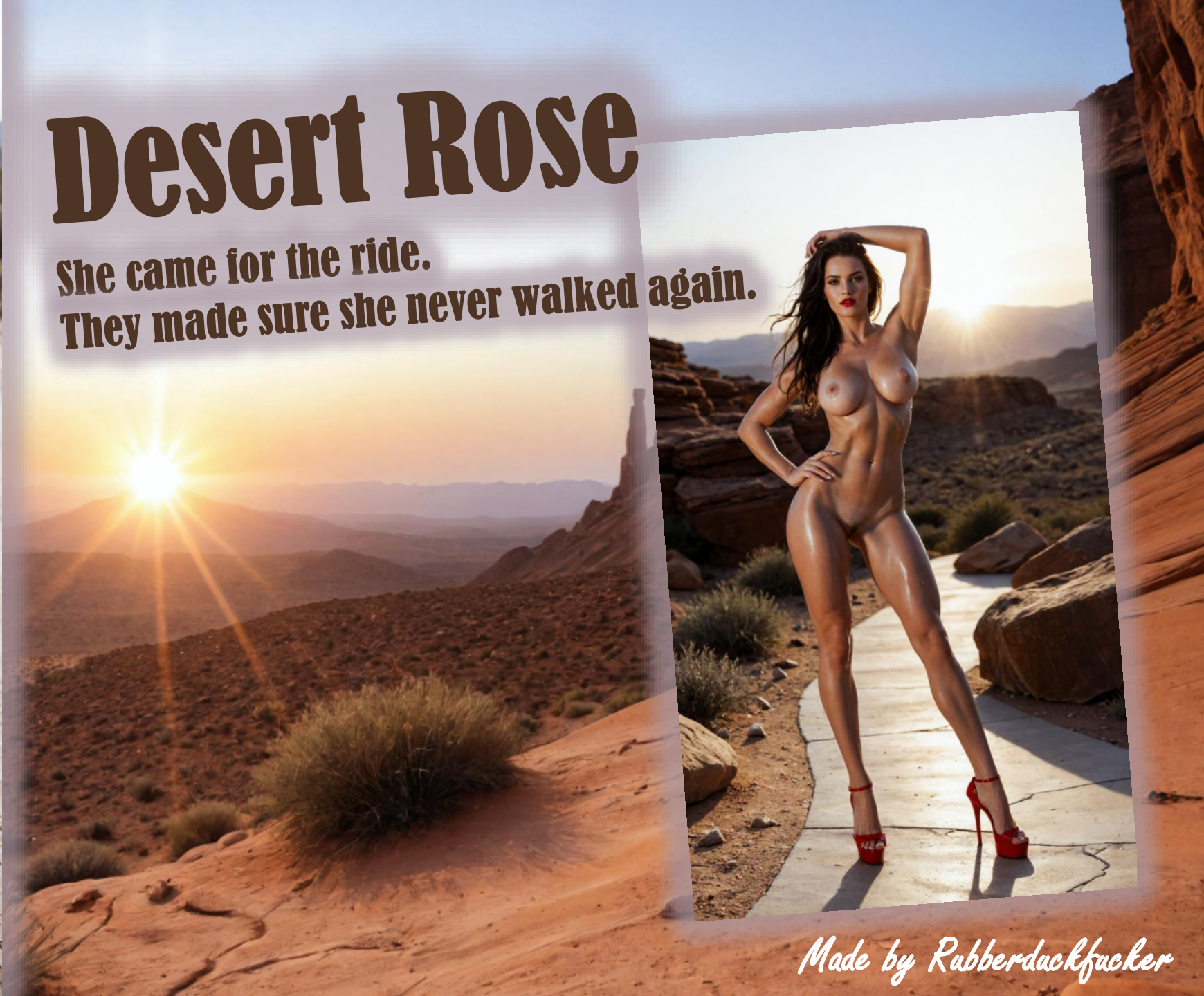





# Desert Rose

She came for the ride.  
They made sure she never walked again.



*Made by Rubberduckfucker*



**„Hey boys... I’m Rose.  
Just taking my red Ducati for a  
little ride through the desert.  
Care to join me?“**

**Arizona highway. 118 °F. Not another soul for a hundred miles.  
She has no idea the engine is about to die...  
and that very hungry “mechanics” are already on their way.**

**She was riding fast...  
too fast to hear the engine dying.**





**„Bike’s dead. Someone better fuck me harder than this engine just blew.**

**Scorching Arizona sunset. Desert Rose’s Ducati coughs black smoke and dies in the red sand. She stands over the wreck in skin-tight black leather and red stilettos, sweat glistening, chest heaving, eyes burning with rage and lust.**



**With a slow, deliberate swing of her endless leg, Desert Rose dismounts the dead bike like a queen abandoning a broken throne — red heels kissing asphalt, leather creaking, sunset exploding behind her. The engine's done. She's just getting started.**



