**Breaking in a Brand New Bicycle**

by harry lime

**Chapter 1**

Alice got the best present ever for her 18th birthday party. Her daddy knew his little angel had been wishing for a new bicycle ever since her older brother Harold passed his beat-up old one to her four years ago and he graduated to his grandfather's old Ford truck.

Harold was now an old man in his early twenties and keeping very late hours at state college.

Her new bicycle was pink and she was not sure that she really liked the color but it was one of the more expensive models and she saw it had lights and a bell and even brakes that made her come to a screeching halt whenever she wanted.

Everything about it seemed to work properly except for the seat itself. The seat was made of very nice smelling leather and was padded to be very comfortable under her teen-age bottom. The main problem was that it had been damaged somehow in the original shipment and it was shaped a bit oddly for riding comfort.

It was on the tip of Alice's tongue to register a complaint to her father but the problem posed seemed a bit indelicate for a teen-aged daughter to be discussing with a widowed parent.

She decided to give the bike some test runs just to see how much of a problem it would be.

The very first ride was on the bumpy road behind the sawmill. She knew it would be a real good test for the new bike. Everything seemed to be going well until she made the turn at the top of the hill and started to descend down into the farmland that adjoined her family's home.

The odd shaped seat with the lumpy ridge that poked right into her female slit was suddenly pressing with desperate insistence over every little pebble in the road. There was no way she could stop until she got to the bottom of the hill, so she just gritted her teeth and put up the strange feeling.

About halfway down the hill, Alice knew something was seriously wrong with her insides. She felt her tinkle hole getting very wet and she was sure it not because she needed to tinkle. Even her poopy hole was starting to tingle with a desire to feel the leather seat back there as well. She wondered if this was what the older girls at school called "having sex".

Alice took firm hold of the handle bars and squeezed her legs together. Actually, that tended to make matters worse and she started to scream out loud into the empty morning air. Just then the bike encountered a series of small ruts and she felt her secret place spurt out lots of juice that made her inner legs and the new bike seat very wet.

Alice applied the brakes at the bottom of the hill and came to a quick and shuddering stop. She stood there for a few minutes shaking with a new kind of emotion that make her feel very good inside.

With a determined look in her eye, she walked her new bike back up to the top of the hill and did it all over again with exactly the same results. This strange new feeling was like a whole new world to her.

She looked around to make sure no one was looking and looked under her shorts to see if her little pussy was still all right. Everything seemed normal and just the same as ever, except for the oodles of sticky liquid that definitely was not pee.

When she continued on her ride to return home, Alice slid forward on the seat just enough to bring her hidden brown eye in contact with the misshapen leather seat. She had a big smile on her face when she arrived home. Alice had discovered an entirely new way to enjoy her bike-riding. She thought that the newest way of riding was even nicer than the first. Her father saw her leave the new bike on the porch and asked her how she liked her ride.

"Oh, daddy, it was so nice! I never had so much fun. Thank you, thank you, thank you for such a wonderful gift."

He watched her walking up the stairs to her bedroom with a dreamy look in her eyes and sort of a bow-legged look to her movement.

For the next several months, Alice rode her new bike everywhere. Sometimes when she got where she was going, she just turned around and went back and did it all over again.

The problem started when she had a small accident on that same hill of her first introduction of the wonders of her "perfect" bicycle seat and her bike had to go to the shop for immediate repairs.

After about three days, a very agitated and distraught young girl sat on the porch wishing she had her bike back.

Her father came out and sat down next to her. He knew something was bothering his beautiful young daughter. Since the purpose of his whole existence was to make his little girl happy, he simply had to know what was bothering her.

It took quite a while and a lot of convincing, but after a lengthy interrogation, Alice's father found out exactly what was making his daughter miserable.

"Alice, you are a blossoming young girl."

Alice interrupted her father.

"It's all right, daddy, I know all about the "birds and the bees". They tell us everything in school now. I even know about condoms and taking pills and everything a girl should know."

