**The Gift**

**Chapter 5**

**Biker Babe**

At the door was one of their friends from the bar, another hot MILF who was clearly pissed off. “What have you two been up to, everyone is worried sick about you, we had no idea where you were?” With that, reality set in and Sandy and Rachel disappeared down the hallway with their agitated MILF friend, never to be seen again by me.

I was trying to process exactly how each sequence had occurred, what triggered it, and how I could control the results. In truth, once it all started, I had no control, I was taken where ever the lady’s desires took me. No matter what happened it was always good. I was fulfilling a fantasy for someone and it was mutually beneficial to say the least. I had clear memories of being a stud, a surfer dude and a bimbo stripper. I now knew so much more about the mindset of the ladies I pleased and the transformations imposed on me by their yearnings. As I still had a life of my own and I had it back under control, so off to work I headed for another day at the grind stone. Eight incredibly unfulfilling hours later, I ambled back into the bar for a cold one or three. I didn’t anticipate more changes, but somehow they found their way to me.

This was a completely different crowd than the other night’s clientele. It was the after work, more blue collar regulars trying to wash away the grime and grit from their bodies and their brains. I pulled up into an open seat at the bar next to a pretty hard looking lady. She was probably in her late 30’s but the years had not been kind to her. To many alcohol fueled nights with miscellaneous guys, far too little sleep coupled with the a variety of pills had conspired to make her old before her time. Even in her prime, I expected she had a clear edge to her existence and would have been very attractive to some guys, not at all attractive to others.

“How ya doin?” she asked in a voice that had been turned to coarse sand paper by a couple packs a day since she was 16, “I’m Toni.” “Fine, I’m Sam” was my reply. “I come here all the time for a couple of cheap Lagers. How about you.” “I been comin here since I was 18 or so. One of my boyfriends at the time was a member of the Stompers, a biker club 20 years ago and this was their main bar. A lot has changed. I work at the warehouse down the road cleanin up at night.” She was getting on a roll now. “Ain’t nuthin like it used to be. Know what I mean. No good men anymore. I could come in here 20 years ago and get laid every night. Good solid men. Not these pussies that are in here now. No offense intended.” None taken. “We used to ride, hit a couple bars, pull over for a quickie, ride some more, stay up all freakin night. Now. Shit. Just Shit. “ She was staring me straight in the eye and said, “I remember what that was like and I’d like to do it again with a real man one more time.” Her eyes flashed red, time stopped and she started morphing. Her current body was saggy, flabby with tits that had pretty much flattened out. She had a major muffin top and wore jeans that probably fit 15 pounds ago. All of a sudden, her tits became EE’s, firm and bursting out of the top of her tank top. Her body became tight and firm, her jeans skin tight. She was wearing these boots with three inch spike heels. She had a biker’s wallet jammed in her back pocket with a chain holding it on to one of the belt loops on those jeans. A barbed wire tattoo around her left arm. Her face wasn’t great but her body was a 10. There was no bra in sight and the nipples on those amazing tits could poke holes through a stone wall. She shaved her pussy regularly and liked to tell you she shave. She was pretty proud of it.

I started to grow to about 6’ 1”. My arms became huge. Giant biceps, blacksmith forearms, I wasn’t fat but I was working on a beer gut that spilled over my Harley belt buckle a little. My back became broad, really broad. I had black wavy hair that covered my ears, kind of an old Joe Namath haircut. I wore a black t-shirt that said, “Shit happens” on it. I had my black leather Stompers jacket, black jeans with a thick black studded belt, engineer boots, about two days’ worth of stubble for a bear and a fumanchu goatee. My cock became long and thick. I was at LEAST eight inches long and a lot of girth. I was the big bad ass at the bar. There is one at every bar and here, it was me.

