

New Leathers

By

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Frankie loved the feel of the big bike between her legs. She hadn't planned on picking up the new Honda Gold Wing until next week, but when the dealer called and told her that the bike was in, she simply couldn't resist. Frankie smiled, *I'll be able to surprise Claire when she comes home from shopping and maybe, we can take a ride tonight!*

Dressed in her well broken in leather pants and jacket, Frankie handled the bike with ease. Perfectly fused, woman and machine melded together. Her clit was deliciously hard from the vibration of the powerful 1800cc engine. Frankie's arousal immediately brought Claire to mind. *I can't wait to see her in the new leathers I bought. She's going to look so hot. Maybe we'll stay in instead!* With that thought, she flashed a megawatt smile and smoothly accelerated onto the highway.

She decided she would have to tell Claire why she wanted the deep burgundy they finally settled on. Normally Frankie preferred white, cream or silver, but when she saw that shade of red, she knew she had to have it. The dark, rich color reminded her of her lover's excited sex. Her inner lips slowly plumped, and their color changed from a carnation pink to blood red. That was how she knew when Claire was ready for her to make her come.

As Frankie cruised down the highway, thoughts of Claire kept creeping back into her mind. Frankie felt blessed to have a woman as wonderful as Claire to love her and Frankie had no doubts that Claire did. Sexy and beautiful, Claire had a body at forty-one that many twenty year olds would kill to have. She had toned muscles and curves in all the right places, but Claire's hips and butt were especially mouth watering. She could imagine Claire's ass outlined by the new leather chaps. Frankie's palms started to itch with the thought of running them over Claire's firm sexy ass pulling her in tight to her. The image brought a smile to her face and made her clit throb harder.

Frankie knew with Claire's natural sensuality that she would be in big trouble when she saw Claire in the leathers. The more Frankie thought of her magnificent woman wearing the leathers, the faster she accelerated down the highway. The faster the bike went, the more the vibration played hell on her already throbbing clit. She had to adjust her package several times to try to relieve some of the pressure she was feeling while thinking of the woman who owned her heart.

Frankie pulled into the garage and parked the gleaming, dark red machine. With the garage door down, Claire wouldn't know she was home until she saw the gift on their bed. Checking her watch, she knew she had about an hour to wait. Taking the wrapped box from the saddlebag, Frankie went to their room and put the box on the bed where she was certain Claire would see it. She took her jacket off and went back to the garage so she could wipe the bike down. She wanted their "ride" to look perfect when Claire saw it for the first time.

Claire called out "Frankie, I'm home." Hands full, she kicked the door closed and headed to the kitchen to put the groceries away. She saw a note on the refrigerator door.

Baby, I've gone for a ride. Back in a little while. Love, Frankie

She shook her head ruefully, Frankie's Sportster was like an old friend, and she was having a tough time letting it go, but the new bike would allow them to tour much more comfortably. She knew Frankie's eyes would glow with pride when she got the new Gold Wing.

It was their first major purchase together, a significant milestone. They had researched touring bikes, picked out the color and all the accessories together. Their first planned trip was in a few weeks, to Boston. They were taking part in the Dykes on Bikes group in the Gay Pride parade, and then on to P-Town where they would meet friends invited to their commitment ceremony.

Claire went to their bedroom and started the shower. Perhaps by the time she got out, Frankie would be home. She didn't notice the box on their bed as she quickly stripped and stepped into the steaming water. As the water cascaded over her naked body, she recalled the shower she and Frankie had taken together that morning.

The memory of Frankie's hands on her and the feel of the cool tile on her back had her yearning for her lover's touch. As Claire soaped her body she ran her hands between her thighs and over her clit. *What a hell of a time for Frankie to be out riding.* Claire became more excited and slid her soapy hands up and down her hot slit. Remembering Frankie hands' stroking her that morning was getting Claire very excited. Then suddenly she stopped and turned the shower on cold. She wanted her lover to make her come. *Oh, boy, will she make me come as soon as she gets back.* Claire smiled and thought of ambushing a poor, unsuspecting Frankie as she arrived home.

With a smile on her face as she thought of Frankie, Claire stepped from the bathroom wrapped in a towel. She noticed the box on the bed and rapidly opened it. Claire gasped with pleasure as she pulled out a butter soft motorcycle jacket and matching chaps. Mostly black leather, the set had deep red piping on the seams and buckle straps that would match their bike. In the bottom of the box was a note that said,

New leathers for my beautiful, sexy wife to be. I love you, Frankie

The present was perfect. Determined to thank Frankie for the thoughtful gift, Claire dabbed on a bit of Frankie's favorite perfume, before grabbing the leathers lying on the bed. She adjusted the buckles on the chaps, secured them to her nearly naked hips, and put on the jacket. Both fit perfectly. Then, to complete the look, she colored her lips with dark red, glossy lipstick.