**Fuck...Fuck. The bike is broken.**

**Looks like I'm gonna need a couple of strong guys... to fix this thing properly.**





**Fine. If no one comes to  
fix my ride...  
I'll just have to break  
something else to get  
their attention.**

**The sun is frying the asphalt, the horizon shimmers like a bad mirage, and Desert Rose has been standing here for forty goddamn minutes, one arm raised with the riding crop like a broken flag, hips cocked, red lips pursed. Not a single truck. Not a single biker. Not even a lonely coyote with a wrench. She lowers the crop, flicks dust off her leather jacket, and lets out a slow, dangerous smirk.**





**Oh please...  
I've got long legs, red lips,  
and an ass that could stop a  
fucking freight train.  
This desert's gonna notice  
me long before I notice it.**

**And when someone  
finally shows up...  
they'll wish they'd  
come sooner.**





**Alright, universe...  
I'm literally butt-naked in the  
middle of the fucking desert,  
waving the last piece of clothing I  
own. If that doesn't bring roadside  
assistance screaming around the  
corner, nothing will.**







**Relax, boys...  
Somewhere out there a whole  
convoy just slammed on the  
brakes and is currently arguing  
who gets to rescue me first.  
Any second now you'll hear  
engines roaring over that ridge.**



**And when they arrive...  
I'll still be the one in  
charge.**





**Took you long enough, handsome.  
Park it, pop the hood...  
and bring every tool you've got.  
This breakdown's about to get very,  
very hands-on.**

**The sun dips low, painting the canyon walls blood-red, when the first low growl finally rolls over the ridge. A single, cherry-red muscle car crests the hill, chrome catching the dying light like a warning flare. Tires bite asphalt, engine snarling as it slows... then stops twenty feet away. Desert Rose doesn't move. One hand still resting on her hip, the other lazily shading her eyes, she lets the silence stretch just long enough to make the driver sweat on the driver's neck visible from here. A smirk curls her red lips.**





**And don't worry, ma'am...  
we brought all the tools, and all  
night if necessary.**



**Hey,Hey, sweetheart...  
heard there's something big, hard  
and broken out here that needs  
fixing...  
Where exactly do we start?**

**First it was one red muscle car. Then a white jacked-up pickup rumbled over the dune. Now a third, then a fourth set of headlights flicker on the horizon like fireflies waking up. Engines growl closer, doors slam, boots hit the sand. Six... eight... ten sun-baked, hard-bodied desert rats, all suddenly "just passing by," all pretending they're here for the broken-down bike parts. Desert Rose stands dead center of the growing circle, naked as sin, red heels planted wide, arms loosely crossed under her chest, lips curved in a slow, predatory smile.**



**Well, darlin' ... I'm actually a plumber  
by trade, but for a leak this hot I'm  
more than happy to take a real close  
look under your bike.**

**And once I'm down there...  
might as well check every pipe that's  
about to get wet.**





One... two... three... four... five... hell, I lost count somewhere around 'too many to handle' and 'just right'. Line up, boys. We're gonna need every single one of you...and then some.





**Alright, boys... pants off. Now. I want to see every single one of those big, impressive tools you're so proud of. Line them up nice and hard for inspection.**

**Don't be shy. If you're here to fix something... prove you've got the right equipment for the job.**





**Guess where this full-service repair job is gonna start, boys...**

**Desert Rose stood tall in her red heels at the center of the growing circle, queen of the wasteland, tongue flicking across her teeth as the heat rose off a few more degrees, none of it from the dying sun. Somewhere behind her, the broken bike lay forgotten in the dust. Ahead of her, an endless line of willing, hard-working "mechanics" waited for orders.**



**The desert just delivered its first tribute...  
and Desert Rose hasn't even started counting yet.**



**The first engines are already roaring in the distance, but out here the only sound that matters is the slow, wet click of her red lips sealing around the next offering. Desert Rose doesn't rush. She savours.**

**One thick, sun-baked cock at a time...until the entire wasteland runs empty and the dunes themselves glisten white. The convoy is coming. She's only just begun her count. Welcome to the blowbang, boys. The desert is going to be a very long, very hot night.**



**She doesn't gag.  
She doesn't rush.  
She just locks those golden eyes on you,  
lets the drool run in long silver threads,  
and takes everything you've got...**