We had obviously had a couple of beers and she was flirting with every guy in the bar. She liked to shoot pool, not to shoot pool, but because it gave her a chance to show off those tits. She started growing them young and enjoyed the attention they got for her, most of the time. Her step dad liked them a lot when she was fourteen and she had to beat him off to make him stay away from her. He was a wicked drunk that would beat her and her mom as well. She moved out of the house and in with her boyfriend’s family when she was sixteen. They were cool and let them sleep together, it felt like home. Her boyfriend was 18 and out of school and working as a roofer until he was 20 and fell off a roof. He was never the same. She moved here around the time she turned 18 and started waiting on tables at the Family Diner in town. The Stompers would come for breakfast about 4:00 a.m. on her shift. She got to know me then. Soon, after breakfast, I would give her a nice tip. The tip of my fucking cock! I loved taking her out back, flipping up that waitress dress, shove that thong aside and bend her over a couple of trash cans. I liked her from the beginning because other cunts complained that I hurt them with my big cock. She took it like a champ and never complained. Plus she was a tough bitch. I saw her beat the shit out of another cunt that hit on me one night. That is what a guy is looking for in a girl. In my new reality, everything and everyone around me was hard. Just hard ass.

So she’s shooting pool and these guys are staring at her tits, some pussy office worker starts talking to her. She looks over her shoulder at me and smirks and it looks like the asshole is trying to get her phone number. I had enough of that shit, waked over, grabbed him by the back of the neck and stuffed his face into the corner pocket. “Anything going on her babe?” I asked Toni. “No Sam, just playin pool” “You hit on my girl again buddy and I’ll shove you so far down this corner pocket you’ll come out the ball return. And stop flashin those tits Toni, your gettin me all riled up and riling these guys up to.” I let the guy go with a big purple welt on his face. He went to the bar, got his coat and left with his other wimpy buddies. The more Toni drank, and she drank a lot, the more she liked to show off her body. At around midnight she could be counted on to lift up her top and flash the guys in the bar. At closing time, we were the last ones in the bar. The owner would let us stay in there after he left and we’d close up. Once we were alone she started things off with a hand job. I’ve got a two hand cock so she would unbuckle my belt, open my zipper and bring the monster out into the light. Strokin it the way I liked. She’d then start lickin the head of my dick. OMG could she give head. She could swallow cum all day, never spit, never gagged. Got to love a cunt like that. By now I was nice and hard and she was bobbing up and down for all she was worth. It takes a lot to make me cum, I’ve got endless stamina. I stood her up kissed her and said, “All aboard. She slithered out of those skin tight jeans and I ripped the thong right off. She had one hot pussy and ass. I pushed the bar stool back, she pulled my boots and jeans off, crawled up on my cock and took it right in. Now those fuckin tits were right in my face. They were amazing. Anti-fuckin-gravity torpedoes if there ever were two. She is riding me a way and I start slapping her has. She loves it rough so I’m slapping her ass, pulling her hair and kissing her really fucking hard. She leans back, slaps in the face, I clock her on the side of the head, grab her ass and start slamming her on to my cock as hard as I can. She knows what pain is and she likes it, she is starting to pant now, pulling my hair, scratching my back hard, fucking cunt can fuck. She is ready to go so I slap her a couple more times, she is absolutely impaled on me now and she cums really hard. Juices everywhere.

As she relaxes from the orgasm, she hops off and starts sucking the juices off my dick. Now I am building and she feels it. She says, I want you to come on my tits and she pulls her tank top down freeing those babies. Now I’m grunting and groaning and ready to cum, as It starts she spits out my cock, holds it against her tits and I spew what feels like a gallon of cum the girls. Next, she sucks me dry. There is nothing like a good sucking after an orgasm. Feels goddam great. She rubs some of my cum into her tits and licks the rest off her fingers. Well that was the first one for the night.