He just looked at her and chuckled.

"I want you to talk to my friend Harry. He knows all about stuff like this and will set you straight about what is best for you."

He called Harry on the phone and told Alice that he would be over right after dinner.

Her father took the opportunity to see the new film at the corner cinema when Harry arrived because he thought Harry needed to talk to his daughter in private.

Harry was quite to the point when he explained to Alice,

"Alice, you have been using the bike as a masturbation tool. You have been "getting off" on that newly designed leather seat ever since you first started riding."

Alice giggled and snuggled up next to the older man. In fact, she even draped herself across his lap and started to hum to herself as she felt his "thing" start to rise between her cheeks. It felt so nice that she could not resist reaching down and fondling it with a gentle and respectful touch.

Poor Alice was so starved for her bike seat that she rode the smiling Harry's pole just like she was riding her bike. He wrapped his hands around her and let her bounce as hard as she wanted until he heard her saying naughty words he didn't even knew she understood the meaning of.

Alice clutched her Harry's arm and ground her naughty bottom around his sturdy cock. Her orgasm was the very best ever. It was even better than riding down the hill on her bike.

They both went hand and hand inside the house and she slipped into the shower he was taking when he wasn't looking. She went down on her knees and soaped up his long thick cock. After he was nice and clean, she wrapped her lips around him and started to suck him just like the girls in school told her that the boys liked to happen. He tasted real good to her and his hands on the back of her head guided her movements real nice. All she had to do was suck and swallow as hard as she could and not lose any of the sticky man juice.

Harry gently pulled her up before he shot his load into her mouth. He turned her around facing away from him so her tiny little ass was offered up to his cock like a virgin sacrifice. He was not interested in her brown eye right now. He pushed her head down and rubbed his greedy cock on her shaved pussy lips. He was real glad to see she had imitated his divorced wife's way of keeping her pussy hair nicely shaved.

Alice groaned and whimpered wanting the gentleman's cock deep inside her. It was just so much nicer than the lovely bike seat.

"Harry, I'm all wet inside. You can stick it in me all the way. My home room teacher gave all us girls a couple of emergency "morning after" pills in case we needed them."

Those words were exactly the signal Harry needed to shove his thick cock straight up her tight vaginal channel and break her intact cherry. He bottomed out on her virgin cervix and she let her pussy lips flutter around his cock with little butterfly wings right on the base of his rock hard cock.

Alice was sobbing and begging him to not stop.

"Don't stop, Harry. Fuck me hard, please, Harry. Make me take it all the way up inside. I want you to ride me, Harry. Promise you will cum inside. Please, Harry. Give it to me. I will be a good girl for you."

Her words and the tightness of her pussy were so exciting that the excited Harry shot his load long before he wanted to. He had wanted to experience the joy of sliding in and out of her teenage slit as long as possible.

After shooting his final spurt of creamy cum, Harry lifted her off his cock. She protested that she did not want him to take it out. When he continued to massage her pretty ass, she joined him in the big bed and let him spoon her bottom. Little Alice knew he would be hard again sooner than expected and she wanted to experience the same filling sensation in her tight little brown eye.

Very early the next morning, even before the first light came over the treetops, Alice was aroused from her sleep by a very hard rod poking her right in the middle of her deep spread wide apart crack. She looked over her shoulder and saw Harry still had his eyes closed. She didn't see the smile on his face and the one open eye as soon as she turned back around. Carefully, she explored his fully extended cock and maneuvered it right onto her pulsating brown eye waiting in fearful anticipation. She had lifted her top buttock to let him gain easy entrance.

According to the girls at school, all she had to do was relax and breathe through her mouth and Mother Nature would take care of the rest. Alice did exactly that and was rewarded with the slow but steady stretching of her sphincter muscle allowing Harry's ten inch cock inside her tight rectal channel.