**Your turn, cowboy.  
Feed the queen.**





*Two colors, one queen.  
She's tasting the whole damn convoy...*

***That's the first monster down her throat...  
and Desert Rose is still smiling like she owns  
the fucking desert.***



**Double-stuffed and still hungry.  
The queen's mouth never closes...  
only the desert runs out of men.**



**Fuuuck... deeper, princess...  
I'm already about to blow  
down that pretty throat...**





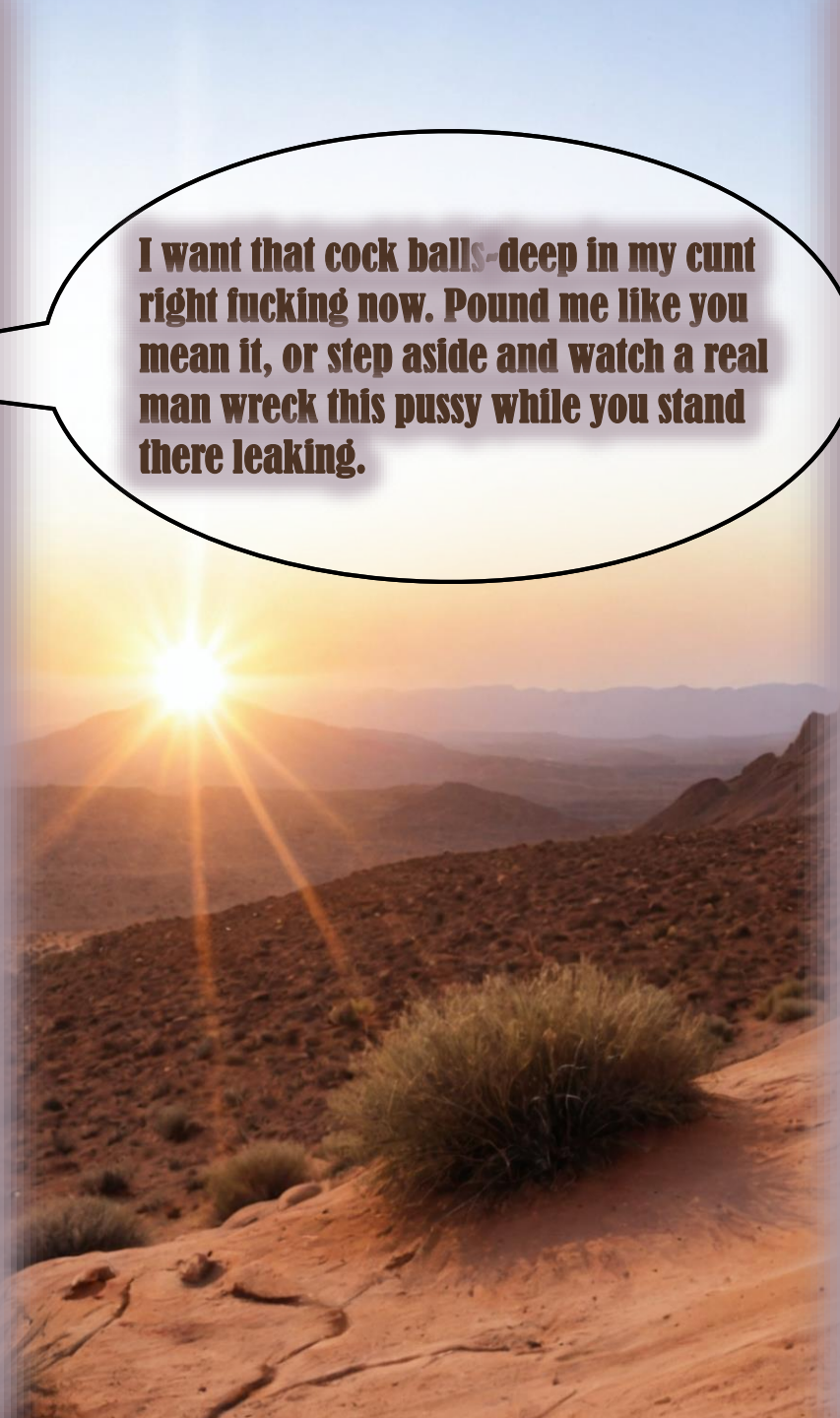
**Shit... ram that fat dick deeper, slut...I'm gonna fucking flood your whore throat in three... two...**

**Who's gonna fuck me  
standing right now?  
First one to step up gets to  
ruin this pussy while the rest  
watch and wait their turn.**





**I want that cock balls-deep in my cunt right fucking now. Pound me like you mean it, or step aside and watch a real man wreck this pussy while you stand there leaking.**





**Fuck yes, take every goddamn inch, you greedy little desert slut...  
I'm gonna split this tight cunt wide open and pump you so full you'll be leaking my cum all the way back to the highway!**

**That all you got, big boy?  
Harder. Fucking destroy me.**





**Yes! Pound me raw... I want to feel your filthy desert dick throbbing inside me for days!**





**Breed me raw...  
fill your Desert Rose!**



**No one can hear  
you out here.**

**Hold her tight... let's split  
that ass wide open.**



**Airtight under the burning sun.**





**Completely filled under the desert sun.**

...too much... oh  
god... I can't...



**Two thick ones in that  
ass... she's done.**





**Please... all over my face... I want it...**

**Pull out slow... save every drop for her pretty face.**



**Hold her head still... let's cover those pretty green eyes.**







**Right between the eyes... bullseye.**



**The End**



**One last load for the road...Now she walks.**