We decide to head for an afterhours bar. By now it is only a couple of hours before my 7:00 a.m. shift at the plant. We hop on my bike, she shoves her hand down my pants and strokes my cock until it is rock hard again. We knock on the door and it opens a crack. Sam, Toni, come on in, we were just talking about you. There were only two guys left and they were hammered. They got a big kick out of the fact that she had me hard. One guy said, “Sam, you want to share tonight?” I looked at Toni, raised an eyebrow and she said, “Sure, I’m horny.” She like hanging around with the biker crowd. She knew her position and what she was supposed to do and she was dam good at it. She knew she was in for a cock in her mouth, her ass and her pussy and she was looking forward to it.

She had the two guys stand next to each other, got on her knees, unzipped, unbuckled each of them and started to jerk them off. One in each hand they immediately got hard. Then she started sucking their cocks. A couple of swallows on one, then a couple of swallows on the other. She stood up and said, hold on guys, I don’t need these and took off all her clothes. It made me really hot that other guys liked to fuck her. She was mine but I could share her when I felt like it. It made her hot when I gave her permission to fuck someone else. Fuckin great, really. She stood up, bald pussy, bullet proof ass, amazing tits. If you had to throw a bag over her head, so what. She knew what she was and so did everyone else. Now she was teasing them with her tongue, her hands, whatever. She was playing with her clit for a few minutes and now she turned around and started rubbing her ass against their cocks. These guys really liked it. We all needed to get in on this and fortunately the bar had a pool table. I got on my back and she hopped on that big cock of mine. One of the guys stood up behind her and stated pushing his cock into her ass. He jammed it in and I know it hurt, she grimaced for a second and then it was all good. She loved being nailed by two cocks. The last guy got on his knees in front of her and she started sucking him off. We all got a good rhythm going and she came a couple of times. She was scratching the daylights out of my chest. She really liked it rough and I could feel her cum a couple of times. The guy that was getting blown was the first to cum. Dutifully, she swallowed every drop. Next was the ass fucker. He filled her up with a huge load that was leaking out when he was done. I was nowhere near ready so she got up, spun around and rode me reverse cowboy. I liked that because I could see her ass and slap it whenever I felt like it. I was slapping it nice and red by now while the other guys had gone behind the bar and poured themselves a beer. They were enjoying the show. I started pulling her hair hard, her head was snapped back, her face looking straight up and she was talking now. Fuck me, fuck me, I want you to cum inside me. Now I was into it. I weighed 250 of a lot of muscle. She only weighed 125. While she was reverse cowboy and stuck on my dick, I got up off the pool table, stood up, holding her up with my elbows under her belly, hands holding those perfect boobs and started ramming her. She looked like super girl, arms straight out in front, legs spread wide and straight out behind me. Five minutes of that and her pussy was starting to hurt, she was trying to make me cum but I wasn’t ready yet. She got off my rod, turned around and leaped into my arms and straight on to my cock. Arms around my neck, legs around my waist, pussy taking my entire dick. I had her pinned against the wall and I was slamming her with my dick and body into the wall. Now I was enjoying it.

We were both grunting and yelping as I nailed her harder and harder, she was biting me hard on the shoulder, it felt great, her entire ass and back were red from me banging her into the wall with each thrust. Now she was biting my ear and I said, I’m cumin baby. Fuck my pussy, fuck my pussy was all she could say. She was dripping in sweat and sore as hell when I came. She says she can feel my cock spasm when I pump my load into her. There is nothing like a chick that take a good pounding when she is getting fucked. After we finished, we sat at the bar, buck naked, lit up a cigarette and had a couple of shots of whisky.

By now it was time for work. She had left some friends at the other bar, so we hopped on the bike, again she stroked me the whole way. We parked the bike, I slapped her ass nice and hard one more time and we headed back into the bar. We opened the door and time stood still again as we reverted to our former selves. Her muffin top, missing tooth friend was there finishing off a blow job on some hopeless drunk. She looked at me and said, that was exactly what I needed and headed off to work. Since I worked across town, I had to catch the bus so I headed for the bus stop. (Continued)