Frankie's ribbed muscle tee lay plastered to her trim form, her skin shining from a light sheen of sweat. Muscles flexed with her movements as she wiped down the touring bike. The deep red and brushed chrome gleamed softly under the garage lights. The bike was gorgeous, Frankie thought it was almost as gorgeous as Claire. She could see Claire gracing the back seat, imagine her intoxicating scent mixed with the smell of new leather and the feel of her arms wrapped around her from behind.

She nearly jumped out of her skin when black leather clad arms did wrap around her from behind and she caught the scent of Claire's perfume. Claire squeezed her tighter and put her chin on Frankie's shoulder. "Oh my God! It's beautiful! When did you get it?" She said excitedly.

"The dealer called to let me know it was in, and I just couldn't wait to go get it, so I went this afternoon while you were shopping. I wanted to surprise you."

"You did, baby, and these leathers are absolutely perfect!"

When Claire's hands moved up her sodden tee to cup her breasts, Frankie's breath caught. Nipples, already slightly aroused, came promptly to attention as Claire's fingers stroked and pinched them gently. Frankie leaned back into Claire's toned body and reached her hands around Claire's hips to pull her closer. She gasped, caught completely by surprise when her hands encountered the bare flesh of Claire's ass and a wisp of lace.

"What are you wearing!?" Frankie asked as she broke the embrace. Claire caught her lover in her arms again and said, "Close your eyes and see me with your hands."

Frankie's heart pounded against her chest as Claire slowly turned her and brought her hands to her leather covered waist. She lowered her hands to Claire's hips and buttocks to explore the contours of her lover's curves and the outline of the chaps. Claire's skin felt like hot, smooth satin. The lace of the thong, nestled at the top of her cheeks, was slightly rough against her fingers. Warm leather molded to her hips as she brought her hands up to the small of her back. Claire's skin was heated and damp to the touch under the supple leather. The muscles in Claire's stomach flickered as Frankie's sensitive hands slowly slid forward to rest against her tummy. The gentle tug on the navel ring made Claire catch her breath. Frankie lowered her hands below the chaps buckle, encountering more soft, warm skin until she reached Claire's lace covered mons. Claire's sex fit perfectly in her hand, and the slick, hot, wetness she found waiting for her made her own sex clench in response. She wanted to sink to her knees and worship at the well of her lover's heat, but instead Frankie stepped back slightly and opened her eyes.

She beheld her lover wearing nothing but the form fitting leathers, and the beautiful red silk lace bra and thong set she had given Claire for her birthday. Her mouth went dry and at the same time her palms and crotch got damp. Frankie loved how sexy Claire looked and knew Claire had dressed especially for her.

"You like?" Claire asked playfully.

Raising an eyebrow her gaze drifted over her lover "Oh, man, I do! You look soooo hot!" *Even better than I imagined you would.*

Frankie stepped forward, unzipped the jacket and stroked her thumbs over the obviously hard, lace encased nipples before sliding down and around to settle on the warm flesh at the small of Claire's back. Claire took Frankie's face in her hands and leaned in for a long, sensual kiss. Frankie's hands wandered lower to cup her lover's firm ass in both hands again, pulling their hips closer together.

"Mmmmmmm." Claire moaned when she felt the hard package in Frankie's pants. "Baby, you feel so good!" She kissed Frankie's neck and slowly worked her way down the muscle shirt to her very visible nipples. Lightly sucking on each taut bud through the shirt, Claire's hands unzipped Frankie's fly, reached inside and pulled out her cock. The smell of Frankie's arousal caused Claire's mouth to water with anticipation. She knelt in front of her lover and took the head of the cock in her mouth. "Oh, Christ! You look so sexy. I want to fuck you so bad!" Frankie's voice shook with restrained desire.

Claire responded by taking as much of the cock into her mouth as she could and pumping it, making sure to apply enough pressure to make the base press against Frankie's clit. When she could feel Frankie's legs begin to shake with the strain, she pulled back, looked into her lover's impassioned, darkened eyes and said, "I think we should give the bike a test drive."

“Can’t we go for a ride later baby? I really need to make love to you right now.” Frankie looked at Claire with hunger and desire in her eyes as she pulled her in close.

Claire lightly laughed cocking her head to the side and smiled at Frankie. The mischievous look told Frankie she had misunderstood Claire’s meaning.

Frankie’s eyes widened with realization that her lover had something else planned “Oh, what did you have in mind?” Frankie asked.

Claire gazing deeply into Frankie’s eyes, shed the jacket baring her full, lace clad breasts. Frankie visibly gulped, further excited by Claire’s suggestive act. She deeply breathed in the scent of her favorite perfume mixed with Claire’s natural musk and the aroma of the leather, the enticing combination made her clit to twitch with need.

“I want you to get on the bike, facing the back. I want to drive.”

Frankie quickly moved to straddle the bike as instructed.

“Take off your shirt.”

With hands shaking from desire, Frankie practically ripped the shirt off in her haste to comply.

“Now lay back against the tank.”

The tank was cool against Frankie’s back, sending a shiver down her spine and making her already taut nipples even tighter. They ached, but felt wonderfully sensitive and alive.