She fought the urge to hump her pretty ass back for immediate impalement and just relaxed and tried the trick of pushing out like she was going to go. Each time she did that, the huge cock slid in at least another inch. After about twenty minutes of sheer pleasure, the cock was fully imbedded inside the teenager's cheerleader trained bottom and she trembled with the feeling she first felt "going down the hill". It was her squirting female juices that drove Harry to further action.

At first, Harry was a bit reluctant. He never intended to have carnal relations with the pretty young girl. He didn't consider himself to be a pervert or anything like that. It was just that he wanted to make his Alice happy and reduce her stress whilst her new bike was being repaired. Now, all of a sudden, he was buried deep inside the little princess's ass cheeks and she was having an "all grown-up" orgasm.

He was initially undecided what course of action to take.

Then, with a very devious look over her shoulder, little Alice made his decision for him. She started to hump back deliciously on his rock-hard cock and started to make the most erotic whimpers of excited satisfaction that he had ever heard. It was far too much for the red-blooded male and he started to pound the sexy teenager's bottom as hard as he could. He grabbed hold of her shoulders for more leverage and watched her ass cheeks slap together with his demanding cock buried deep inside.

"Harry! That feels so good. Make me take it, Harry. I will be a good girl, I promise. Oh, Harry, you are all the way inside me. Please shoot your stuff in me back there. I want to feel your thing jumping inside me when you shoot your stuff. That's it, Harry, just like that. It's so nice, Harry."

Harry could not hold back any longer. He grabbed her pretty ponytail and drove his throbbing cock right up into her rectal back wall. His spurts of hot cum made the girl wail out like a cat being held by its tail. Her arms and feet were shaking with excitement and she bit the pillow to keep from screaming and waking the neighbors.

Alice's first ever ass-fucking was a huge success. They looked at each other in astonishment. Neither one had expected this coupling to be so satisfying.

"Harry, can I be your little ass girl forever?"

Harry had to chuckle. She was just so cute sitting there with his cum seeping out of her pretty little pucker hole.

"Honey, I only wish that you will let this old man make your pussy and ass happy for as long as you want. But you really need some young man to give you what you need. Guess what? My son Mark will be back from college at the end of the month. I am sure you two will find some way to keep from getting bored at home."

Alice thought about that on the way to school. She smiled because she was certain the handsome Mark with the curly black hair and the tight tiny butt had learned a whole lot stuff at college and he would be ready to teach her everything he knew each night he was at home.

Maybe she wouldn't have to ride her bike so much anymore.

**Chapter 2**

Alice was coming home from the local outdoor pool where she went almost every day to practice her varied strokes in an effort to get on the prestigious private swim team near the University. It was her chance to have a shot at the Olympics being held the following year. She still did a lot of exercise on her bicycle but her little hobby with the special bicycle seat was no longer a priority with Mr. Harry giving her loads of pipe in her tight little channel. She had taken a liking to letting him ride her bareback around the fenced yard making her muscles stronger and her ability to move with flexible skill nicely honed.

They took care that her father did not catch wind of their extra-curricular activities because he would definitely not be pleased.

Harry was waiting in the living room and gave her the bad news that her father was in the hospital with a serious gall bladder condition that needed an immediate operation. He assured her it was not life-threatening but needed to be attended to right away. He told her that they had already called for her Aunt Josephine to come in from St. Louis but she would not be there until Sunday. In the meantime, he would be staying over at their house to take care of things.

It sounded fine to Alice and she hoped that some the things he was going to "take care of" involved her panties being pulled down to her ankles. They didn't even bother to go to the bedroom. He was riding her around the living room spanking her sweating bottom as hard as he could making her laugh and giggle in mock dismay.

They had done it in her back door several times previously, but he told her it was time she learned how to accept some "special attention" in her tight little posterior hole.

Alice was not quite sure what that meant but his tongue back there made her hold her tongue and she concentrated on being an "Apt pupil". She saw the long chain of graduated love beads in his hands and watched him covering them with a nice coat of lubricant from the bottle she hid under the sink.

