security guardess cooed, "this is the perfect time to play Captain Cook and explore my cunt with your tongue. Yes?"  
  
I nodded in response.  
  
"Yes, I'll lick your cunt. But I want to do it right here; up onstage. I want us to have our very own sex show."  
  
The woman smiled.  
  
"Well now, aren't you just the little exhibitionist freak? Okay, you can eat me out right here, but before you do, keep playing with yourself until you cum. I want to see you cum."  
  
"Yes Ma'am." I replied, as I began playing with myself again.  
  
I had never deliberately masturbated in front of a woman before, but it was really turning me on. The fact that the security guard was taking her clothes off in front of me as I continued, got me even more wound up. I stared at her nude body as I slid my entire hand into my cunt, wiggling my fingers around deep inside of my womanhood.  
  
"Damn, you look so hot!" she murmured, as she took off the last of her clothes. "So pretty; so hot."  
  
"You're hot too." I choked, as I felt the stirrings of another orgasm begin. "I'm going to cum. I want to look at your nude body while I cum! Oh shit; you're so pretty! Oh fuck; I'm going to cum! I'm going to- oh shit, I'm cumming!"  
  
Once again, I fell to my knees as they gave out. This time, a loud squirting noise could be heard as I climaxed. Warm liquid dribbled out of my gushing cunt and ran all over my wrist. I finally stopped cumming and pulled my hand from my cunt with a loud slurping sound. I fell backwards to a reclining position and panted heavily as the woman approached me.  
  
"That was so hot, Sweetie!" she gushed. "You really turn me on. I can't wait to feel your tongue in my cunt. I want you to make me cum all over your gorgeous face!"  
  
"Mmm, I'd love that." I responded. "I'm Sheila, by the way."  
  
"Well Sheila, I'm Stacy and I want you to lick my cunt!"  
  
"I have an idea." I said brightly. "Let's run around nude out there in the grass. We'll get all worked up and I'll eat you out, out there in the middle of all of that open space. If anyone's parked up on the overlook, they'll be able to see us."  
  
"Ooh Baby, I like that idea!" Stacy exclaimed.  
  
She took my hand and led me offstage and onto the ground. We ran all over the grassy area for at least five minutes; cavorting about and leaping into the air. Suddenly, Stacy pulled me down to the ground.  
  
"Eat me." she instructed. "Lick my cunt and make me cum. I want to cum all over your pretty little face, Bitch."  
  
I moved in between her legs and inhaled her musky aroma. I had never tasted another woman's pussy before, but as hot as I was, I was more than ready. I plunged my tongue deep into her wet cunt and began probing the inner reaches of her womanhood. Even though I had never done this before, it felt natural, and I took to it like a fish to water.  
  
"Oh yes." Stacy moaned. "Lick my cunt! Make me cum!"  
  
I pulled my tongue from her cunt and began licking her clit, as I slid my fingers into her warm, wet cunt. Stacy began moaning in pleasure, and I intensified my licks. I slid my hand deep inside her cunt and to my surprise, it slid past her pelvis. My entire arm was inside of her cunt up to my elbow! I made a fist and began pounding her loose cunt until she began shrieking with pleasure. Her hips bucked, and her bare feet kicked, as she exploded in a spectacular orgasm.  
  
"Oh fuck Sheila!" she bellowed. "Oh fuck, you are the best!"  
  
We both fell back to the ground, feeling the grass beneath our backs as we lay there catching our breath.  
  
"That was wonderful, Sheila." she whispered. "Thank you."  
  
"You're welcome." I replied. "Maybe next time you'll do the same thing to me."  
  
"You mean it? You want to see me again?" Stacy cried out. "Oh Sheila, I do want to see you again."  
  
I held my hands out and helped Stacy to her feet. Off in the distance, I could hear the faint blare of a musical horn. I looked up and could see something glinting from the lookout above us.  
  
"Looks like we have an audience." I observed, as I put my arm around Stacy's waist and led her back to the stage. "Someone's watching us through binoculars."  
  
"I hope they got a good show." she said dreamily.  
  
"I think they did." I said with a smile. "Either way, we were the stars of the show, and we both had front row seats."  
  