Claire took in her lover’s excited body. Her flushed skin glowed under the garage lights. Her nipples erect and areolas dark with arousal. The prodigious dick thrust upward, and swayed with Frankie’s shallow breaths. Her spread legs rested on the saddlebags. Licking her lips, Claire said, “Oh my, you look good enough to eat.”

Frankie watched as Claire cupped her own breasts, gently squeezed her nipples, and then slid her hands down her torso to frame her lace covered crotch. Frankie was finding it hard to catch her breath as she watched her tempestuous woman touching herself. Her excitement ratcheted up another notch.

Claire moved seductively to the bike, put one foot on the passenger peg and threw her leg over to straddle Frankie’s reclined body. Frankie immediately reached to cup Claire’s ass, pulling her closer.

Claire slapped Frankie’s hands away. “I told you, I’m driving! Now put your hands over your head and let me drive.”

Standing on the foot pegs, Claire pulled the lace aside and rubbed the head of the cock against her clit and through her heat, coating it with her copious juices. Frankie could feel those juices as they dripped down between her legs. She wanted to thrust her hips, to fill her lover and then pump into her until she climaxed again and again. “Ahhh, fuck, Claire! Please?!” Frankie’s breathing became more labored with her excitement.

Claire slowly took the head inside her hot, slick passage and arching her back, pressed downward burying the whole cock inside of her dripping pussy. “Is that better?”

“Yes, oh fuck yes baby!”

Reaching behind her, Claire unhooked the lace bra letting it fall to the floor. She leaned forward and pulled Frankie’s hands around her waist, then kissed her lover with all the pent up desire she felt. Breasts pressed together and Frankie’s cock deep inside her, Claire began a sensuous undulation that stimulated both women.

Taking the handlebars in her hands, Claire lifted her body and then slid back down the cock, hard. Frankie's hands helped to lift and guide Claire's pumping motion, and her lips took in the ripe nipples swaying in front of her face in turn. Claire's prominent raspberry nipples swelled even more in her mouth. When Claire reared back, changing the pressure of the cock she engulfed in her wet pussy, Frankie reached up to fill her hands with her bobbing breasts. Claire gasped and said, "Yes, baby, yes! Fuck me, I'm ready!"

Frankie let her legs drop to the floor as she pressed Claire's body back against the rear seat. She eased Claire's thighs over her hips and wrapped her legs around her body. Sweat ran freely down both women's bodies as Frankie began to thrust in earnest. Nothing turned on Frankie more than seeing her cock disappearing into her lover's slick center. She could hear the wet sounds of their bodies meeting, smell their essences blending with that of the leather, and see the force of her thrusts as Claire's breasts bounced. Claire's breath came in mewling gasps, signaling to Frankie that she was getting close to her climax.

"Hold onto it, baby! Wait for me! I'm almost there, wait for me!" Frankie crooned.

"I'm trying. Oh baby, don't stop. Please don't stop!"

Relentlessly pounding hard Frankie kept up the rhythm filling her lover. Claire reached up and squeezed Frankie's nipples nearly pushing her over the edge.

"Ahh, I'm there! Are you ready?" Frankie asked.

"Yes! Make me come! Please?!"

Frankie rotated her hips in the way she knew would make Claire come hard. Her reward came quickly as Claire's muscles clenched around the plunging cock, her body arched, then convulsed under Frankie's, and her voice cried out her intense pleasure. Frankie's lower, throatier voice joined Claire's as climax overtook her, spontaneously combusting her body.

Claire gathered Frankie's quivering body against her, holding her as the orgasm racked her body. Gradually, Frankie relaxed in her embrace, breathing hard. Claire gently stroked Frankie's sweaty back further relaxing her.

"I'm totally wrecked." Frankie's quiet voice sounded awed.

"Me too, baby. I just want to hold you and fall asleep in your arms, but I don't think that's a good idea where we are."

"Damn, baby. I don't think I can move just yet. Are you alright?"

"I'm beyond fantastic, love. The seat is very comfortable. We could never have done this on the Sportster!"

"No, we couldn't have." Frankie laughed. "That was one amazing ride!"

"It was at that! I love my new leathers Frankie. Thank you."

"I think we've found a new way to christen them!"

Claire's hearty laugh warmed Frankie all the way through. *How I love this incredible woman.*

Claire ran her fingers through Frankie's dark, sweat slicked hair. "Are you ready to take me to bed?"

"I think I can find the energy." Frankie said as she sat up and gently pulled her cock from Claire's heated body. She brought her leg over and stood beside the bike quickly, tucked her cock in and zipped her pants. Reaching for her love-mussed woman, Frankie

helped Claire to sit up and bring her leg over the saddle. She picked up the discarded jacket, and put it around Claire's shoulders. In a surprise show of strength, she lifted Claire in her arms and carried her to the door.

Claire caught a glimpse of them in the shine of the tank "Look Frankie, do you see our reflection?"

Frankie looked at their faces on the bike and pulled Claire closer, whispering in her ear. "I see our future baby, our lives together, loving one another." She kissed Claire tenderly and carried her over the threshold and into the house to make passionate love again.