He shoved them in one after the other causing her increasing stress from the delicate stretching needed to take in the larger ones. She had them all inside except for the very last one and no matter how much they both struggled to get it in, her sphincter would just not cooperate and surrender to her mentor's will. She was further humiliated, when he spanked her so hard that her ass cheeks turned a shade of red that would irritate a raging bull.

Harry was not in the least bit put off by this and whipped his long instrument out bouncing it on her backside in a high-spirited display of "Alpha" male domination. Alice was in seventh heaven because her kinky fantasies were being fulfilled. Without warning, Harry grabbed her slender hips and buried his rod inside her pretty bottom all the way to the hilt. His soft balls were crushed against her already drenched slit and she whimpered just the way he loved to hear her pleading for respite.

This was the tableau that her Aunt Josephine walked in on later that evening as she arrived early from St. Louis on a non-stop flight. It was hard for her to believe it was her niece's teenage ass sticking up in the air with her face buried in the goose-down pillow. What really caught her attention was the huge ten inch cock disappearing into her niece's backside with suctioned sounds of anal pleasure.

"Joe" was a religious woman recently widowed from her minister husband of over twenty years but she was still attractive and relatively young at "not quite" forty. Her only child was a twenty year old "Sorority" female called Heather who had lost all pretense of being well-behaved. Joe knew of her daughter's sexual excesses in college but had little influence in modifying her behavior. It irked her to see the condoms and the dirty thongs and male underwear in her dorm room but she could not do anything about it.

"Alice, you tell that fellow to hop off your backside this instance or I will wallop the both of you until you see stars!"

Harry scrambled to his feet just as his equipment went into overdrive and high arcs of creamy cum decorated the wallpaper next to the armoire and splashed on Aunt Josephine's prim and proper black traveling suit that was so tight it accentuated the outline of her luscious ass cheeks that were still in fine shape at her age.

The humiliated Alice ran into the bathroom leaving Harry to explain the situation to Aunt Josephine.

"Your niece and I have been seeing each other ever since she turned eighteen. I promise we never did a thing before that even though we have known each other ever since my wife passed away."

The explanation struck a chord in Joe's heart because she had been God-awful lonely since her own beloved Jethro had passed the year before. She was getting mighty tired of digging that battery-operated thing out of the bottom drawer in the middle of the night just so she could get some shut-eye. In fact, the sight of Harry's magnificent equipment caused her to be more understanding of her niece's attraction to the man despite the fact he was nearer to her age than the young girl.

"Well, Harry, I do regret coming in on you two like that especially when you consider you were not quite finished with the task at hand."

Harry laughed and reached out to brush off some of the white sticky goo from Joe's black dress suit. Somehow his fingers got all entangled in her generous boobs and he managed to cop a feel that made his manhood come back to a position of readiness for the next act. The attractive widow looked down at the thing and her face turned red as she realized it had been a year since she had a real live cock inside her.

Alice came back out of the bathroom with a training bra and a fresh pair of thongs on her slender lower half. The only overly-dressed person in the room was the more mature female and she decided it was time for her to "join the party".

The other two watched her peel her clothing off piece by piece until all that was left was a "granny" bra and a pair of plain white panties that covered everything with discreet efficiency. Joe turned her back to Harry and removed her bra turning back to reveal a pair of double "D" breasts that were still a little perky and had firm erect nipples. Alice was instantly jealous but she knew her breasts were still growing and she had a good chance of imitated these magnificent boobs before she was finished.

Harry moved right in on her and let his fingers explore every little crevice of her slit and backside. She hung onto his shoulders with a panting moan of long repressed desire. With very little delay, he had her down on her back on the fluffy white carpet and she wrapped her legs around him with territorial greed. Alice did not want to be left out so she moved behind Harry and worked her fingers and then her tongue into his hindquarters making him pound Joe so hard that she almost blacked out with the need to orgasm.