"Speaking of front row," Stacy responded shyly, "I can get you in for Lady Gogo next week if you want. As part of security here, I'm allowed a guest and we'll both have front and center, along with backstage passes. I just need to let Sergeant Hooker know by Monday."  
  
"That would be nice." I replied. "Thank you."  
  
"You'll be my date then?" Stacy asked excitedly.  
  
"Yes," I replied carefully, "but I'm not a lesbian. I don't want you thinking I'll be your girlfriend. I mean, I'll be your girlfriend casually, but not for a single relationship. Is that okay?"  
  
Stacy looked disappointed, but nodded.  
  
"I can be a friend with benefits, maybe?" she inquired hopefully.  
  
"That would be great!" I responded with a smile. "I'd like that."  
  
"Me too! I can't wait to see you again."  
  
"My phone is in my saddlebag," I said, as we found ourselves back onstage again, "but I'll give you my number. Text me later and I'll call you when I get home, okay?"  
  
"Okay!" Stacy replied.  
  
She placed her arms around me and kissed me passionately on the lips.  
  
"You know, Lady Gogo likes to take her clothes off onstage." She whispered. "I'll bet she'd love to have you join her."  
  
"We'll see." I said with a smile. "I'll call you later."  
  
With that, I walked back to my bike and turned her over. I cranked the throttle a few times and nodded at Stacy as I backed around and headed out. It was coming up on noon, and I still had a lot of ground to cover, as well as stopping somewhere for lunch. I'll have to admit that so far, this was the best day ever! Not only was I riding all over LA completely nude, I had also experienced my first orgasm in front of an audience, as well as my very first lesbian encounter. If the day was only halfway through, I was looking forward to what the second half had in store for me!  
  
I finally got onto Mulholland and headed west. It wasn't long before I reached the famous overlook above the Hollywood Bowl. I crossed traffic and pulled in. I stared down for a minute, reflecting on what had just happened, when I heard my phone chime from the saddlebag. I turned the bike off and got my phone out. It was a text from Stacy. That sure was quick! She really must have been serious about her invitation. I smiled as I read the short message:  
  
"Really looking forward to talking to you later. I miss you already."  
  
"Miss you too." I texted back. "Look up at the overlook."  
  
I looked down for a few seconds, and suddenly a figure appeared from the side of the amphitheater. I blew the horn twice, and Stacy waved back. I smiled and pulled back onto Mulholland, continuing west until I came to Laurel Canyon. Just as I had imagined, I found myself winding down into North Hollywood, stopping at a red light and glancing over my right shoulder at the location of the infamous North Hollywood shootout. The light turned green, and I made a right turn.  
  
A few blocks later, I saw a restaurant that looked like a good place to stop for lunch. I dismounted the bike and grabbed my purse; heading for the entrance. Once again, there was no sign on the door that discriminated against top freedom - or in this case - clothes freedom, so I opened the door and walked in. There were a few gasps as I stood there waiting to be seated, but nothing major. Shortly, a young woman approached me and looked me up and down.  
  
"Table for one?" she inquired.  
  
"Yes please." I replied. "A booth if you have it."  
  
"This way please."  
  
I followed her past many gawking eyes to the back of the establishment.  
  
"Here you go." she said pleasantly, as she set the menu on the table. "Enjoy your meal."  
  
I thanked her and perused the menu. I knew immediately what I wanted. Soon after, a waiter stopped at the table and cleared his throat.  
  
"May I take your order?" he inquired huskily.  
  
"I would like a mushroom and Swiss burger with a glass of milk." I replied cheerily. "Get it here quick; I want the milk room temperature, and if you get it all right, not only will you get a good tip, I'll let you squeeze my tits too."

The waiter looked shocked for a second but quickly regained his composure.  
  
"I'll have your lunch here ASAP!" he blurted. "And I'll give you the best service you've ever had!"  
  
True to his word, he was back in less than four minutes with my burger and a glass of milk that had been slightly warmed to room temperature.  
  
"Perfect," I said as I smiled at him. "I'm seeing a nice tip coming your way, and a nice grope coming mine."  
  
