**Cycling for Girls**

I was lucky enough to live is a very rural area , and the quiet lanes surrounding my parents house became the ideal playground for me to indulge my new found love of cycling. Over the next few years, I came to know every mile of those English country lanes. I would cycle along, enjoying the fresh air and freedom, and as I went, I would be grinding my tight little pussy into the saddle, causing my naughty clit to tingle with arousal. It was wonderful.

I also got to know the best places to stop and dismount, when I needed to find a secluded place to bring myself to an orgasm. To this day, I still remember all the places I used to stop along the route. I would jump off my bike, and after quickly checking that no one was around, I would push my bike off the road, sometimes down a deserted farm track, or through a hedge into a field, or off down a quite footpath through woods.

Once I had found my spot, I would lay down my bike, and then quickly pull down my panties. My fingers would then find my already dripping pussy, and I would either stand and finger myself, or if the ground was suitable, lay on my back and masturbate until I came.

After I had finished I would pull my knickers back on, and make my way home.

This pastime of mine continued for years. Readers of my stories will perhaps remember that I have been shaving my pussy since I was 16, and that by the time I was 18, I was no longer wearing knickers.

As I am sure you can all imagine, this situation brought new pleasures to my cycle rides. Now, not only did I have the wonderful sensations of the cool wind blowing up my skirt, and the narrow, leather saddle in direct contact with my puffy, swollen, wet lips, but there was also the sexual tension being created by the risk I was taking.

I knew that whenever a car passed me from behind, they might catch a glimpse of the nakedness beneath my skirt. And when a car passed me in the opposite direction, my skirt would often raise as the wind rushed past me. God, it was such a thrill. I would be in a constant state of arousal, and my poor saddle was continuously saturated with my hot pussy juice, as my hot lips slipped and slid from side to side, back and forth.

However, I had to wait until I was 19 before having the ultimate ride. It had been a hot day in July 2003, and later in the afternoon, when it had cooled down I set out on my bike. I'd probably travelled out 5 miles, and as usual I had nothing beneath my short skirt. My pussy was buzzing that afternoon, and I was soon looking for a place to stop, so that I could get my fingers working on my stiff clitoris, which was already easily visible, when I looked between my legs.

Eagerly, I continued pedalling, grinding my pussy hard against the hot, slippery saddle. But now I could feel the tremors and shakes of an orgasm rapidly approaching. I was beginning to gasp now, and not because of the cycling. I needed to get off the road, and find a private spot to finish myself off.

But nature was determined to take its course, and I didn't seem to have much choice. As I desperately looked for somewhere to dismount, I suddenly found that I was on the verge of orgasm. My hips were bucking on the saddle, as I tried to keep steering a straight line, and I knew I was in trouble.

I rounded a corner, and there was a small, narrow opening in the hedgerow, with an entrance into a field. Moaning with pleasure, gasping for breath, I pulled to a stop, putting my feet to the ground, my pussy still on the saddle. Standing there, at the side of the lane, I now found myself astride my bike, feverishly thrusting the narrow front end of the saddle between my well lubricated lips.

And then, with a load cry, I remember the fabulous sensation of a squirting orgasm take over my whole body. Hardly able to stand, I looked down to see my gorgeous puss squirting out a gushing flood of hot , slightly cloudy girl cum, which sprayed over my saddle, down my legs and onto the dusty road, drenching my bike as it did so .

Despite my knees almost giving way beneath me, I continued to fuck my saddle, thrusting my hips back and forth over the wet leather, gasping and moaning as my puss gushed again, this time clearer fluid, which ran, more like a tap, out of me.

I was still in a daze, taken by surprise at the intensity and rapid onset of my orgasm. In a spin, I began to dismount. At that moment, I heard the sound of a vehicle approaching. I didn't have time to think before it appeared. It was a red farm truck. As it passed me, it slowed, and I saw the driver, a guy in his 50's, looking at me, as I stood on the roadside.

With my legs glistening wet with my cum, and my puss still dribbling, I hastily pulled my skirt down with one hand, the other holding the handlebars of my bike. I wasn't sure how much he had seen as he had rounded the corner, but I had a feeling he may have glimpsed my private parts as I was dismounting.

My heart was thumping as, still with a pussy in spasm, the truck came to a stop opposite where I stood. I could see that, next to the driver, a small terrier dog sat on the front seat. The window wound down, and the chap gazed at me, as I stood, my knees weak, my pussy dripping, and I smiled casually at him.

"Good evening", I said, trying to control the tremor in my voice, caused by both my continuing orgasmic pulses, and my nervousness.

He regarded me for a few silent moments, and I knew, by the way his eyes followed my legs up from the damp, cum soaked ground, to my short white skirt, that he had indeed seen what was now hidden beneath the flimsy material.

"Nice evening", his said eventually, "for a ride".

I nodded, and could feel my cheeks glowing with a rush of embarrassed guilt at being found out.

"Lovely" , I agreed.

"I don't see many pretty girls like you riding around here", he said. "It’s surprising what you come across in the country. You just never know what you might see."

He gave me a long, intense gaze, as if to say " I saw your wet pussy, little girl, I saw it all".

There was an awkward few moments silence, which I had to break.

"Well, I'd better get on my way", I announced. He watched in silence, as I carefully mounted my bike again. Despite taking care, I knew it would be impossible not to give him confirmation that I was pantyless. With such a short skirt, and him sat low down in his truck, my nakedness was pretty obvious.

I quickly set off, and glanced back as I went, to see him gazing after me, smiling.

Despite my fragile state, I couldn't resist it. Standing up on my peddles I thrust my naked bottom in the air, and lifted up my skirt, to give him a final view of my swollen, red pussy disappearing around the corner.

I took an indirect route home that afternoon, partly to recover from the experience, and to make sure I didn't bump into him again!

To this day I still enjoy cycling - and all the pleasures it brings.......