Alice giggled listening to her Aunt's moans and whimpers taking Harry's huge cock in her mature twat. She reflected on the fact that for an older woman, her Aunt was pretty well-endowed and seemed to appreciate a skilled cock in the right place. Her hands and fingers could tell when he drained his load into her flooded vagina and she wrapped her fingers around his shaft as he gently withdrew from Joe's pretty snatch. The hint of creamy cum puddled at her cunt lips and she left her legs splayed wide open as if hoping for a repeat performance.

The young girl was determined that if there was any more juice to be dispensed it would be into one of her needy openings in the interests of fair and equal play.

Harry took her from behind after he had regained his strength and soon she was accelerating up the path to a satisfactory release. Her silly Aunt was kissing Harry's face all over using her tongue like an insect's feeler to discover his facial geography.

Little Alice wanted to show her Aunt she was a full-grown woman now and made of point of tantalizing Harry until he ventured another adventure into her tight little pucker hole right in front of Aunt Josephine. The older woman watched the juicy cock disappearing into the young girl's plump little backside with a slurping sound that made her own juices start to bubble up once more.

Alice looked up and saw the mature woman was rubbing her pretty snatch on Harry's smiling face and that her anus was opening and closing in anticipation of getting some of his back door loving coming her way real soon. It was on the tip of her tongue to tell her that she was the one that was going to get the cream pie on her rump but just then Harry pounded her ass hard and told her,

"Hang onto the table, I am ready to blow right now, baby!"

He flooded her gut with his red-hot joy-juice and she knew she would be leaking his stuff for the next 24 hours. She begged him not to take it out but he just smiled and slowly let his shrinking cock fall out with a satisfied little plop and a gush of creamy white liquid.

The next day, Alice let her Aunt Josephine ride her bike with the special bike seat and watched her go down the hill like a crazed woman with a one-track mind. She giggled knowing that Joe was getting the thrill of a lifetime as she hurried pushing the bike back up the hill for another go. One look at her stained hot pants told her how much fun the older woman was having with the tension-reducing equipment.

She was so envious of the whole affair that she took a ride down the hill herself pausing at the bottom to sop up some of her juices with an extra pair of her white cotton panties. They looked at each other wondering who would chicken out first. Alice gave the win to her Aunt because she didn't want to create any animosity when there was absolutely no need to make an enemy.

When her Aunt departed back to her home after her father got out of the hospital, Alice made a present of the bike to the woman for her "exercise sessions" in the small town near St. Louis. It was sent by separate flight in the cargo hold of the same airline company at no extra charge.

Her father was well-rested and started to go out with a middle-aged nurse he had met in the hospital. She had shown excited interest in the size of his equipment when bathing him on a daily basis. He was appreciative of her ministrations and they both giggled when his emissions arced up to decorate the curtain rod around his hospital bed. The female doctor in the next cubicle knew exactly what they were doing but found it exciting and not in the least bit untoward considering the circumstances.

Alice was happy he was totally distracted whilst Harry pounded her pretty ass into grateful submission behind the locked door of her bedroom. They could hear her father's bed banging into the thin wall and Alice wondered if the other couple could hear any of the noises he allowed to escape her lips in those moments when she had absolutely no control over.

Harry bought her a very expensive Italian racer with a high seat that disappeared deep inside her heated crotch and gaped ass cheeks. It had a design of ridges and bumps that made her gasp with pleasure at every turn. Some of the other female bike riders knew exactly what she was experiencing and smiled when she flew by with a smile on her face.

Her Aunt sent her a letter to tell her that she had lost a dozen pounds riding the bike and gained a male bike-riding friend who pumped air in her tires and tended to her widow's garden at every opportunity.

Alice was getting so fast on the bike now that she started to consider trying out for the Olympic team. She could see herself flying past thousands in the stands and millions watching on TV as she reached that point of no return on the customized bike seat that kept her smiling from start to finish.