"Y-yes." he stammered in reply. "Nice tit- I mean, tip."  
  
I was ravenous, so I dug into my burger and fries with gusto, topping it all off with that tall glass of cool milk. When I was finished, the waiter returned and left the check on the table.  
  
"I'll take that when you're ready." he said nervously.  
  
I nodded and he left. I looked at the bill and it totaled just over ten dollars. I placed a twenty on top and set it back on the table. A few minutes later he returned and picked it up.  
  
"Keep the change." I cooed. "I promised you a nice tip."  
  
"Yes Ma'am." he replied. "You did."  
  
"I also promised you something else." I continued. "Sit down here next to me."  
  
The waiter glanced around and sat nervously next to me.  
  
"Go ahead and squeeze them." I whispered in his ear. "Squeeze my titties. Take all the time you want."  
  
He sighed, as he began massaging my firm tits; kneading them in his fingers like raw bread dough. I reached over and slid my hand down his pants, grabbing his hard cock and tugging on it rhythmically.  
  
"Oh god!" he whispered. "I'm going to cum!"  
  
He shot his load all over my palm and I withdrew my hand from his pants, wiping it on the tablecloth.  
  
"That was the best service I've ever had." I whispered in his ear. "I hope you feel the same way."  
  
He croaked something unintelligible in reply, and I smiled warmly as I stood up.  
  
"Have a nice afternoon." I bade him farewell, as I strolled casually toward the door.  
  
I grinned to myself, as I once again mounted my faithful steed and headed for the open road. I spent the next several hours cruising busy boulevards and avenues, gradually working my sexual appetite up once again. I eventually found myself at the Santa Monica Pier and walked casually past all of the amusement rides to the very end. I sat on a bench and spread my legs in full view of at least two dozen fishermen, and began to openly masturbate in front of them, their forms silhouetted against the setting sun.  
  
One by one, they all set their poles down and watched intently, as I rubbed my clit in front of them. A few unzipped their pants and pulled their dicks out, stroking them until they were hard. Eventually, all were jerking off in front of me, and I gave them all a challenge.  
  
"All of you shoot off in front of me and I'll squirt for you." I promised.  
  
"Fuck yeah!" someone muttered.  
  
He stepped forward and ejaculated in front of me, groaning in pleasure as he did so. One after the other, everyone shot off onto the deck as well, until only one guy was left.  
  
"Come here, you lucky bastard." I instructed.  
  
He nodded, and staggered toward me, continuing to jerk off as he did so. He stopped in front of me and I grinned at him as I opened my mouth.  
  
"Put it right here, Sailor."  
  
He groaned and shot his load right into my mouth. I swallowed it all and slid my lips over his cock to suckle even more.  
  
"Feel good?" I inquired.  
  
He nodded in reply, without uttering a word.  
  
"Good. Now all of you as I promised, watch me squirt!"  
  
I continued rubbing my fingers over my clit while I slid my other hand all the way into my cunt.  
  
"Here it comes, Boys!" I groaned. "Oh my god, this one feels so fucking good! Oh fuck! Oh fucking FUCK!"  
  
I screamed at the top of my lungs, as my insides shuddered. Stream after stream of piss and cum erupted from my cunt, as I experienced the most intense orgasm of my life. When it was finally over, I shakily got to my feet and tottered back down the pier. I climbed on my bike and headed for home. By the time I got back to my apartment, it was completely dark. I turned the bike off and took my purse from the saddlebag, and climbed the stairs to the second floor.  
  
I unlocked the door and turned on the lights, before turning on the TV to catch the local news before I showered and turned in for the night. I was just in time to hear the headlines of the days events.  
  
"Also tonight, we bring you ongoing coverage of that mysterious woman seen riding completely nude all over LA today on a motorcycle. Police say no laws were broken, as California has no state laws regarding public nudity, but she still seems to have caused quite a stir, particularly at the Santa Monica Pier, where details are sketchy, but several witnesses claim she engaged in some sort of lewd behavior. More as we hear."  
  
"Mmm, I've got more right here." I sighed, as I found my favorite battery operated boyfriend and slid him into my slippery slit. "Oh shit, why can't every day be Saturday?"